



SAPIENTIA UNIVERSALIS EX LIBRIS  
UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

CLASS

~~N~~ ~~P~~

NUMBER

~~v~~ 59

ACCESSION

~~45644~~











---

THE

---

# GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE  
AND STATE PROGRESS

---

VOLUME LIX

---

NEWPORT, NEW HAMPSHIRE

1927

N  
974.2  
G759  
v.59

NEWPORT, N. H.  
THE ARGUS PRESS  
1927

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1927

VOLUME LIX

	PAGE
Announcement.....	1—353
Anniversary Greetings.....	97
Indian Without a Country, An, by John B. Meserve.....	275
Battle of Bennington, The, by John Scales.....	225
Birth of the American Navy, by Joseph Foster, U. S. N.....	248
Birthplace of Gen. John Sullivan, by John Scales.....	355
Blue Chiffon, by Mary J. Kerns.....	122
California vs. New Hampshire, by Malcolm Keir.....	171
Captain Nathan Lord's House, by Annie Wentworth Baer.....	201
Col. John Wentworth and His Salmon Falls House, by Annie Wentworth Baer	103
Col. Nathaniel Meserve, by John B. Meserve.....	22
Coming of the Child, by Maude Gordon Roby.....	153
Compensation, by Frances Parkinson Keyes.....	207, 233
Congratulatory Letter, A, by Maude Gordon Roby.....	60
Dean of the New Hampshire Bar, by H. H. Metcalf.....	253
Eminent Son of New Hampshire, An.....	155
Endicott Rock, by Joseph B. Walker.....	39
Establishment of Sullivan County, by H. H. Metcalf.....	33
Fame Is Not the Only Greatness, by Helen Adams Parker.....	54
Franklin Pierce and Edmund Burke, by H. H. Metcalf.....	289
Franklin P. Rowell, by Rev. James Alexander.....	284
Historic Lock and Key, by Katherine C. Meader.....	118
How Has New Hampshire Voted for President? by Charles Nevers Holmes....	347
In Memory of Alonzo A. Miner, D. D. L. L. D., by H. H. Metcalf.....	257
Incidents in the Early History of Nottingham, by Elizabeth C. Fernald.....	349
Isolated Idea, The, by Lily Green.....	45
John Norton's Home Week, by Charles Nevers Holmes.....	80
Katherine Cole Simonds, by Alida C. True.....	280
Legend of Red Mountain, A, Translated from the German, by Helen McRoberts Mason.....	304
McClary Family of Epsom, The, by Gilbert H. Knowles.....	77, 145
Memory of John Boynton, The, by J. Almus Russell.....	241
Mount Chocorua, by G. L. Waldron.....	218
Mother of America, by Kenneth Andler.....	179
Nature Comes Into Her Own, by Kenneth Andler.....	84
New Hampshire's Autumnal Evening Skies, by Charles Nevers Holmes.....	313
New Hampshire at Bennington, by H. H. Metcalf.....	65
New Hampshire Libraries, by Willard P. Lewis.....	88
New Hampshire Saving Bank, The, by John C. Thorne.....	193
New Hampshire State Grange, The, by H. H. Metcalf.....	30
New Hampshire Women, by H. H. Metcalf.....	161
North Conway Public Library, by Ellen McRoberts Mason.....	51

Passaconaway—The First Governor of New Hampshire, by Jason Almus Russell.....	375
Paul Jones' Ship—The Ranger, by Joseph Foster, U. S. N.....	58
Outlook for Forestry in New Hampshire, by Philip W. Ayers .....	11
Plea For a Woman's College, A, by H. H. Metcalf.....	321
Poet-Preacher, A, by An Occasional Contributor.....	220
Privateersman of The Revolution, A, by John B. Meserve.....	135
Prize Story Contest, The.....	160
Prof. Bartholomew Van Dame, by John Scales.....	309
Pure Bluff, by Elsie W. Hubacheck.....	368
Reminiscences of Winnepesaukee, by Frederick M. Fowler.....	68
Reminiscences—Clocks, by Walter E. Burt.....	113
Rear Admiral E. G. Parrott, U. S. N., by Joseph Foster, U. S. N.....	185
Some Letters of Historical Interest, by Parmelia Brackett.....	315
Stone Face, The, Translated from the German by Ellen McRoberts Masor.....	18
Story of the White Pine, The, by James W. Tucker.....	360
Sunsets, by Constance H. Pike.....	256
Story Uncle Amos Told, The, by Gertrude Weeks Marshall.....	377
Tale of Mount Chocorua, Translated from the German, by Ellen McRoberts Mason.....	213
Three Notable Women of North Haverhill, by Katherine C. Meader.....	296
Through the Eye of Ascutney, by Bessie Anthoine Tudbury.....	339
Toleration of the Early Settlers of New Hampshire, by James A. Broderick....	329
Town of Jackson, The, by Ralph C. Larrabee, M. D.....	189
Unique New England Industry, A., by Robert P. Johnston .....	129
Uncle Sam House, The.....	279
Valley Forge Memorial Chapel and the New Hampshire Bell, by Norma C. Snow.....	73
Wilderness Menace, The, by W. R. Nelson .....	261
Wingate, Hon. Paine, by Elizabeth H. Baker.....	267
Woman of Note, A, by An Occasional Contributor.....	380
New Hampshire Necrology,..... 31, 62, 91, 126, 157, 191, 222, 255, 287, 319, 351,	382
Albee, Prof. Ernest.....	191
Annis, Dr. A. S.....	126
Ayer, Charles J.....	94
Baldwin, Fred C.....	352
Barney, Charles O.....	62
Barrett, Allen J.....	62
Beckford, Frank M.....	158
Bingham, Andrew W.....	63
Brooks, William.....	225
Brown, Henry C.....	127
Burleigh, Alvin.....	383
Cain, John L. M. D.....	320
Carpenter, Mary J.....	92
Cate, Rev. Carter E. D. D.....	95
Chandler, William D.....	31
Charron, Henry E.....	320
Chellis, Miss Abbie L.....	384
Cummings, George R.....	223
Cushman, Rev. Henry I., D. D.....	351
Dean, Dr. Elmer E.....	62
Dodge, James E.....	31
Duffy, George E.....	224
Edgerly, Gen. Winfield S.....	319

Emery, Prof. Fred P.....	6
Emery, Rev. W. Stanley.....	28
Farmer, Hannah Augusta.....	6
French, Capt. Horace.....	9
Gardner, Rev. Rufus P.....	9
Grant, Rev. Eugene M.....	22
Grimes, James W.....	22
Haines, Alanson C.....	12
Hayes, Charles C.....	28
Healey, Daniel F.....	3
Herbert, John.....	15
Hibbard, Charles B.....	9
Hoague, Edgar C.....	38
Hobbs, Joseph O.....	6
Humphrey, Ida C.....	3
Kimball, Dr. George M.....	28
Knowlton, Moses F.....	9
Ladd, Virginia B.....	22
Laighton, John.....	9
Martin, Miss Mary.....	3
Martin, Hon. Nathaniel E.....	22
Mayo, George A.....	9
McDuffee, Charles H.....	9
McFarland, Miss Annie A.....	28
McLane, Mrs. John.....	12
Mellen, Charles S.....	38
Morrill, George E.....	3
Niles, Edward C.....	9
Odlin, Mrs. S. Frances.....	25
Parker, Walter M.....	15
Pattee, Richard.....	38
Peaslee, Benjamin D., M. D.....	9
Pender, Col. John.....	35
Perley, George E.....	19
Pinkham, E. Oscar.....	9
Plummer, John W.....	15
Preston, Hon. Frank B.....	28
Robinson, Cyrus E.....	15
Roby, Maude Gordon.....	35
Sargent, Mrs. Walter.....	12
Savage, Henry W.....	38
Shannon, Jonathan C.....	6
Sherburne, Edward P.....	6
Sibley, Mary M. P.....	19
Smart, Elmer E.....	6
Smith, Dr. George R.....	6
Stacy, Rev. Thomas H., D. D.....	19
Stevens, Mrs. Annie W.....	6
Stevens, Charles W.....	12
Stevens, John B.....	12
Sturtevant, Charles C.....	9
Sullivan, Dr. Edward S.....	15
Towne, Omar A.....	9
Twombly, John H., M. D.....	12
Wadleigh, George H., U. S. N.....	25

Webster, Edward K.....	352
Wheeler, John, M. D.....	192
Whippen, Rev. Frank W.....	158
Woodward, Col. Clement J.....	159
Worthen, Prof. Thomas W. D.....	319

## POETRY

Altars, by Catherine Cate Coblentz.....	295
American Beauty, The, by Blanche Gerrish.....	61
An Old Man Remembers.....	2
Bit of China, A, by Elizabeth M. Massie.....	178
Clouds, by Isabel Fiske Conant.....	395
Colloquy, The, by Fanny H. Runnells Poole.....	314
Faith's Victory, by Cyrus A. Stone.....	348
Franklin Pierce House, The, by Helen A. Parker.....	72
Friendship Past, by Elizabeth M. Massie.....	17
Friend In Need, by Emma F. Jackson.....	336
Full Tide, by J. Franklin Babb.....	221
Ghosts, by Emma L. Spicer.....	328
Gone Days, by Harry R. Daniels.....	61
Granite State, The, by Edna Foss Page.....	379
Great Stone Face, by Hester Barbour Newey.....	125
Growing Tree, A, by Walter Hentricks.....	303
Indian Head, The, by Ben L. Pearson.....	337
I Wonder, by Hilda Mabie.....	239
I Would Not Live Too Long, by Guy E. McMinimy.....	283
July Gypsy, by Katharine Allison MacLean.....	217
Keepsake House, by Olive G. Kenyon.....	133
Light at Eventide, by Aldine F. Mason.....	328
Maple, The, by Gertrude W. Marshall.....	96
Memento Mori, by Elmer Elmore Hurd.....	273
Memorial Day, by Clyde Robe Meredith.....	144
Mountain Maid's Invitation, by Potter Spanlding.....	44
Mountain Meditation, by Guy E. McMinimy.....	187
Mount Monadnock, by Mary Minot Green.....	188
My Mountain, by Velma Gray Gregory.....	251
New Hampshire's Great Stone Face, by Aldine F. Mason.....	184
Night, by Anna E. Runyon.....	252
Night, by Maude Frazer Jackson.....	283
Now If Ever, by Cyrus A. Stone.....	266
Offerings, by Harry Elmore Hurd.....	159
On Heaven's Sea, by Eugenie Maurier Meredith.....	152
On Visiting the Studios of Augustus St. Gaudens, by Howard P. Kelley.....	338
Opening of the Airport at Claremont, N. H., by Helen Rhodes Broadway.....	374
Open Season, by Isabel Fiske Conant.....	308
Our Hillside, by Elizabeth H. Folsom.....	274
Plea From March, A, by Virginia B. Ladd.....	76
Spring Rain, by Lilian Sue Keech.....	111
Summer, by Lilian Sue Keech.....	200
Soul Seeds, by Alice M. Shepard.....	346
That Old New Hampshire Barn, by Charles Nevers Holmes.....	327
Today, by Sumner Clafin.....	354
Tragedy, by Olive A. Brown.....	128
Weaver's Shuttle, The, by Anna Nelson Reed.....	384
White Hayacinths at Easter, by Vera Bennet Roblee.....	112
Why? by Emma L. Spicer.....	21
Winter Nights in New Hampshire, by Annie L. Kingham.....	90



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

---

VOL. 59.

JANUARY 1927

NO. 1.

---

## Announcement

---

The publication of "The Granite Monthly, a New Hampshire Magazine, devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress," was commenced in April 1877, by the subscriber, who was then publishing a weekly newspaper in the city of Dover. The publication was continued in that city until the subscriber's removal to Concord, in the spring of 1879, when it was also removed to the Capital City, where it was continued, under varied ownership and management, until the close of last year.

In the late fall of 1879 the Magazine was sold to John N. McClintock, who continued its publication till the close of 1891, when it again came into the possession and control of the subscriber, and was conducted by him through 1892 and 1893, when it was sold to the Republican Press Association, and published by the same, until the dissolution of that firm, and the establishment of the Monitor-Statesman Co., and the Rumford Press, when it became the property of the latter, and was issued by the same, until about 1904 when it was taken over by one Henry C. Colby, who had been in the employ of the Rumford Press, but whose affairs soon became embarrassed and the magazine passed into the ownership of Gen. Henry M. Baker, from whom it was leased by the subscriber, who resumed its publication in January 1906; subsequently purchased it outright from Gen. Baker's executors, and continued its publication through 1918; then selling it to Harlan C. Pearson, by whom it was published for some two years and a half, when he sold it to Mrs. Robert P. Bass, under whose ownership and management it was issued till the close of last year, when it passed into the possession of the Argus Press of Newport, N. H.

It is the design of the subscriber in the future management of the Magazine, to adhere closely to the originally announced purpose of the same, devoting it in the main to New Hampshire history and biography; but including some literary features (stories and poetry) and some reference to the progress of the State along material and educational lines. To this

end he especially bespeaks the co-operation of the many valued contributors who have materially assisted in the past, and any others who may be disposed to render similar aid.

Conditions are such that it is impossible for the Magazine to buy manuscript of any kind; but in order to stimulate ambition and encourage effort on the part of young writers (or of older ones for that matter) we have decided to offer some small prizes for the best stories forwarded to the Magazine before the first day of April next, as follows: For the best story \$15.00; for the second best, \$10.00; third best \$5.00.

These stories are to be submitted under the following conditions: Each shall contain not less than 1500 nor more than 3000 words. They shall be legibly written (or typewritten) on one side of the paper sheets, and the Magazine reserves the right to retain and publish any of the same, whether winning a prize or not. The merits of the same to be determined by an impartial board of judges to be selected by the editor.

HENRY H. METCALF, .

Editor of The Granite Monthly

January, 1927

---

## An Old Man Remembers

By G. F. PALMER

---

Too often I read old letters;  
Too often I muse on fate;  
And sometimes I hear the neighbors  
Remark that I'm queer of late.

Too often I gaze at a portrait  
That for years was hidden away,  
And sometimes in silence unbroken  
I will sit through most of the day.

And sometimes I absently mutter  
(At least so I hear them say)  
A name that my lips were afraid of  
For many a long, long day.

They believe I am now in my dotage  
Which seems to be part of the truth.  
By the ghost of a dream I am haunted—  
A dream that I killed in my youth.

Durham, N. H.

# New Hampshire's New Governor

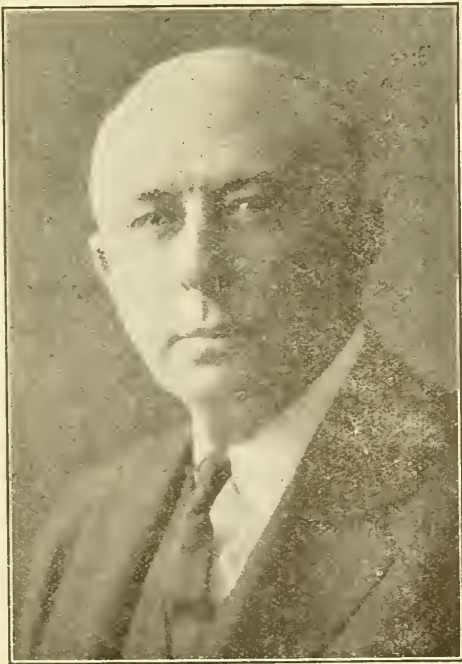
By AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR

---

It was early in December of the year 1917. Huntley N. Spaulding of Rochester had been Federal Food Administrator for the State of New Hampshire for a period of about four months. Entering the public service from a life of strict adherence to business in the manufacturing field, the man was little known and his personality had not been fully appraised.

This particular day in early winter of the year that America entered

---



GOV. HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING

---

the World War had been set apart for a conference with representatives of an important branch of that business in New Hampshire which relates to the distribution of food-stuffs. These men, a prosperous

looking lot, were grouped about a long table in the conference room of the State Food Administration offices. The subject of a delightfully informal conference had been the new federal food regulations, particularly with regard to margins of profit. Incidentally the relation which should exist between this class of dealers and the New Hampshire Food administration were discussed.

Little did the representatives of this important branch of food distribution in New Hampshire realize that the quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, at the head of the conference table, had made a fairly careful study of the profits that accrue to the average dealer in the business they represented. Neither did they appreciate that a life time of training had enabled him to judge personal characteristics and motives almost instantaneously. If they had facts would have been forthcoming from their side of the conference table instead of vague and fanciful figures concerning margins of profit on staple articles of food.

## Would Not Stand Deceit

Of a sudden the informal character of the conference changed. The atmosphere seemed to grow cooler and the situation immediately became tense as the Food Administrator rose in his place at the head of the table. His usually genial countenance was stern, his eyes flashed and his jaw was set. Here was another Spaulding, one with whom

the state had not been and is not acquainted.

"Gentlemen, the conference is closed. I sought your voluntary co-operation with the idea in mind that the least possible hardship be incurred through the imposition of these federal regulations in the conduct of your business. My idea was to co-operate with you to the same extent that you were willing to assist me. At present, it seems that there can be no mutual basis of understanding. Hereafter you will be expected to obey implicitly any order that may come from this office. You are excused!" That was the import of his terse announcement.

Possibly there have been groups as genuinely surprised as this one. Explanations followed apologies and in the months to come no group with whom the Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire came into contact gave more generous co-operation than this one. At a final conference, held on December 3, 1918, a prominent representative of this branch of the food distribution industry thanked Huntley Spaulding for "The fair and courteous treatment" he had always accorded them and for the "splendid way" he had co-operated with them to make their work under the regulations as "easy as possible."

### Likes to Get Other's Viewpoint

Perhaps the greatest reason for Huntley N. Spaulding's success in public life may be found in his desire to obtain the other fellow's ideas and viewpoints. He is frank, open and truthful and he expects a similar attitude on the part of those with whom he comes in contact. Deceit, subterfuge and hypocrisy are traits

that he never fails to recognize and will not tolerate in any of his relationships. In recording the career of this man it is well to start with an appreciation of this phase of his character, which has counted much toward his success and which undoubtedly will be manifest during his term as chief executive of New Hampshire, the latest and to date the most important period of his public life.

### His First Public Work

Huntley N. Spaulding was and is the outstanding figure which the World War brought forth as a contribution to New Hampshire public life. He was forty-eight years old when the first call came and previously his entire life had been spent in achieving success in the manufacturing business. His brother, Richard, had already won his spurs in the public service and had served the state notably as its chief executive.

Following the declaration of war against Germany on April 6, 1917, Governor Henry W. Keyes established a Committee on Public Safety whose province was to control war activities within this state. In order to stimulate the production and conservation of food the executive committee of the Committee on Public Safety appointed a sub-committee of thirty-two men. This committee resolved itself into the Central Food Committee and Huntley Spaulding was appointed chairman to have immediate charge of organization and supervision. This was his first public work. Nearly twenty years have passed since that time period during which Mr. Spaulding has held a number of public offices of trust and responsibility. That



has administered all of these trusts successfully is interesting, but the fact is made notable because in practically every instance success could be obtained only by securing the whole-hearted and voluntary cooperation of a large portion of our citizenry. This is the important thing to keep in mind in tracing his career.

### Born in Massachusetts

The subject of this sketch was born in Townsend Harbor, Massachusetts, on October 30, 1869, the son of Jonas and Emeline (Cummings) Spaulding. He had two brothers, Rolland and Leon, the latter having died in 1924, and one sister, Marion. His early education was received in the public schools of Townsend and at Lawrence Academy in Groton, Massachusetts. He graduated from Phillips Andover Academy at Andover, Massachusetts in 1889 and immediately entered the business of manufacturing leatherboard which was then conducted at Townsend Harbor by his father and his uncle. While he showed a natural aptitude for the business of manufacturing he took a real interest in the social affairs of the little community wherein he lived and made a reputation as an amateur actor, taking part in all of the theatricals which were staged at the Harbor and in the nearby village of Townsend.

Careful inquiry into the youth of Spaulding indicates that the process of securing a general education was coincident with learning thoroughly the production end of the leatherboard manufacturing business. As a youngster in grammar school he spent a number of hours each day in the mill at a salary schedule that would be laughed at by the youth of

today. While attending Lawrence and Andover Academies, school holidays and vacations were spent at the Townsend Harbor mill, so that shortly after graduation he was qualified to assume general charge of the manufacturing business which had been founded by his father. In the early nineties the business was entirely re-organized, the three Spaulding brothers forming a stock company with Huntley as treasurer and general manager.

From this period the growth of the business was phenomenal. Today it is called the Spaulding Fibre Company and it is known in manufacturing circles as one of the largest producers of leatherboard and hard fibre in the entire world. So much for the business which Huntley N. Spaulding, in company with his brothers, was instrumental in founding and conducting to success.

### Moves To New Hampshire

The first Spaulding mill in this state was built at Milton in 1894, and the big leatherboard plant at North Rochester was erected in 1900. Huntley N. Spaulding moved to North Rochester at this time and the same year was also marked by his marriage to Harriett Mason of Topeka, Kansas. Mr. Spaulding is treasurer of the Spaulding Fibre Company and of the Kennebunk Manufacturing Company. He is president of the International Leather Company and the Atlas Leather Company of Boston. He also is a trustee of Lawrence Academy at Groton, Massachusetts.

### Increased Food Production

It was early in April 1917 that Mr. Spaulding was called from his business

iness to become chairman of the Central Food Committee of the New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety. The first emergency food production campaign, conducted under his general direction, put New Hampshire at the top among the New England states for 1917, with a thirty-five per cent increase, while her nearest competitor, Connecticut had an increase of fourteen per cent. And such co-operation did he secure that the churches, the fraternal organizations, the state university, the superintendents of county institutions and the manufacturers of the state—all of these agencies turned to with a will and helped the agriculturalists make a production record of which New Hampshire will always have reason to be proud. Huntley N. Spaulding realized with many others in New Hampshire that "Business as Usual" would make it impossible to win the war.

With such a record of success in securing the voluntary co-operation of his fellow citizens it is not strange that Governor Henry Keyes recommended Mr. Spaulding to Herbert Hoover for the position of Federal Food Commissioner in New Hampshire. It was on July 3, 1917 that Mr. Hoover telegraphed for Mr. Spaulding to serve in this capacity and invited him to attend a preliminary conference in Washington. The next day, July 4, Mr. Spaulding wired that he would be "available" and this marked the beginning of his duties in a wider and more important field. For about a month, pending the passage by Congress of the Food bill, so-called, Mr. Spaulding served unofficially as the "Volunteer Representative of the Food Administra-

tor." His appointment by President Wilson as Federal Food Commissioner for New Hampshire was dated August 14, 1917.

### Work as Food Administrator

Here was a real job, a task calling first for organizing genius and ability to secure the hearty co-operation of all lines of business in the state having to do with the production and distribution of all kinds of food stuffs, for in spite of the numerous regulations, by far the greater part of this co-operation had to be voluntary. Moreover it extended right down to the individual members of the separate households. There were no precedents to follow, there were no authorities from which it would be possible to secure advice and assistance. As Federal Food Commissioner for New Hampshire, Huntley Spaulding was embarking on an uncharted sea of endeavor, but he laid his course so carefully that he finally arrived at the port of success.

His engaging frankness, his absolute sincerity impressed all with whom he came in contact. He gained friends on every hand and no group was more friendly than that one concerned in the episode which is related at the beginning of this chronicle. His own indefatigable efforts, his unvarying fairness, proved a source of inspiration not only to his co-workers in all of the departments of the state administration, but to the general public as well. It is a fact that those few who were penalized for infractions of the food regulations would shake hands with the administrator at the conclusion of their hearings, promise future co-operation and assert that they were

pleased to have had even this opportunity to come in personal contact with him. Under such leadership there is little reason for surprise when it is indicated that the results of food administration activities in New Hampshire were altogether successful.

### **Food Administration Results**

It has already been stated that New Hampshire ranked first among the New England states in food production in 1917. In 1918 New Hampshire showed an increase of seventeen per cent over 1917, only two per cent behind Connecticut, the leader. In the Hoover Pledge Card campaign, New Hampshire was among the leading states, with eighty per cent of the families signing the pledges voluntarily. In the work accomplished by the hotel and restaurant division the state was ranked among the first five in the country. Other successful achievements were the "small gardens" throughout the state, the garden work of the school children with a production in 1917 and 1918 of crops to the value of about \$150,000, the "canning", the "potato" and the "corn meal" campaigns. Two great sources of satisfaction were the sending by Mr. Hoover of the plan of organization of the women of New Hampshire to the Federal Food Administrators of all the states in the Union and the visit of the Canadian representatives to study the New Hampshire system of food administration. What is most important, records at Washington show that the cost to the United States of the work of the New Hampshire Food Administration was the lowest in the country, not only actually

but relatively. New Hampshire has reason to be proud of its war activities, not the least of which was the conduct of the Food Administration under the efficient leadership of Huntley N. Spaulding. In June, 1918, the University of New Hampshire recognized the splendid services of Mr. Spaulding by conferring on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

### **Interested in League of Nations**

On January 6, 1919 at a meeting held at the council chamber of the state house in Concord, presided over by Governor John H. Bartlett, the New Hampshire League of Nations Association was formed. Huntley N. Spaulding was elected president. The members of the executive committee elected at the same time were: Professor F. H. Dix, Hanover; General Frank S. Street, Concord; W. Parker Straw, Manchester; Allen Hollis, Concord; Charles E. Tilton, Tilton; Richard Coombs, Portsmouth and Andrew L. Fellows, Laconia. Governor John H. Bartlett accepted the position as honorary president.

### **His First Political Campaign**

Following this, the many friends in New Hampshire of the idea of the League of Nations induced Huntley N. Spaulding to become a candidate for nomination as United States Senator. The trend of public opinion at first manifestly favorable, was at that time apparently away from the League of Nations. Mr. Spaulding lost his fight for the nomination not his popularity, for he took defeat in the same uncomplaining spirit in which he had assumed the various burdens of public work that had been laid upon his willing



shoulders. As a writer in the Exeter News-Letter expressed it: "To his credit stands the fact that he accepted his defeat without sulking and disregarding the efforts of unwise advisers to shake his party loyalty, straightway declared himself a supporter of his successful rival."

### Again Aids Hoover

Later, in 1921, Mr. Spaulding was again called to service by his former chief, Herbert Hoover. This time as chairman of the European Relief Council. Mr. Hoover asked Mr. Spaulding to see that New Hampshire donated its share of the proposed thirty million dollar fund which was to be raised for the purpose of succoring Europe's starving childhood. Again were the organizing ability and administrative powers of the New Hampshire man called into play with the result that the contribution from this state totaled over \$100,000—more in proportion to its population than any other state's cash contribution to this splendid cause.

### Another Important Post

On May 6, 1921, following a long series of conferences, Governor Albert O. Brown appointed Mr. Spaulding to be chairman of the State Board of Education. Inherent in this task was the need of the persuasive powers that dominate leadership. The educational law of 1919 had been administered in such a manner as to arouse the dissatisfaction of nearly all the school boards in the entire state. Practically all of the original members of the state board had resigned. Chaos reigned in the educational affairs of New Hampshire.

Before accepting the commission

Mr. Spaulding assured himself that the principle of the law of 1919 was sound. He then set himself to the task of bringing order out of the existing chaos. He kept within his appropriations and assured the school boards that the idea of the state board was co-operation and not domination. Complaints ceased and the State Board of Education began to function as was intended.

### Educational Accomplishments

Accomplishments under the law have brought about a vast improvement in public educational facilities in New Hampshire. Children in country districts now have the same educational advantages that their brothers and sisters have in the cities. All schools, country and city alike, are supervised by a splendid group of high-minded and competent superintendents. What is even more important, the state is now providing properly qualified teachers for all schools through the development of the Normal schools at Keene and Plymouth. The law is now generally accepted as being in the best interests of the state and as an evidence of keen business administration, it may be noted that there has been saved in the last five years out of regular appropriations of the State Board of Education nearly a quarter of a million dollars which have been invested in permanent improvements. Aside from business acumen, it is certain that diplomacy and tact have characterized Mr. Spaulding's tenure of office as chairman of the State Board of Education. Again he proved himself possessed of the powers of masterful leadership.



## Helps the Children

For a number of years Mr. Spaulding has been president of the New Hampshire Children's Aid and Protective Society. Hardly had he been elected to the office when he assumed the task of raising \$50,000 for the society, this being necessary in order to secure a conditional bequest of a like amount. It is needless to say he was successful in this task and the fund of \$100,000 was dedicated as a memorial to the late Congressman Sherman E. Burroughs a former president of the society.

Mr. Spaulding takes a sincere interest in the welfare of all the boys and girls in the Granite State. Many phases of his work touch the interests of the younger generation. He comes in contact with our future citizens through the schools. He reaches out to help the boys through the Y. M. C. A., being a member of the state committee of that organization and a liberal contributor towards its support. He assisted in the founding and helps in the maintenance of the Y. M. C. A. camp that bears his name on the banks of the Contoocook River just outside of Concord. He is a generous patron of the New Hampshire Interscholastic Debating League and has in many other ways expressed himself as personally interested in the advancement of the boys and girls of New Hampshire.

## Considered for Elective Office

In 1924 there was a real sentiment prevalent in New Hampshire that Huntley Spaulding be nominated for governor on the Republican ticket. This sentiment made itself manifest in many ways but Mr. Spaulding was unwilling to contest the nomination

with either of the two candidates who were already in the field. The legislature of 1925 had not adjourned however before Mr. Spaulding, in response to the solicitation of many Republican friends, who represented all shades of opinion in the party, had consented to become a candidate in 1926.

## Two Clean-cut Victories

He had hoped to receive the nomination unopposed. He was greatly disappointed that his friend, Governor John G. Winant, to whom he had given his influence and personal aid in the previous campaign, should again file as a candidate for the office. The primary campaign, in which he defeated his well entrenched opponent by a margin of 5,000 votes, is a matter of recent history as is also his victory in the election over Eaton D. Sargent of Nashua, who was considered the ace of New Hampshire's Democracy. As would naturally be supposed, his campaign for the nomination like his election campaign, was conducted in an irreproachable manner. He pointed to his public record as a successful business administrator and enunciated a few concise principles upon which he based his hope of nomination and election. He refused to engage in personalities and with two clean-cut victories behind him, he comes to the governorship unfettered by any kind of political promises or entanglements.

## A Broad Viewpoint

There is real foundation for the widespread belief that he will make one of the best governors New Hampshire ever had. No detail will be too small to escape his attention, and no task too large to be sur-

mounted. Whether it is the highway bond issue in which he does not believe; the New Hampshire primary law which he thinks may be improved; the railroads whose interests he believes are closely linked with the welfare of the state, or problems of taxation which he deems all important, Governor Huntley N. Spaulding will be right on the job, doing his level best to see that the subject is disposed of in the manner best suited to the welfare of the entire state and all its citizens. Every matter of public policy upon which he is called to express an opinion will be regarded in its broadest aspects. How it affects an individual, a single community or section, a corporation or an organization will be of minor importance to him. What he will ask is—how does this affect all of the taxpayers of New Hampshire?

### Personal Characteristics

Huntley Spaulding is happy in exactly the same proportion that he can bring happiness into the lives of others. This is another way of saying that he is devoid of selfishness. His own tastes are simple. He likes

to read. He enjoys golf. Travel interests him. He belongs to many clubs. His charities are diversified and numerous. He is democratic to a great degree and enjoys a host of friends who occupy all walks of life. In spite of his many civic duties he retains an interest in his business. In fact his capacity for work is almost unlimited and there is nothing he enjoys better than a new problem to solve, particularly if it relates to the welfare of the people.

The predominating trait of his interesting character is rare judgment. Whether the problem be one relating to his personal business or to the public interests, he invariably arrives at a proper solution. His disposition is so genial, his penchant for getting the other fellow's opinion is so strong that occasionally these traits are mistaken for a sign of weakness. And this brings us right back to the beginning—the war time episode of the food distributors who tried unsuccessfully to give him misleading information.

New Hampshire will be proud of her new governor—able, industrious, highminded—Huntley N. Spaulding.



THE LIGHTHOUSE, LAKE SUNAPEE

# The Outlook for Forestry in New Hampshire

By PHILIP W. AYERS

Forester Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests

Twice in the history of the United States a forest census has been taken—in 1907 and in 1920. The study of figures is not reassuring. In 1907 our per capita consumption of timber in the United States was over 500 feet board measure. In 1920 it had

the West. Much of our building material in the Eastern States now comes from the Pacific Coast by the way of the Panama Canal. Even in the little mountain towns around the White Mountains Oregon timber is used for building purposes.



At the edge of the primeval timber in Waterville. Greeley Ponds are located in the valley at the right

fallen to 325 feet board measure, and has probably at this time fallen to 250 feet per capita. We are, therefore, using just one-half the timber for every man, woman and child in the United States that we did twenty years ago.

All but eleven of the timber-producing states showed a reduction in forestry output, and of those states that showed an increase, ten are at

Meantime, we are not producing our own timber. We have in New Hampshire nearly two million acres of idle forest land. We are paying enormous freight rates.

Western timber cannot last always. It will go as the primeval timber in New England went years ago, and as the timber from New York and Pennsylvania went later, and then that from the Lake States, which





In Crawford Notch, in which the southern 4000 acres south of the state purchase are now about to be cut off. Sawmills and lumber

from 1850 to 1880 produced most of the timber used in our country. The South is partly cut out, and will keep the big mills going only for a limited time.

### What Can Be Done About It?

1. In the first place, all informed citizens should support the forestry legislation that is sound in princi-

tracts, many of which have young timber. There are now about 21,000 acres in State ownership that are easily worth ten dollars per acre. The State's money has increased nearly four-fold when invested in State forests. The State can afford to hold timber because it does not have to pay taxes, as private owners



A lumber camp just below the Greeley Ponds in Waterville. Ready to take off the last primeval spruce in New Hampshire except that in Government ownership. The Greeley Ponds in Mad River Notch are one of the most remarkable pieces of scenery in the White Mountains

ple. We should do much more in forest planting, both in the National Forests and in our State Forests. This can only be advanced by appropriations.

We can aid the bills for the acquisition of National and State Forests. The Government has acquired 462,000 acres in the White Mountains, or about 700 square miles, which is 46% of the original plan.

The State of New Hampshire has been appropriating \$5,000 a year during the last ten years. This money has been very shrewdly invested in

do.

### Tax Laws

You can help to change the Constitution of the State of New Hampshire by which the vicious system of taxing forests at their full value every year more than eats up the total value of the tree before it is mature. Where the tax laws are enforced, it is foolish for any individual to undertake to raise mature timber in New Hampshire. Our neighboring States on three sides—Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont—have changed the system, but in New Hampshire



the efforts to change the constitution in this respect have failed. We can, by means of exemptions and enlargement of the provisions in the Walker law go farther under our present Constitution, and exempt all young growing timber. A bill in our Legislature proposing this would certainly receive respectful attention.

### Town Forests

2. To guard against the approaching timber shortage, you can help your town to secure a Town Forest. Every town should have a forest as large as 1,000 acres if possible, which will in time become a source of revenue, just as the forests abroad are sources of revenue to the many hundreds of towns in each of the European countries.

Thirty-six towns in New Hampshire already own land of various acreage. Several others have appointed committees to investigate the situation at the next town meeting. The State Forester is lending all the encouragement in his power to these Committees and to the towns that are establishing forests.

3. You can join the Forestry Associations. Memberships are not great. That in the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests for instance, is only one dollar a year, which pays for the postage and literature that is sent out to members. If you send two dollars or more it will really help the work forward. This is a patriotic way to help solve the pressing problem that faces the whole country.

In 1911-12, during the administration of Governor Bass, 6,000 acres in the upper end of Crawford Notch were acquired by the State of New

Hampshire. In the lower end of the Notch are 4,000 additional acres that form a part of the Notch, and should come into public ownership. Last year negotiations were entered into between the mortgagees and the United States Government for the sale of this 4,000 acres to the Government at a price which the National Forest Reservation Commission accepted. The option was closed by the Government, which then proceeded as usual in such cases to perfect title by condemnation proceedings after the price had been fixed. This suit is still pending, but the original owners, not the mortgagees, have requested that it be withdrawn on two grounds:

- (1) That the price fixed by the mortgagee is too low.
- (2) That there were technical errors in the procedure on the part of the mortgagee.

Whether or not the Government will proceed with the purchase as planned is at this writing in some doubt. Meantime, the owners have let contracts to a Canadian firm for the cutting of railway ties, and propose to take out the timber right down to the limits of the highway. A saw mill and two sets of lumber camps have been constructed, close to the highway, with the expectation of immediately cutting.

### Mad River Notch, North of Waterville

One of the remarkable beautiful spots in New Hampshire, fully equal in scenic effect to any of its Notches is the country known as the Greeley Ponds area in the Mad River Notch five miles north of the hotel at Waterville Valley. The little lake

lets reflect the sky, surrounded by about 700 acres of primeval spruce timber, in a great bowl that stretches to the tops of the mountains on all sides. The Notch has an elevation of 2,000 feet, the same as the other Notches. Here the timber, surrounding high, rugged cliffs and a sharply marked landslide, is wholly primeval. Excepting such timber on the high slopes that has been acquired by the Government, in the Great Gulf, under Mt. Washington, and other places, this is the last stand of primeval spruce in New Hampshire.

The whole township of Waterville has been purchased recently by the Parker and Young Company whose headquarters are in Lincoln. It is the purpose of this Company to run a railway through the Mad River Notch around the Greeley Ponds, partly across one of them, and down through Waterville Valley, with branches around Osceola Mountain, Kankamaugus Mountain, and across the valley at the foot of Tri-Pyramid. Officers of the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests have interviewed the officers of the Parker and Young Company and have found them co-operative. They will sell the entire property for what they paid for it, but in order to keep the railway out of the Notch it is necessary to buy the township of Waterville. The sum of approximately one million dollars is involved, a considerable portion of which could be liquidated by the future sale of timber standing in the Waterville Valley, not including the 700 acres surrounding the Greeley Ponds. The United States Forest Service has indicated its willingness to buy this timber, subject to future appropria-

tions, but it has not the money at this time. The logging Company proposes to cut its railway through the Notch in March 1927. The question is, can we raise a million dollars through the Government or otherwise, that will buy the entire property and hold it until such time as a large portion of it, excepting that around the ponds in the Notch, can be cut off and floated down the Mad River without a railway?

In this connection, it is interesting that the National Forest Reservation Commission, of which Senator Keyes is an honored member, has recommended to the Budget Commissioner that the appropriation of one million dollars for purchases last year under the Weeks Law should be increased to two million dollars for the forthcoming year. If this is done, it might be possible for the Government to assist materially in the acquisition of the Mad River Notch. Without it, the situation appears hopeless.

### **Cathedral Woods at Intervale**

Another situation important to those who love New England is that in the Cathedral Woods at Intervale. This originally was a great pine forest of 150 acres of magnificent trees. Some years ago twenty acres were cut off and have not been reforested. Last year 70 additional acres were cut off on the side away from the railroad track. This winter seven additional acres are being cut, leaving a total of about thirty-five acres only that will remain when the snow goes off in the spring of 1927.

Of the thirty-five acres remaining, ten acres were the gift of Mr. Charles W. Hubbard of Auburndale, Mass., and his sister, Mrs. Davis, through the Society for Protection of New

Hampshire Forests to the town of Conway. This stands just back of the Indian camps and cannot be despoiled. The other twenty-five acres are in private ownership in two par-

nants of the Cathedral Woods in Intervale that can be saved.

### **The Need for Forest Planting Material in New Hampshire**

In our State are two million acres



In the Cathedral woods at Intervale. Seventy-seven acres have been cut off in the last two years. Thirty-five acres remain standing

cels.

1. About 20 acres owned by a public-spirited gentleman who is much interested in their preservation.

2. Five acres owned by the heirs of a hotel man and lumberman who died several years ago. They desire to realize the value of their property.

Both theses tracts are important. They are the last worth while rem-

of idle land producing nothing, hardly making inferior cordwood. Large portions of this have been so heavily burned over as to prevent the possibility of natural re-seeding. Other portions have reduced soil energy, due to the cutting off of a heavy old stand of white pine. We must learn in New Hampshire that successive clean cutting injures the forest soil and may destroy its vitality. Nearly



all of this two million acres is capable of producing a good forest again if planted up.

Many private owners are interested to plant their land. Hitherto it has been difficult to secure planting material. The State Nursery sells at cost an excellent quality of seedlings, but has not nearly enough to supply the demand. Other states are going far ahead of New Hampshire in their planting programs. We should redouble our efforts to supply, through the State Nursery or otherwise, planting material for our people, and especially the reforestation of our idle, non-agricultural

land. New Hampshire cannot take the place that is hers among the States until all of her idle acres are productive. These idle lands are expensive because they pay no taxes but roads must be maintained across them.

Our first forest duty as a State is to provide sufficient material for the planting of forests.

The taxes on forest land must be so modified as to encourage the investment of private capital in growing timber.

We must as a State save the few remaining acres of primeval pine and spruce.

---

## Friendship Past

By ELIZABETH M. MASSIE

Star dust and faded rose leaves  
And the distant peal of a song—  
It doesn't pay to consider  
If t'was you or I who was wrong.  
And without your liquid laughter  
My world is not bitter nor drear;  
I have only a smothered feeling  
That Life is remarkably queer.  
For like ships that meet in the darkness  
And with greeting pass on their way,  
You and I shared a castle of dreams  
Through a short, sweet Summer day.  
There are other friends who surround me  
Beguiling with charm and art—  
But I still have a faint breath of rose leaves  
Folded close within my heart.

Penacook, N. H.

# THE STONE FACE

From Koehler's "Legends of the White Mountains."

Translated from the German for The Granite Monthly  
by ELLEN McROBERTS MASO N

---

Between the foothills of the "White Mountains," picturesquely following along the banks of a river, is the hamlet Franconia. If one turns from here toward the south, he sees before him, a splendid panorama.

Heaven high rock-collosi, above whose summits the clouds weave a mysterious and almost continuous veil of haze, bound the horizon, and slope in wild-wooded hills to the valley. A well-kept road gradually ascending to the base of one of the foot-hills, (to which popular folk-fancy has given the name of "Bald-pate") provided always, one does not grudge the toil of a climb to its top, richly rewards one with the incomparable prospect he there delights in.

Northeast, glimpses the imposing Presidential Range, paling in the blue vapor of distance; to the north, the great Starr King exalts himself above his fellows; the "Green Mountains" border the horizon to the west.

But all around, framing this, stretch lovely valley-landscapes with farm-houses, hamlets and little towns, that with their setting of green fields and leafy groves, form a charming contrast to the glorious, deep blue of the heavens.

The whole is joined in a picture, full of harmony and compelling beauty, that toward the south is completed by a little idyllic valley,

which framed by mighty giant mountains that with trailing, woodsy robes, and reflected from a shining lakelet like a jewel in the valley-bottom, encloses the scene.

Should one ramble on to the enigmatical "Echo Lake" whose rock-ramparts are empowered to call back greetings, like spirit voices in almost celestial accord—he comes to the entrance of lovely Franconia Notch. And here the eye is astounded by an extraordinary image.

From an almost black-seeming, dismal, woods-enclosed lake, there rises nearly perpendicularly, a high mountain from whose rocky peak a colossal head, with distinctly carved human features, looks forth. Turned to the south, the all but reverence evoking face gazes solemnly yet benignly away, over the wide landscape.

Full many a traveler viewing the scene sought to investigate the relation to it, of "The Stone Face," but no one was able to throw light on the subject.

Now to me, an old hunter who already for many, many years had lived in the forests of this region, related the following tale of its origin.

Long ago this region was inhabited by red men. The forests fostering multitudes of game, the rivers and lakes swarming with scaly broods, the flowery meadows from which diligent bees gathered their sweet food, furnished them sustenance in abundance, and so these

simple children of nature, who knew not of other-times needs, lived cheerful and careless and harmoniously there, and only seldom had their chiefs (wise, experienced men) occasion to adjust disputes amongst them.

Now one day the chief who at the time of this story, was their guide and counselor—a very old and venerated man, with flowing, white beard—gathered his people about him and said to them: “Rich and happy is this our land. The Great Spirit has blessed it with woods and water, with game and fowl, so that we never suffer from want of food or clothing. Peace and unity have always ruled among us. Proud and brave are our young men. Beautiful of face, and agile as hinds, have our daughters blossomed for our comfort. With honor am I grown old among you. Now is the hour come that I must depart from you. My body is grown tired and weak, and the Great Spirit calls me from hence to the everlasting Hunting Grounds, Farewell then, all.”

“Only yet a word of counsel, admonition, warning, take from your departing Chief, who has turned the leaves of the Book of the Past, and been given a vision of the future. Be and stay a united Folk, be peaceful and forbearing among yourselves, and never stain yourselves through crime, or shameful acts. So long as you follow my caution, will happiness and peace smile upon you, as till now; but burden yourselves with wrong, then will undoing and unholiness come upon you and your destruction is sure. Then will another kind of men force into these valleys and drive you from them, and

destroy your race. If this however—to me, a dreadful thought—should be realized, a sign will be shown to you. My likeness, there above, upon those rocks, will be shown to you to prove that I had spoken truly, and that the time of your downfall is come.”

And after a last farewell, the sage departed from the midst of his encircling Folk, and was seen no more.

His tribe took to heart the word of their chief, and lived loyal to his admonition, still many years in peace and with uprightness, consecrating, in contented existence, the happy lot assigned to their portion.

Now there lived among the tribe twin brothers who were strong and handsome to look upon, and mighty warriors and hunters. They had been fervently attached to each other from their very birth; each one for love gained for the other, for love one gained for the other what he could know longed-for, only from reading the other's eyes, neither was seen without the other, sorrow and happiness they shared with one another, so it was no wonder their tribesmen named them “The Inseparables.”

But it came to pass that both brothers fell madly in love with the same maiden. And how could it be otherwise? For beautiful was the maid, as no other. Her slender noble figure pleased the eye; from all her movements emanated gracious charm, her enticing little face framed in raven-black locks, was a picture of loveliness itself, and the thoughtful, dreamy, glowing eyes heightened the winning expression that played around her coral lips. No wonder that all the young braves had a

maddening liking for the bewitching creature, and that she brought disgrace and tragedy to both brothers.

Both sought her favor, each sought to win her love, and to take her to his lodge, as his wife. But the maid who, fond of both brothers, could decide on no choice, and was unwilling to pledge herself to either; and as neither the one nor the other was willing to withdraw, it soon came to violent strife between them.

They who formerly had lived so lovingly together, no longer looked at each other. Anger and hatred glowed in their eyes, when they met. Solitary and lonesome they now strode through the forests where they vented their despair in lamentations and maledictions.

One day the brothers met together in a shaded, turfy nook, that in the midst of deep woods lay directly at the foot of the granite heights upon which the great chief, at his leave-taking, had foretold of his direful fore-warning.

The Indian maiden had chosen this little spot for her favorite retreat. Every day she passed some hours in sweet solitude there, absorbed in nature's beauties, and in worshipful prayer to the Great Spirit.

And that day she was there, and with anguish and alarm became aware of the nearness of the hostile brothers. They glared sullenly at each other as they suddenly stood opposite to one another; rage's redness rose in their faces, and their eyes darted savage fire. In passionate argument, one tried to persuade the other to cease from wooing the Indian maid. In vain! Ever more fiercely they raged at each other and

in a trice, a frightful combat was kindled between them. With their battle axes they rushed upon each other, and with mighty blows tried to destroy, each the other. They had bloodily lacerated themselves, and their arms were grown tired in their mighty struggle. Then one, with his last outlay of strength raised his axe and clove the head of his adversary with a mighty stroke. The adversary, his twin brother, mortally wounded, breathed his last, with a terrible curse. But too, his opponent fell, death-exhausted to the ground.

And that moment there was a shrieking, a moaning a lamentation from the depths, in the air, and in the woods; from the heart of the mountain, sounded dreadful rolling of thunder—down sank the land where the frightful homicide had taken place, and an unfathomable black-flowing sea, poured its sullen waters over the place of the monstrous deed.

The maid, who with horror and despair had looked upon the fatal combat, sank lifeless to earth—grief and fright had killed her, and a blood red blossom grew there, where the sweet creature breathed out her life. From this blossom are descended the red flowers that here in the woods in such great numbers spring from the mossy ground.

But from the pinnacle of the mountain at whose base the place of tragedy lay, showed to the appall of the valley-dwellers, the sad, earnest, Stone Face, as one sees it to this day. The men that until then had lived in the peaceful valleys, saw with dread that their time was come, and that their prophet's prediction



would be fulfilled. They lost their cheerful care-freeness, and trouble and discouragement entered amongst them.

Peace, from that hour, departed from the wigwams; all the evil qualities of the braves seemed to be awakened, and quarrels, brawls and combats, ruled like a cruel curse over them. They took conflicting sides in unsettled feuds and—as the wise Chief predicted—soon another sort of men forced in, and drove away or destroyed all of the tribe who were yet left.

Only the flowers and The Stone Face still remind one that here, happy nature-children, once lived; those flowers and The Stone Face recall the two devoted brothers, and their bitter disunion and fatal jealousy, recall their death combat and the beautiful maid for whose sake it was; “and they say,” concluded the hunter, “that when the ‘Old Man of the Mountains’ disappears, every trace of the Indians who inhabit this continent, will have disappeared.”



---

## Why?

By EMMA L. SPICER

Why are they always murmuring, muttering?

Are they not satisfied, they who are free?

Can't they be happy, with calm breezes blowing,

To dance in the air as they cling to the tree?

Has Fate been unkind, or Destiny deceitful?

Are not their wishes of freedom fulfilled?

Were they not made to be gay, to be joyful?

Perhaps—but there they are, all smiles concealed.

There may be a reason why each tiny leaflet

Rubs gently its brother, bemoaning its woes.

Perhaps for the same reason Man is unhappy.

—Let's say perhaps, for nobody knows.

New York City.

# Colonel Nathaniel Meserve

By JOHN BARTLETT MESERVE

---

“There is given  
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,  
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath lent,  
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is power  
And magic in the ruined battlement,  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.”

—Byron.

---

The yesterdays of old New Hampshire are golden in the wealth of glory, achievement and sterling character they bequeath. Those were days of danger and hardship, but of triumph. From out of the rich and rare Colonial days, there comes a challenge of self denial, stern courage and spiritual posture, from the interpid souls who blazed the trail of settlement, threaded through the forests to combat the Indian and his French mentor, and worshipped God with the stern conventionalities of the rugged period. Like the adamant of her granite hills, poised the unafraid settler against the inhospitable shores of ancient New England and the hostile character of the savage.

The so called Colonial Wars waxed their greatest fury in the North, owing largely to the proximity of the French in Canada to the New England settlements. From these early vicissitudes there emerged the type of frontiersman indigenous to our colonial period. Men of leadership early manifested their qualities as such, and early marks of genius crowned the activities of the old Granite State, during those inceptive hours. The pages of its Colonial

history are adorned with the names of sterling men who voiced the high purposes of the colony at that time.

Among the worthwhile characters of the New Hampshire of the first half of the 18th century, was Colonel Nathaniel Meserve, the second son of Clement Meserve, Jr., and Elizabeth Jones, his wife, who was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire about 1705. The Colonel was of Norman French extraction and was a grandson of Clement Messervy, Sr., whom family tradition identifies as the oldest son of Jean Messervy and Marie Machon, his wife, of Grouville Parish, Isle of Jersey, where he was born in May 1655. This ancient ancestor was the first emigrant to the Colonies and is first found among the settlers at Portsmouth in 1673, when and when he was listed as a taxpayer. The old homestead, acquired by the emigrant at Newington, New Hampshire, was conveyed by him on August 26, 1710 to his son, Clement Jr. in reversion, which reversionary rights became fixed and vested in his son, Clement upon the death of the old emigrant which occurred prior to April 12, 1721. Clement Meserve, Jr. probably removed from Portsmouth to Newington, about the date of the

deed. This ancestor was a carpenter or "joyner" and doubtless Nathaniel worked at the same trade with his father. The inceptive years of Nathaniel were spent at Newington, where he owned the covenant and joined the church on Oct. 23, 1726. (N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg. Vol. XXII, pp. 301 and 356.) On December 16, 1725, at Portsmouth, he married Jane Libby, who was a member of the Libby family of Portsmouth. She was probably a sister of George Libby, who was chosen commissary of the regiment which went to Louisburg in 1745, but Gov. Wentworth unfortunately preferred Treadwell. (N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg. Vol. XXIII, p. 201 et seq.) Shortly after his marriage, the Colonel removed to Portsmouth, where from thenceforth until his death, he was identified with its life and the life of the colony, in a public, political, educational, industrial and military capacity, in the most prominent fashion. He is rated as the most prominent member of the family in America bearing his name and is mentioned in most favorable terms by historians in dealing with the early life of New Hampshire and the Colonial Wars.

From his first activities as a carpenter, he embarked upon a career as a shipbuilder at Portsmouth, and from the year 1740 until his death, he was the owner and operator of the largest shipyard in Portsmouth, if not in the colonies. This shipyard was located in the northern part of Portsmouth. He constructed, in 1740, adjoining his shipyard, a colonial home, which he occupied until his death in 1758. This house at 53 Raynes street, Portsmouth, is still standing and was one of the

pretentious homes of the old city, in its day.

It appears that in 1744 the Colonel took the contract for and made certain repairs to old Fort William and Mary at Newcastle, for which services he was paid by the colony. (N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg. Vol. XVIII, p. 209.) At this time, he had already acquired some reputation in a military way, in the colony of New Hampshire.

Indian depredations abetted by the French, tolled heavily upon the resources of the colonies during those inceptive days. The early dominion of the French in Canada constituted an ever abiding menace to the security of the English Colonies of the North Atlantic. It was perhaps not so much the presence of the French settlers that was provocative of strife, as it was the military administrative features of the government at Quebec. The French courted the Indians, and the army at Quebec was maintained by the French, not so much as a protection against the savages, as it was designed for use in menacing the English settlements. The emissaries and missionaries of France circulated among the savages of the North, influencing their chieftains to acts of violence against the English. (Wolfe and Montcalm, by Parkman, Vol. I.)

At this period in history, war between France and England upon the continent was intermittent, but with brief and precarious interludes of peace. These wars, arising over situations to which the colonists were wholly indifferent, never failed to provoke a recoil in America, which involved the colonial possessions of each country. The normal attitude of



each toward the other was one of hostility. Each gesture of war by these traditional foes in Europe invited an invasion by the French and their savage allies from Canada upon New England. With corresponding regularity the English assisted by the colonists, planned a new expedition against Louisburg. Thus the claim of some Austrian prince to a throne or the cupidity of some Prussian king to enlarge his domain at the expense of some adjoining sovereign found a reflex in the cruel massacre of the New England settler and the violation and despoilation of his meager home. There followed, in a sequence, the wars known in American Colonial history as King William's War, Queen Anne's War, King George's War and the French and Indian War, which were but ancillary to major strifes which waged in Europe, and in which both France and England were interested.

The French, at enormous expense, had constructed vast fortifications at Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island. This fortification was termed the "Gilbraltar of America," and as such became the objective of English attack. A high resolve was made by the New England colonists in 1744 to take steps to abate the menace of the French in Canada by the capture of this fortress. Concerted plans were formed and troops and supplies raised by the New England colonies. Gov. Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, on February 14, 1744, commissioned Nathaniel Meserve, the shipbuilder of Portsmouth, to enlist troops in New Hampshire for the expedition which the unified colonies now proposed to launch against Louisburg. (N. H. State Papers, Vol.

XVIII, p.215.) A commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment was issued to Nathaniel Meserve on March 1, 1744, Colonel Moore commanding, which regiment formed a part of the forces under Sir William Pepperrell. (N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg. Vol. XXIII, p. 378.) Early in 1745, ships from Col. Meserve's shipyard conveyed the New Hampshire troops to Louisburg. Says Dr. Charles W. Tuttle of Boston, Mass., 1869, in his "Memoirs of Col. Nathaniel Meserve, as contained in N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg. Vol. XXIII, pp. 201 et seq.:

"In this famous military expedition, Col. Meserve and his troops greatly distinguished themselves. Between the place of landing in Louisburg and the points favorable for the construction of batteries to act upon the city, was a deep morass which the French regarded as a protection against the transportation of cannon and mortars to places where they could be used against the city. Col. Meserve saw that cannon on flat sledges might be drawn by men across this morass to the points where they were required. He thereupon designed and constructed wooden sledges, sixteen feet long and five feet wide, on which the cannon were placed, and under cover of night drawn by his men 'up to the knees in mud; at the same time the nights in which the work was done being cold and for the most part foggy.' For fourteen nights did these New Hampshire troops 'with almost incredible labor and fatigue' draw cannon and mortar on sledges across this morass. So important was the undertaking that the



whole success of the expedition has been attributed to its accomplishment. The name of Col. Meserve has always been repeated with admiration by historians in narrating the circumstances of this siege."

With the fall of Louisburg, on June 17, 1745, came the end of King George's War. It was the hardy soldiery of the colonists, that had crumbled this "Gibraltar" of the French. Naturally the colonists were much chagrined at the restoration of Louisburg to France by England, when the terms of peace were signed. The settlement, like so many other diplomatic monuments in history, left a sorrowful impression of inadequacy and inconclusiveness. Perhaps the status quo of the French was restored by the English, who were unwilling to dignify the capture of Louisburg by the colonists as an affair of much consequence. Great Britain may have seen, with prophetic vision, in 1745, the Boston Common of 1775. In fact, many of the drums that beat at the triumphal entry of the colonials at Louisburg, beat again at Bunker Hill, thirty years afterward.

Approbation of the colony greeted Col. Meserve upon his return from Louisburg. His qualities of integrity and leadership had been proven. The activities of his business career again claimed his attention, only to be broken into later by his participation in the French and Indian War.

Many amusing features have been interwoven into the affair at Louisburg in 1745. It has been likened to a crusade. In some of its phases, it may have been an opera bouffe spectacle, devoid of sufficient dignity to

be termed a "Siege," but to the pious hearted, homely colonial, it carried with it, many of the qualities of genuine warfare.

Not a little friction existed between the colonists of New Hampshire and the Mason heirs over the grant of lands confirmed on Nov. 7, 1620 to Captain John Mason. The matter was adjusted on January 30, 1746, by the purchase of this grant by twelve of the most prominent men in the colony, among them being Col. Nathaniel Meserve. These purchasers were afterwards known as the "Masonian Proprietors" and the Colonel's interest constituted the origin of his ownership of vast tracts of land, improvement of which seemed to occupy much of his time in after life. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXIX, p. 213 et seq.)

The wife of Col. Meserve died at Portsmouth on June 18, 1747 and is buried at old Point-of-Graves Cemetery, where a time honored and worn slate headstone stands at her grave. The Colonel married a second time to Mary Jackson, a widow, who survived him, dying on August 8, 1759.

The British government in 1749, through Sir William Pepperrell, engaged Col. Meserve to construct a ship of war carrying 44 guns. This ship was constructed by the Colonel at his shipyard in Portsmouth, being launched on May 4, 1749. She was called the "America" and regarded as one of the best frigates in the British navy. (History of Portsmouth Navy Yard, by Rear Admiral George H. Preble, pp. 10 and 11.)

Portsmouth was one of the first places to set up a subscription library after the model of Benjamin Franklin's at Philadelphia. The support-

ers and subscribers, thirty-three in number included the leading men of the city, among them being Col. Nathaniel Meserve.

In the summer of 1755, war clouds again began to gather in Europe. The Seven Years' War was hastening, in which Frederick the Great of Prussia was to engage in a death struggle with the combined forces of Russia, Austria and France; as Parkman says:—"A king against three queens, Elizabeth, Maria Theresa and Pompadour." The English king, to protect his German fatherland, aided Frederick. The colonists again centered their operations for the final abasement of the French in Canada. "There is no hope of repose for our thirteen colonies, so long as the French are masters of Canada," said Benjamin Franklin upon his arrival in England in 1754. In anticipation of war, the enforced deportation of the French Acadians from Nova Scotia was resolved upon by the English and the Colonists. In September of 1755, the deportation, variously estimated at from 3000 to 7000, was accomplished largely by the use of colonial shipping. Many of the ships from Col. Meserve's shipyard at Portsmouth, were used for that purpose. An imperishable interest has been imparted to the pitiable situation arising from this act, by Longfellow, in his beautiful poem, "Evangaline." (For a Defence of this Act, see "Wolfe and Montcalm" by Parkman, Vol. I, p. 261 et seq.)

News of Braddock's defeat at Great Meadows by the French and Indians, in July 1755, flew from colony to colony and produced dismay. The French were preparing to move, again, against the English settle-

ments in New England and New York. Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain was built by the French in 1755 and this fortification, together with Crown Point, was garrisoned by French and Indians. The Province of New Hampshire, in May 1756, raised another regiment, (one having been raised the previous year) of seven hundred men, placing them under the command of Col. Nathaniel Meserve, the hero of the siege of Louisburg in 1745. This regiment was designed to operate against the military works of the French on Lake Champlain. On the 26th of May 1756, just before setting out from home with his regiment, Colonel Meserve made and executed his last will which is now on record at Concord in the Archives of the State Historical Society, in which he assigns as a reason that "being bound on an Expedition against Crown Point and not knowing how God in his Providence may dispose of me &c." The Colonel moved this regiment from Portsmouth across to Albany, New York, where he was deflected from an expedition against Crown Point and detailed for service at Ft. Edward, N. Y. In fact, the contemplated attack against Crown Point was abandoned. The service of Col. Meserve at Ft. Edward was of so high meritorious and distinguished a character that the Earl of Loudon presented him with a pair of silver sauce boats bearing this inscription:

"From the Right Honorable the Earl of Loudon, Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces in North America to Col. Nathaniel Meserve of New Hampshire in testimony of his Lordship's approbation of his Good Service at

Ft. Edward in 1756."

On the reverse side was a crown under which is "G. H. R." In October the New Hampshire regiment was disbanded and returned home.

Early in 1757, a new regiment was raised by the colony of New Hampshire and again the command was given to Col. Nathaniel Meserve. This regiment consisted of five hundred men and again was designed for an expedition against Crown Point. On its arrival in New York Col. Meserve and three companies were detached and joined to the Earl of Loudon's expedition against Louisburg. The residue of the regiment under command of Lt. Col. Goff, was sent to Ft. William Henry. The massacre of these troops at Ft. William Henry by the Indian allies of the French, furnished one of the darkest pages in colonial history and reflects upon Montcalm the French commander.

The expedition to Louisburg left New York in June and arrived at Halifax where it remained inactive until autumn, when it returned home. Loudon was dilatory and the expedition was fruitless. Col. Meserve reached home the middle of November.

The Gazette of November 18, 1757, reports that,:

"Since our last, came home to town from New York, Nathaniel Meserve Esq., Colonel of the New Hampshire forces."

The reduction of Louisburg was determined upon again in 1758, under the leadership of Gen. Amherst and Admiral Boscawen. New Hampshire raised a regiment placing it under command of Col. John Hart who had been Lieutenant Colonel of Meserve's regiment the previous year. Meserve

was again commissioned Colonel and placed in command of a corps consisting of 108 carpenters and sailed from Portsmouth on April 3, 1758, for Halifax where he arrived about a week later. It is obvious that Col. Meserve's services in this expedition were to be of a similar character to those by which he had distinguished himself in the former expedition in 1745, but it seems that a macadamized road was constructed by the besieging army this time, which relieved the troops of the hardship of drawing cannon over it. The siege of Louisburg commenced on June 1, 1758. On the 23rd of June, Gen. Amherst's diary reads:—

"Col. Messervey and most of his carpenters taken ill of small pox which is a very great loss to the army."

This indicates that Col. Meserve and his men were destined for important service in the reduction of Louisburg. On the 28th of June 1758, the diary reads:—

"Col. Messervey and his son, both died today; and of his company of carpenters of 108 men all but 16 in the small pox who are nurses to the sick. This is particularly sad at this time."

The news of this melancholy event reached Portsmouth about the middle of July and produced a profound sorrow. The Gazette of August 11, 1758, in a discriminating notice of the public service and high character of Col. Meserve, which contained the expression of the sense of a public loss, said:—

"Col. Meserve was a gentleman of fine mechanical genius. Being a shipwright by profession, he attained eminence in his business and



acquired a handsome fortune. His moral and social character were unblemished and in a military line, he was highly respected."

Within a few days after the untimely death of Col. Meserve, Louisburg fell to the English. In the following year, the forces of Wolfe looked down from the Plains of Abraham upon the exposed citadel of Quebec. The French rallied to oppose, but lost. Quebec surrendered to the English and the dominion of the French in Canada, was at an end. The doughty New Hampshire Colonel did not survive to witness the final and complete consummation of the purpose for which he had striven and to which he had sacrificed his life. He sleeps in an unknown and unmarked grave at Louisburg amid the scenes of his earliest triumphs.

From all that has been said concerning the varied activities of Col. Nathaniel Meserve, we must yield to him, an unblemished character and a most successful issue in his private life. His service to the colony was brilliant, unselfish and patriotic. He was a true chevalier, faithful to his king, his colony and his word. He appears to have achieved unusual success in a financial and business way. As to what, if any cliffs of adversity, he was required to negotiate ere he attained the successful issue of his business career, we have no intimation. The devise to him under his father's will was a pittance of ten pounds, but he had attained success before his father's demise. The noon time of life found him the owner and operator of the largest shipyard in Portsmouth, if not in the colonies.

No elaboration of his military

career is required. It suggests, however, that his loyalty to the colony of New Hampshire was no greater than was his loyalty to the British Crown. The Jersey people have always had and now have an unbroken record for loyalty to the reigning house of Great Britain. (Charles II in the Channel Islands, by Hoskins.) Col. Meserve was an earnest devotee of the king of England and his recognition by the Earl of Loudon would indicate the confidence reposed in him by the British sovereign. Had he survived to the days of the Revolution, he might have remained loyal to the mother country. However, he was an officer at Louisburg at various times and must have been fully apprised of the negative consideration accorded to the colonial officers and men, by the British officers. He was associated in the Louisburg expeditions with men whose names afterwards became identified with the cause of the colonies in the Revolution. Who shall say but that had he lived, he would not have stood with Prescott at Bunker Hill or with Washington at Boston?

In Portsmouth, where the Colonel was at home, we can fancy his name linked with every public endeavor. He was probably enlisted and his counsel and services requisitioned in the public affairs of Portsmouth and the colony. That he met each demand, none will question. We can imagine that the Colonel was held in much esteem by the good people of Portsmouth. The bells tolled in the old town when the news came of his death at Louisburg, and the press notices were most eulogistic.

The Colonel contributed to Ports-



mouth two historic colonial houses, one built in 1740 and the other in 1758, the year of his death and which was occupied by his son George. These homes are still standing. There are many old houses in Portsmouth of pre-revolutionary times, which recall the Colonial days of affluence and grandeur. They linger from the earliest hours of the nation, suggestive of the wealth and splendor and social life of the Portsmouth of the earlier part of the 18th century.

Large fortunes were made in Portsmouth in those days and Col. Meserve was one of the men of wealth of the city and the colony. He was distinguished as a large landed proprietor, as a shipbuilder and shipowner and was the first citizen of the city in a military way. He had enjoyed the experience of travel which included the distinction of having visited Europe. He enjoyed the favor of the King. Thus favored, it is not difficult to visualise the Colonel as he moved in the social life of old Portsmouth, among his contemporaries.

It has been said that "Puritanism" had little influence in forming the character of Portsmouth. The people were little disposed toward days of fasting and prayer. Public events were celebrated with a ball instead of a sermon; rather than days of fasting, public demonstrations usually ended with a feast. The people

were impulsive and enthusiastic. But there was a dignity and grace and elegance about the social life, dress and mannerisms of the old city, that imitated in its splendor, the mother country across the sea. There were more private carriages and liveried servants in Portsmouth, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, that in any other place in New England. Ancient forms loom out of the distant dimness, arrayed in all the splendor of the English court. Immense wigs, powdered snow white; embroidered waistcoats, ruffles of delicate Mechlin lace worn by the rougher sex, cocked hats and gold headed canes, fairly epitomize fashion's dress in old Portsmouth. And then there were the chariots with liveried footmen behind to take the delicate footed gentlemen home. In his stately mansion, our Colonial gentleman and his estimable lady entertained with stately grace and elegance.

In the colony of New Hampshire, at that time some negro slaves were held. Col. Meserve was one of the few slave holders of the staid old New England which decades later became the hot bed of abolition.

Colonel Nathaniel Meserve was one of the prominent men of affairs in the rich and rare old Colonial days of New Hampshire. His life was required in the service of his king, at Louisburg on June 28, 1758.



# New Hampshire State Grange

The annual sessions of the New Hampshire State Grange, command public interest in larger measure than similar gatherings of any other fraternal organization, from the fact that the Grange, although a secret order in the strict sense of the term, unlike other such organizations, concerns itself, in large measure, with matters having to do with the general public welfare.

The 53d annual session of this body, made up of the masters of the 270 subordinate and 20 Pomona



JAMES C. FARMER  
Master of State Grange

Granges of the State, with their wives or husbands, as women are masters of many of the Granges, was held in the city of Dover, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 14, 15 and 16, with a good attendance from the order at large, aside from the actual membership, notwithstanding the fact that the annual meeting of the National Grange, holden in Portland, Me., during the

previous month, had been largely attended by New Hampshire Patrons, many of whom received the Seventh, or highest degree of the order.

The first and second days of the session were mainly devoted to routine business, including the Master's address; reports of officers and committees, exemplification of degrees, memorial exercises, etc.; while the third day was signalized by the declaration of the policy of the organization, regarding matters of public interest, as embodied in resolutions and committee reports adopted.

Briefly stated the New Hampshire State Grange declares itself in favor of increased appropriations for the State Bureau of Markets; opposition to the purpose of the Boston & Maine Railroad to discontinue service between Portsmouth and North Berwick, Me.; a three per cent gasoline tax, three fourths of the proceeds to go for the benefit of trunk lines and state highways, and one fourth for the benefit of roads in the rural districts; an increase in registration fees for motor trucks and pleasure cars; continued appropriation for the N. H. Publicity Bureau; strict enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment and laws; opposition to a bond issue for highway purposes; in favor of the leasing of Muscle Shoals for the production of fertilizer for the farms; assessment of taxes on farm property according to the earning capacity and sales value, and approving the agricultural program of the New England Council.

By far the most important action of the Grange, however, was the vote to establish an educational fund

for the aid of needy New Hampshire boys and girls, seeking advanced education. From this fund loans are to be made to aid boys and girls taking the Agricultural or Home Economics course at the State University. By a unanimous vote \$1000, from the Grange treasury, was set aside as a basis for this fund, to which additions are to be made by individual contribution, several hundred dollars having been pledged at the time by individual members in

attendance, and the expectation is that from \$6000 to \$8000 will be made available within a year.

The only officer chosen at this session of the Grange was a member of the Executive Committee, Wesley Adams of Londonderry, whose term had expired, being re-elected for another two years term.

The Grange voted to accept the invitation of the Concord Chamber of Commerce to hold its next annual session in that city.

## New Hampshire Necrology

**WILLIAM DWIGHT CHANDLER**, born in Concord, Feb. 3, 1863, died in the same city, November 5, 1926.

Mr. Chandler was the son of the late William E., and Ann Caroline (Gilmore) Chandler. He was educated in the public schools and St. Paul's School, Concord, and by European travel and study. From 1883 to 1892 he was assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Winona, Minn., and from 1892 to 1898, vice-president and treasurer of the Republican Press Association of Concord, N. H. From 1898 to 1918 he was publisher of the Concord Evening Monitor and the Independent Statesman, of which George H. Moses was editor, the two being partners in the ownership of the papers; and from April 1, 1918 he was editor and sole owner of the same, until the sale thereof to the Monitor-Patriot Company.

Appointed Postmaster of Concord to succeed George E. Farrand, he assumed the duties of that office on October 1, 1922, and devoted himself diligently to the same, up to the time of his last illness, some weeks before his death, the Concord office having become the most important in the State.

He was a 33d degree Mason and prominent in the affairs of all the

higher bodies of the order. He was also a member of the Wonalancet Club, and Capital Grange, P. of H., of Concord.

On February 9, 1885, Mr. Chandler married Lillian M. Porter, of Winona, Minn., who survives him, with three sons, Clark P. of the U. S. Army (West Point 1917) William Dwight, U. S. N. (Annapolis 1911) and Horton L., Attorney at law and Mrs. Katherine Fogg, of Concord.

**JAMES E. DODGE**, born in Londonderry, March 2, 1854, died in Manchester, November 22, 1926.

He was the son of Malachi Dodge, a prominent mill man of Manchester, and was reared and educated in that city, graduating from the high school in the class of 1873, after which he studied law and was admitted to the bar, being one of the oldest members of the Hillsborough Co. Bar at the time of his death. He was secretary and treasurer of the People's Fire Insurance Co., for a time, and afterward collector of the port of Portsmouth. In 1893 he was chosen City Auditor of Manchester, and held the office for 25 years. He was clerk of the N. H. Senate many years ago, had served in the House of Representatives, was a member of the last Senate, and, at the recent election was cho-



sen a member of the Executive Council for District No. 3.

Mr. Dodge was a prominent Mason and had been Secretary of Washington Lodge for 48 years. He was a member of Grace Episcopal church of Manchester and of the Derryfield Club.

DANIEL F. HEALEY, for many years prominent in public life in Hillsborough County, died in a Manchester hospital on December 4, 1926. Although born in Cedarbury, Wis., December 20, 1849, his mother returned with him to Manchester upon his father's death soon after, and his home had been there most of his life. He served as a drummer boy in the 6th N. H. Regiment in the Civil war. Later he learned the machinists' trade and was engaged in the same many years. He was appointed deputy sheriff in 1874, and was elected Sheriff of Hillsborough County in 1876, serving 13 years. He was representative in the Legislature in 1874 and 1875; was for some time a members of the Manchester Common Council; was supervisor of the Census for New Hampshire in 1920, and had been a member of the staff of Gov. David H. Goodell. He also served for a time as City Marshal of Nashua.

He was a Catholic and a Knight of Columbus. In 1874 he married Miss Marv A. Sullivan, who died in 1885. Three sons survive; Daniel F. Jr., of Medway, Mass., and James A., and Arthur S., of Manchester.

MARY MARTIN, born in Loudon, June 10, 1848, died in Concord November 29, 1926.

Miss Martin was the daughter of Theophilus and Sarah L. (Rowell) Martin and a sister of Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin. After completing her school life as a student, she was herself a teacher for many years, serving in the public school at West Concord and in the Lyman School for

Boys at Westborough, Mass. She was subsequently employed in the office of the Concord Street Railway later by the Capital Fire Insurance Co., and finally, for some years in the office of the State Board of Charities and Correction.

Miss Martin was noted for her faithful and efficient service, where ever engaged; for her keen intellect and positive opinions, frankly expressed. She was for many years an active and valued member of Capital Grange, P. of H., of Concord.

IDA CLARK HUMPHREY, born in South Newmarket (now Newfields) December 22, 1854, died at Concord November 24, 1926.

She came to Concord as a public school teacher in 1873, continuing in such service until 1888, when she became the wife of Stillman Humphrey, later Mayor of Concord. She was greatly interested in the work of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which she was a devoted member but for many years previous to her decease her chief interest had been in the Centennial Home for the Aged in Concord, being a member and Corresponding Secretary of its board of trustees and really the directing spirit of the management.

She is survived by a brother, Charles S. Clark and a niece, Miss Addie W. Paul of Concord.

GEORGE E. MORRILL, a prominent citizen of Manchester, who served that city as Collector of Taxes for 32 years, from 1879, died at his home on Chestnut street, December 6, 1926. He was born in Dixon, Ill., January 13, 1845, son of Joseph O. Morrill, but removed with the family to New Hampshire in early childhood, and had spent most of his life in Manchester. He was a Methodist, and had been Secretary and Treasurer of the Derryfield Club. He leaves a widow and one son, Robert A. Morrill.



## The Establishment of Sullivan County

---

To promote the convenient trans-action of public business New Hampshire was divided into five counties by act of the Provincial legislature, April 29, 1769. This act, however, was not carried into practical effect until March 17, 1771. These five counties were Rockingham, Strafford, Hillsborough, Cheshire and Grafton. This arrangement continued until July 1, 1823, when the County of Merrimack was constituted by act of the State Legislature from certain towns in the northeastern portion of Rockingham County, including Concord, and the towns on the east side of the Merrimack River, and the northern towns of Hillsborough County, of which Hopkinton, at one time a rival of Concord for the seat of the State government, was one.

Subsequently Cheshire County was divided, the fifteen northern towns within its limits constituting the County of Sullivan; while the northern portion of Grafton was erected into the County of Coos. Still later, in 1843, the County of Strafford was cut up into three divisions, Carroll and Belknap Counties being constituted from the northern

towns, those in the northeast constituting Carroll and those in the northwest Belknap.

The act creating the County of Sullivan was passed by the Legislature of 1827, and was approved on July 5 of that year, near the close of the session, and was the culmination of a strenuous contest. The measure was introduced in the House, on June 13, by William Cheney, representative from Newport, who led the successful contest for its enactment and was known as the "Father of the County." Upon its introduction the bill was read a first and second time and referred to the Committee of the whole House for consideration. On June 27 it was taken up in committee of the whole, and considerable discussion ensued, strenuous opposition being manifested in some quarters. Referred back to the House from the Committee, which was then discharged, it was amended the same day by striking out the names of the towns of Fishersfield (now Newbury) and New London, Merrimack County towns which had been included in the bill for the new County, the name of which was left blank at its introduc-

tion. Mr. Edgeron of Langdon, an opponent of the measure, moved to strike out the name of that town, but the motion was defeated. Mr. Gregg of Unity moved to insert the names of the towns of Lebanon, Enfield and Grafton, but this motion was also defeated.

At this time the bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee, on motion of Mr. Cheney. On June 23 the Judiciary Committee was discharged from further consideration of the measure, by the House, and the same referred to a select committee of three consisting of Messrs. Cheney, Richards of Claremont and Putnam of Cornish. On the following day this committee reported the bill with amendment, the name of "Columbia" having been inserted. The report was laid on the table, and taken up on the following day, June 30, when, on motion of Representative Levi Chamberlain of Fitzwilliam, the name of Sullivan was substituted for Columbia. The bill was then referred to the Cheshire County delegation, which reported it to the House on July 2, with some minor amendments which were adopted.

Mr. Gregg of Unity then moved that the measure be postponed to the next session of the Legislature, which motion was defeated, 42 to 147, and the bill was read a third time and passed. July 4 the Senate concurred, with an amendment, in which the House concurred. On the following day the bill was approved and reported duly engrossed.

The state government of 1827—the year in which Sullivan County was constituted,—was headed by

Col. Benjamin Pierce of Hillsborough, a Revolutionary soldier and father of Franklin Pierce who later became President of the United States. He had been elected Governor by a vote of 23,695 to 2,529 for David L. Morrill, who was Governor during the preceding term, with 1187 scattering votes. The Councilors, who were then elected from the several counties, were Francis W. Fiske for Rockingham; Andrew Pierce for Strafford; John Wallace for Hillsborough; Jotham Lord, Jr., for Cheshire and Caleb Keith for Grafton.

The State Senate that year was composed of John W. Parsons of Rye, for Dist. No. 1; William Plumer, Jr., of Epping, Dist. No. 2; Thomas Chandler of Bedford, Dist. No. 3; Isaac Hill, Concord, Dist. No. 4; James Bartlett, Dover, Dist. No. 5; William Prescott, Gilmanton, Dist. No. 6; Jesse Bowers Dunstable (now Nashua), Dist. No. 7; Matthew Harvey, Hopkinton, Dist. No. 8; Asa Parker, Jaffrey, Dist. No. 9; Jonathan Nye, Claremont, Dist. No. 10; James Minot, Bristol, Dist. No. 11; John W. Weeks, Lancaster, Dist. No. 12.

Matthew Harvey was chosen President of the Senate. Isaac Hill of Concord, representing the Fourth District, was later U. S. Senator and Governor of the State, and long time editor of the N. H. Patriot; John W. Weeks of the Twelfth District was subsequently a member of Congress. He was the grandfather of the late Secretary of War, John W. Weeks, who was named for him.

The 1827 House of Representatives was presided over by Henry

Hubbard of Charlestown, later Governor and U. S. Senator. He is reported to have been one of the strongest opponents of the bill establishing the new county.

Many able men were included in the membership of this House. Among them were Daniel M. Christie

nam H. Bartlett of the Supreme Court; James Wilson, Jr., of Keene, later member of Congress; Aaron Matson of Stoddard, also a member of Congress subsequently, and grandfather of Mrs. Edmund Burke; Moses P. Payson of Bath and Benjamin M. Farley of Hollis, lawyers



THE OLD COURT HOUSE AND TOWN HALL, ERECTED IN 1826

of Dover, the ablest lawyer of the Strafford bar; Benning M. Bean of Moultonboro, later a member of Congress; Joseph Doe of Somersworth, father of the late Chief Justice Charles Doe; Ezekiel Webster of Boscawen, brother of Daniel Webster and an even more brilliant lawyer; Samuel C. Bartlett of Salisbury, father of the late President Bartlett of Dartmouth College and Judge Wil-

son of the first rank, were also among the members, as was Amos Weston, Jr., of Manchester, father of James A. Weston, Governor of New Hampshire in 1871 and 1874.

The representatives from the fifteen towns included in the new county were as follows: Acworth, Daniel Robinson; Charlestown, Henry Hubbard; Claremont, Austin Tyler, Josiah Richards; Cornish,



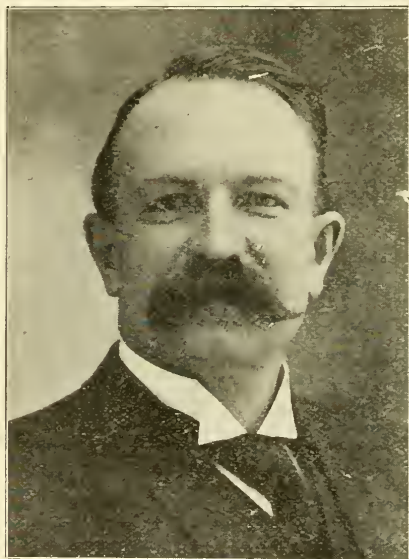
John L. Putnam; Goshen, Oliver Booth; Grantham, John Gove, Jr.; Langdon, Samuel Edgerton; Lempster, Abner Chase; Newport, William Cheney; Plainfield, John Ticknor; Springfield, Joseph Nichols; Unity, James A. Gregg; Washington, James L. Gould; Wendell (now Sunapee) John Young.

Among the acts of the Legislature of 1827, aside from the chartering of Sullivan County, was one transferring certain business from the Probate Court of Cheshire County to the Probate Court of Sullivan County. Another act of local interest was one incorporating the Acworth Union Library, and another vesting in Horace Metcalf and Richard Kimball the exclusive privilege of keeping a ferry over a certain part of Connecticut River. This Legislature also passed an act for the suppression of lotteries, and incorporated Hopkinton Academy, the Cochecho Mfg. Co., of Dover, and the N. H. Canal and Steamboat Co.

The act establishing the new county was to take effect in September following, if accepted, meanwhile, by vote of the people of the several towns included, the shire town to be determined at the same time, as between Newport and Claremont. The vote, as taken, resulted in the acceptance of the charter, and the selection of Newport as the shire town, the majority for the latter being 3,728.

Meanwhile the town of Newport, anticipating the result, had proceeded to the erection of a building, to include a court room, for the use of the county, as well as a town hall, Claremont having offered similar

provision. The cost of the building was \$3,500, of which \$2,000 was raised by taxation and the balance by individual subscription. The committee superintending the erection of this building, consisted of William Cheney, James Breck and James D. Walcott. On February 11, 1826, the selectmen of Newport—Oliver Jenks, James D. Walcott and David Allen and Salma Hale, clerk of the Cheshire County Court, certified that the building was finished and ready for occupation.



JOHN McCRILLIS  
Clerk of Court since 1886

This building, which still stands upon the original site, and is now occupied in part by Sullivan Grange P. of H., was occupied jointly by the town and county till 1873, when the present new Court House and Town Hall, erected by Newport, was ready for occupancy, this having been completed at an expense of about \$40,000. The old building was at this time transferred in entirety to

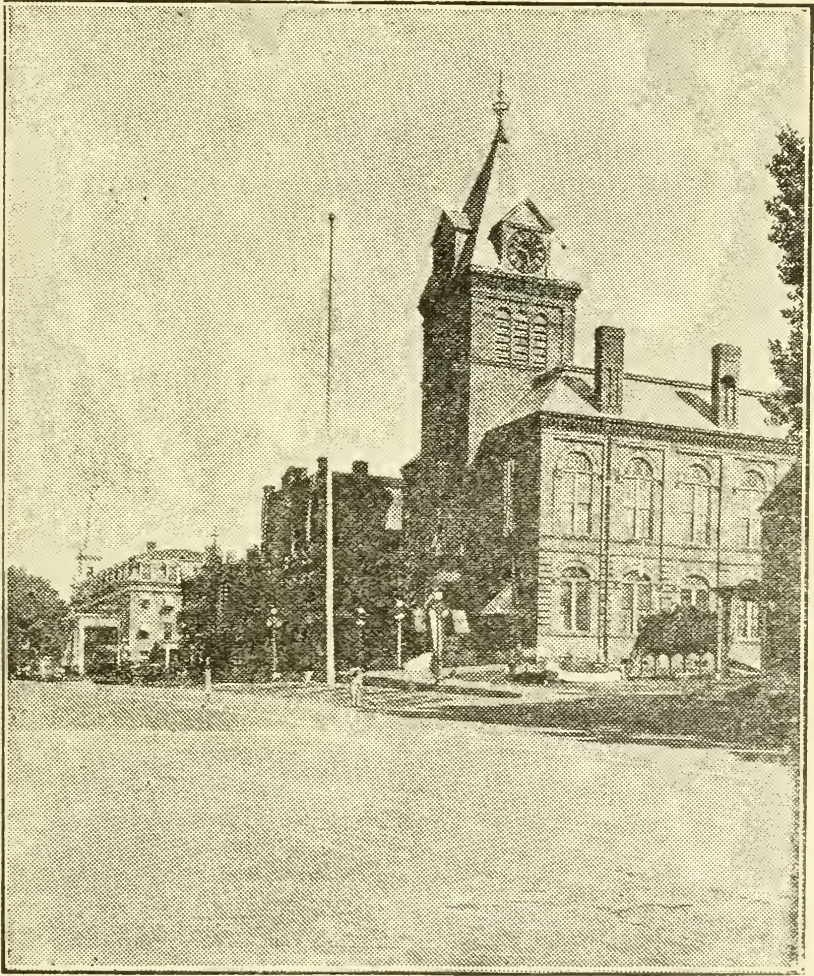


the ownership of the town, and was for many years occupied by the same for school purposes.

A jail, which had been erected in Charlestown, long before, for the accommodation of Cheshire County, as originally constituted, was used by

been used in recent years.

The first term of court, held in the new county, opened on the first Tuesday in November, 1827. At that time there was a Superior Court in the state, with a Chief and two Associate Justices, and a Court of Com-



NEW COURT HOUSE AND TOWN HALL, ERECTED IN 1873

Sullivan County, until its destruction by fire in 1842, when a new one was erected in Newport, it being the building near the railway track, now occupied as the Empire Theatre, which was abandoned by the county some years ago, for a new structure on the hill, which, however, has not

mon Pleas with the same number of Justices. This, of course, was a session of the Court of Common Pleas, and the two Associate Justices, Timothy Farrar, Jr., of Hanover, and Josiah Butler of Deerfield, were in attendance.

The members of the bar in the

County, at that time, included William Briggs, F. A. Sumner, George Olcott and William Gordon of Charlestown; George B. Upham, Asa Holton, and James H. Bingham of Claremont; Harvey Chase of Cornish; Samuel Morse of Croydon, Hubbard Newton, Amasa Edes, Josiah Forsaith, B. B. French and Ralph Metcalf of Newport; John Walker of Springfield; A. B. Story and Daniel Heald of Washington.

The first case tried was that of Josiah Stevens, Jr., vs. Oliver Gould, Jr., resulting in a verdict for the defendant. Forsaith for plaintiff; Newton for defendant.

Benjamin B. French of Newport was the first clerk of court for the County. He was succeeded in 1840 by Thomas W. Gilmore; he by W. H. H. Allen in 1858. Lyman J. Brooks became Clerk in 1863; William F. Newton in 1872; George E. Dame in 1874, and John McCrillis in March, 1886, serving since that date.

The succession of Registers of Deeds for the County has been Cyrus Barton, Asa Foster, A. B. Cutting, Seth Richards, H. E. Baldwin, H. G. Carleton, Matthew Harvey, John Town, Levi W. Barton, A. I. Hitchcock, H. D. Foster, D. P. Quimby, Arthur L. Ingram, Elisha M. Kempton, William E. Brooks, Alonzo D. Howard, Albert L. Hall and Charles W. Rounsevel. Mr. Hall served for 26 years and Mr. Rounsevel, the present incumbent has been 16 years in office.

The Registers of Probate have been: Frederick A. Sumner, Aaron Nettleton, Jr., John J. Gilchrist, G. W. Sumner, Uriel Dean, Ralph Metcalf, H. E. Baldwin, H. G. Carleton,

Edward Wyman, Shepherd L. Bowers, George R. Brown, Elisha M. Kempton and H. E. Jameson. Mr. Bowers served two terms, from 1866 to 1871, and 1875 to 1887, or 21 years in all, while Mr. Kempton served 32 years, from 1887 to 1919. Mr. Jameson, the present incumbent, succeeded Mr. Kempton in the latter year.

The first County Solicitor was Charles Flanders of Plainfield who held office for ten years, when he was succeeded by John J. Gilchrist of Charlestown. Henry Hubbard of Charlestown was the first Judge of Probate but was succeeded in two years by Frederick A. Sumner of the same town. Gawen Gilmore of Acworth was the first Sheriff, and held office till 1827, when David Allen of Newport succeeded him. Jonathan Gove, also of Acworth, was the first Treasurer, but was succeeded in 1827 by Zenas Clement of Claremont, and he, in 1835, by Daniel M. Smith of Lempster.

On the fifth day of July next, Sullivan County will have completed its full century of organized existence and it would seem eminently fitting that on that date, or if deemed advisable, on some day in Old Homestead Week following, an appropriate celebration of the anniversary should be held at the County seat, in which the people of the several towns should participate. It is to be hoped that public attention will be called to this matter through some appropriate agency at an early day, and that the necessary arrangements may be perfected in due season.



# Endicott Rock

Paper read before the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Wars, at Weirs, N. H., June 2, 1899

By HON. JOSEPH B. WALKER, Historian

---

A knowledge of important events has been preserved by recording them upon some enduring substance. For this purpose, the ancient Egyptians often used sheets made from the papyrus plant. Some of these are in existence today, three or four thousand years old. They also used the faces of the stone walls and pillars of their most important buildings.

The Assyrians made their most valued records upon sheets of clay, subsequently hardened by burning, or inscribed them upon stone tablets with which they lined their palace walls.

Later nations have used vellum and paper, both frail substances, but lasting for many centuries when properly cared for. The New Hampshire Historical Society has in its library a beautifully printed, paper volume, in perfect condition, bearing the date of 1478.

Tradition has also been a vehicle of historic facts to posterity, but its records have been so liable to obliterations and variations as to render them of uncertain value.

Quite as reliable, and more so, perhaps, has been a significant name, borne by some person or locality. Of this we have an example in that of this very place—"Aqueductan," in the Indian tongue, Weirs, in the English, tells us that the outlet of this lake was once an important fishing place of the aborigines.

In an historical address, delivered in the building yonder, six years ago, Mr. E. P. Jewell, of Laconia, gave an admirable description of the Weirs, which has given name to this locality, and which consisted of a zigzag barrier of rough stones which, in the form of a capital W extended across the shallow channel in lines converging down stream to points of meeting, where were located traps of wickerwork, for the capture of the fish driven into them by the clamors and water splashings of the Indians. close behind them.

We fish differently now, but, if, even yet, in some great gatherings, outside of New Hampshire, for the promotion of great causes, innocent members are captured for the support of patriotic aspirants for high offices, in ways suggested by such a wire, let us congratulate ourselves that no such method has ever invaded any of our great political bodies, assembled for the nomination of reluctant candidates for lofty preferment.

About the middle of the last century, the French buried plates of lead at different places in the Ohio valley, thereby asserting their claim to that section of our country. As marking boundary lines, stakes and stones and trees have been very often used. The north eastern boundary line, between the United States and Canada, established by the Ashburton Treaty, in 1842, is marked by

posts of iron. In our burial grounds, we use stone to mark the resting places of our beloved dead, but the most enduring of all substances heretofore used for the preservation of monumental or other records is, doubtless, stone; sandstone, marble,

remarkable one. This I desire for a moment to call to your remembrance.

In 1833, the little Steamer Belknap, the first vessel of the kind to part its waters, was launched upon this lake (Winnepesaukee). It had been built by Mr. Stephen C. Lyford



HONORABLE JOSEPH B. WALKER

granite, slate; the last two being by far the most durable, as the obelisks of antiquity and the grave stones in our oldest cemeteries clearly assert; as does also the inscription upon the Endicott rock in yonder stream, incised nearly two hundred and fifty years (247) ago, whose history is a

of Laconia, Mr. Ichabod Bartlett, of Portsmouth and, perhaps, others. Why Mr. Bartlett, then one of the most eminent lawyers of the state and laboriously engaged in professional work, should have embarked in such an enterprise does not appear.



It does, however, appear by a report made by him, as agent of the state, to the House of Representatives, in 1819, that he was interested in efforts to secure new and improved avenues of communication throughout New Hampshire; and partly, by means of a canal extending from the Piscataqua to this lake, and thence by others to the Connecticut.

The life of this little boat was a short one. About 1837, or '38, it ran accidentally off Steamboat Island, which recognizes in its name the accident, and there ended its career.

Upon drawing down the waters of the channel at the outlet of the lake, in 1833, in order to deepen it and allow the steamer's passage to Lakeport, a large boulder was discovered in the bed of the stream, some twelve feet long, six feet wide and four feet thick, projecting a few inches above its surface. Incised upon it was this strange inscription.

E J	S W
W P	John

Endicut  
Gov

J S	J I
-----	-----

It awakened as much curiosity as has the old tower at Newport in Rhode Island.

The rock was evidently an important monument, and an ancient one; but by whom established and by whom incised was a mystery. Its inscription awakened great interest, and for a time, baffled all efforts of interpretation. Clearly, no Indian ever made it. No tradition spoke of it. The eye of no person then living had before seen it. What was it? For whom and what did it speak?

It could not solve its own mysteries. For a time, it had no interpreter. At length, historical investigations, made principally by the late Judge George Y. Sawyer, then practicing law at Laconia, and the Hon. Philip Carrigain, Secretary of State in the early part of this century (1805-1809) and author of the large map of New Hampshire, made plain the meaning of its mysterious abbreviations, which they translated as follows:

E J	S W
Edward Johnson,	Simon Willard,
W P	J
Worshipful,	John

Endicut  
Endicut  
Gov  
Governor

J S	J I
John Sherman	Jonathan Ince

The Massachusetts records confirmed the correctness of their interpretation, and made clear the history of this monument. These declare that John Winthrop, the Governor, came over to Massachusetts in 1629, bringing with him the charter of that colony. In this, its north-area boundary is described as follows:

"And also all and singular lands and heriditaments whatsoever which lie and be within the space of three English miles to the northeast of said river Monomack alias Merry-mack, or to the northward of any and every part thereof.

In John Mason's grant, of the same year, the southern boundary of New Hampshire was set forth as the river "Merrimack through the said river to the furthest head thereof, and so forwards and up into

the lands westward, until three score miles be finished."

It became, ere long, for the interest of the parties holding under these patents, to have the common lines between them defined and marked. This required the determination of "the furthest head" of Merrimack river. To ascertain this, the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, on the third day of May, 1652, appointed a commission, consisting of Edward Johnson and Simon Willard, "for the better discovery of the north line of our patent," \* \* \* \* \* and "to procure such artists and assistants as they shall judge meet, to go with them to find out the most northerly part of Merrimack river, and that they be supplied with all manner of necessaries by the Treasurer fit for this journey and that they use their utmost skill and ability to take a true observation of the latitude of that place, and that they do it with all convenient speed and make return thereof to the next session of this Court."

This commission, aided by its surveyors, John Sherman and Jonathan Ince, discharged with fidelity the duty assigned then, and on the nineteenth day of October, 1652, made report as follows:

"John Sherman and Jonathan Ince on their oaths say, that at Aqueductan, the name of the head of the Merrimack, where it issues out of the lake called Winnapeeseakit, upon the 1st day of Aug., 1652, we observed, and by observation found, that the latitude of the place was 43 deg., 40 min., 12 sec., besides three minutes which are to be allowed for the three miles more north which run into the lake."

From this we learn that, upon the first day of August, or thereabouts 1652, was incised upon this boulder now known as the Endicott Rock, the inscription which it still bears; and that, at Aqueductan, at the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee, in latitude 43 deg., 40 mins., 12 sec., was found the head waters of the Merrimack and as claimed the northern limit of the Massachusetts patent.

This monument, thus established and left silent and alone in the midst of the primeval forest was, probably read by no white man during the following one hundred and eighty one years, except, possibly by some scout or squad of soldiers guarding the frontier against the Indian enemy.

I need not allude to the subsequent settlement of the common boundary line between the two provinces, by King George the Second, in 1741. Since its discovery, in 1833, as before mentioned, the Endicott Rock has been regarded as an important monument, the most ancient, certainly, of any in this state, and, probably, of any in New England.

Appreciating the importance of its preservation our Legislature, in 1883, made an appropriation of four hundred dollars for that purpose. This was supplemented by a second of seven hundred and twenty in 1885 and eight years after, when the work had been fully completed, of thirteen hundred and seventy more. These had sufficed to raise it above the waters which had submerged it, place it upon a foundation as enduring as itself, and construct above it the canopy of stone which now shelters it.

On the first of August, 1892, it

the presence of a large assembly, this graceful structure in full completion, was transferred by the commissioners charged with its erection, to the State of New Hampshire, the Governor and council being present and accepting the same.

Standing, as it does, in the midst of the stream which connects the lake with Long Bay, it has been approached by a bridge connecting it with the mainland. To renew this, which had fallen into decay, the Legislature, at its last session, made a fourth appropriation of four hundred and fifty dollars, for its renewal.

The submergence, for generations, of this ancient monument beneath the waters of the strait parellels, in some respects, the interment of fierce Alaric, King of the Visigoths and the "scourge of God," beneath the casement of the Bucento, in old Calabria, sixteen centuries ago.

There, to conceal the place of his sepulchre, the stream was diverted from its course, until the body of the dead king had been placed in a grave excavated in its channel. This done, and the stream returned to its former bed, the concealment of his body was made doubly sure, by the slaughter of the slaves who had buried it.

At this point, however, the paralel partly fails us; for the Endicot Rock has been raised from its burial; while the fierce Scythian will sleep until the trump of God awakens him to his resurrection and his judgment.

You have, doubtless, noticed that the structure before alluded to was designed to serve the double purpose of a canopy, to shelter the rock beneath it, and of a pedestal for some appropriate statues, the

utterances of whose mortal lips shall be both historic and prophetic. This figure is yet to be erected.

What shall it be? Shall it be that of an Indian, with down-cast face and pendant arms striding towards the sunset; sad type of a vanishing race? As we turn the great rock pages of the world's geologic history we meet extinct species of animals and birds and mollusks which once flourished in congenial environments. Is the Indian race destined to extinction? Has God made him to live only in the darkness of the woods, and to die as he emerges into sunlight? Sad questions, these.

Let the statue be, rather, that of the great man whose name was cut upon the rock in the stream two hundred and fifty years ago and is legible still. We owe him honor. He was the first Governor of the Bay Colony. For four years he was governor of New Hampshire; for some sixteen either governor or deputy governor of Massachusetts. His is a picturesque figure. Place it in bronze upon this pedestal, with face uplifted, gazing westward over the advancing waves of a new world's civilization, and inscribe upon a tablet beneath it, the immortal words of Bishop Berkely, "Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way."

Having thus rescued from its oblivion, and protected this important monument, would it not be a graceful act, on the part of New Hampshire, to tender to her sister Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the opportunity of thus honoring a distinguished man who did much for her?

Should she forego the privilege, let our own gallant state erect it; as a memorial of the colonial Union which bound together the two provinces for forty years, and of the mutual amity which, we trust, will be perpetual.

---

# The Mountain Maid's Invitation

By POTTER SPAULDING

The Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,  
Keeps open house today,  
And she invites you to be present  
For a short or longer stay!

She has provided entertainment  
And attractive winter sports,—  
Sleighing, skiing, skating,  
And diversions of all sorts!

The Old Man of the Mountains  
Will greet you from his throne,  
And the sled dogs eager voices  
Will make your welcome known!

All the hills are dressed in snowdrifts,  
There's clear blue skies and bracing air;  
Rosy cheeks and eyes a-sparkling,—  
You're sure to find them there!

Many visit here and linger,  
Summer, winter, any time,  
For here are Nature's matchless splendors,  
And scenic beauty, rare, sublime!

And not today but all the year,  
Does the Mountain Maid invite;  
New Hampshire always hangs her latch-string  
On the outside in plain sight!





# The Isolated Idea

By LILY GREEN

---

The idea that a petition of his could reach omnipotence had never occurred to Bert Taynor. If it had presented itself and said, "Try me," he would have laughed. He was fond of laughter, and furthermore he believed in himself.

If he had answered the thought, he doubtless would have said, "Petition and go hang! If you want a thing, you just got to go after it yourself." And he would not have meant to be sacreligious either.

Bert was the son of old Mart Taynor. Old Mart held the championship as the most profane man in town. It was said that he coddled his children with swear words as he hugged them to his great brawny breast, and winked at them.

He lost his wife when the little fellows were four and six and Bert twelve. He had never married again. "No need to," he said, "Bert was better than half the women; he had such a way with the kids."

However, if Bert had grown up with responsibility perched upon his shoulder, he cajoled it, and treated life as a whim.

Not so were the early days of Judith Carr. Her father was the deacon of the Hill Church. He was precise and careful of speech and much more so of Judith. However, in the face of that fact, Judith had grown into a warm-hearted, quick-tempered young woman.

Through one season after another of district school, Judith and Bert had moved tempestuously, until she

had entered the Seminary. Bert did not forget her, and though he had come up as unassisted as Judith had been carefully reared, he faced the Deacon and got his consent; not, however, without misgivings on the part of the Deacon.

They had been married and gone immediately to the old Snow Place on a New Hampshire Hill to make their home.

Six months had passed. Bert and Bill, his youngest brother, were drawing in hay from the South lot.

Judith had seen them coming with a load, as she crossed the barn-yard, to feed her White Wyandotte pullets. Judith and the pullets made a pretty sight, but nothing equal to the exhibition the six mouse colored, Jersey heifers made running with dainty ears tipped forward to meet her and nuzzle around for attention. Bert said, "Everything on the farm tagged Judith for a caress, and he didn't blame them any, he did it himself."

The great load of hay creaked and groaned as the dappled bays drew it around the end of the barn, and alongside the small door leading to the place over the feeding-alley, the only unfilled space in the barn.

It was a tedious task to pitch the hay through the small opening, even with Bill inside to pull each forkful through.

There had been two weeks of great hay weather; hot and dry with no sign of showers. Bert was no procrastinator and another day would

see them finish without a spear of hay being wet.

Hat off, perspiration dropping from his chin, and running in tiny rivulets down his bare neck and chest; hay chaff getting into his eyes and ears until he could hardly see or hear, Bert's patience gave out and in a frenzy he exclaimed:

"Damn this pigeon hole! Damn the whole thing! Wish to God lightning'd strike it and burn it up!"

Suddenly, as if in answer to Bert's angry exclamation there came a loud retort, rolling, grinding, and shrieking its way from hill to hill!

To Judith, on her way back from the chicken-pen, it seemed ominous. She stumbled forward and nearly fell. Bert jumped from the wagon and ran to her.

"Judith, what's the matter? You're as white as a ghost!" he exclaimed as he caught her in his arms. "Seen one?" he quizzed.

"Yes, I have: a ghost that prowls around too much. Did you hear that noise?" she questioned.

"I should say. Gee, Judy, you weren't scared at that were you?"

"Yes I was. 'Twas worse than snakes, coming so soon after what you said. Bert, if you don't stop your awful swearing God'll take you at your word some day, you'll see!" she answered.

"Maybe so! Don't know as I'd blame Him much if he did. But don't lay that blast to Him. It's more'n likely it came from the quarries.

"You're just a leetle bit nervous. You go in and get our supper, and you'll come out of it all right," he advised.

Judith complied. She entered the house, went to the sink, washed and dried her hands slowly, took an immaculate apron from the drawer, arrayed herself in it, and lighting the oil burner, put water over to heat for tea. Then absently she prepared the supper-table.

Why would Bert say such things she thought. Her father never did. What if the barn were struck—they'd lose all their winter feed. Bert was so good every other way. She'd sure have to talk to him—make him see how dreadful it was—then maybe he'd be ashamed and stop it. He'd probably end by telling her—but what it was that he would have said she kept as a secret and smiled instead.

After supper and chores, Bill had cranked his car and gone to town. Work finished, Judith found a comfortable chair beside the rustic table on the porch, and Bert seated himself on the floor at her feet. He liked to lean against Judith and have her run her cool fingers through his hair and over his face.

Thus seated, Judith believed the psychological moment had arrived and she began rather tremulously:

"Honey, say, will you do something for me?"

"Maybe so. Might make a little difference what 'tis," Bert answered, grinning good naturedly, visions of different things opening before his eyes.

"Oh it's not hard, something you'd be glad of, afterwards—will you do it?" insisted Judith.

"Sounds like Sunday School—fix ahead," Bert answered.

"Oh Bert, why do you speak like

that? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I've had shivers creeping up and down my back ever since you said that awful thing this afternoon," Judith complained.

"Gee, that so? What'd I say? Suppose you try it on me, seems kinda comfortable to think of. What was it I said anyway?" he inquired.

"Don't you know? What if the barn should burn? What'd we do then? It might be. Such things do sometimes get across to the Universal Mind. It's the isolated idea and tremendous desire does it; and if anyone ever demonstrated a strong desire you did. Oh Bert, think what it would mean to have a barn burn. All the hay-barn full to the ridge-pole—the cows, horses and Triumph, and you said yourself that we'll probably never have another chance to get such a wonderfully blooded calf for a sire at such small expense, as Triumph," Judith asserted.

Bert gave Judith a quick glance; his heart "turned over" as he noted the tense fear expressed in her face.

"Nonsense, Judy, guess He won't notice my babblings—too small you know." They both started.

"What was that?" questioned Judith in a whisper.

"Bill driving into the barn-floor." Bert grinned as he answered.

"Don't let those bad words of mine get under your skin, Judy old girl," Bert cautioned as he reached for Judith's hand. She saw the motion, withdrew her hand and sprang to her feet exclaiming:

"It's horrid of you to use those dirty, ugly words, Bert Taynor, and if you had a bit of respect for me you wouldn't either; and you mark my

words sometime you'll wish you hadn't."

Bert stared at Judith a second, turned around, swung his feet from the porch and strolled off toward the barn-yard, his hands in his pockets. He gazed at the moon which was jocundly watching the scene. With contentment the cows lay just inside the pasture bars across the road, chewing their cud. A slight breeze stirred the branches of the green maples in the yard as Bert reached over the fence to scratch the heifer standing near.

He couldn't see why Judith made such a fuss. Thought maybe 'twould be better if he didn't swear, but how was he going to help it—it just slipped out before he knew what he was going to say. Didn't know that Bill meant any more by it than the Deacon did his prayers, either. Damn pretty situation! Gee! there he was again.

Bert lazily crossed over to the horse-barn door, where Bill sat smoking a cigarette, and sat down.

He could hear the horses quietly munching their hay. They had heard his step, listened a second, and gone on with their supper; occasionally stamping a foot to dislodge a troublesome fly.

With a mutual understanding of each other, the brothers sat without words until late. The next day they filled the barn to the last straw, and stacked the remaining loads of hay in the field. It was late in the afternoon when they drove through the yard into the barn floor with the empty cart.

Bill fed the horses and pigs while Bert drove the cows in from the pasture.



ure, and together they began the milking.

Judith had the supper in preparation, but she made frequent trips to the door to watch a bank of clouds swallowing the sun. Occasionally she saw a flash of lightning, and after several minutes, the answering peal of thunder could be heard. Clouds gathered like angry people, sharply antagonistic. They rolled up into the sky pierced by vivid flashes. A boom of thunder sent Judith flying to the barn.

"Oh Bert, there's an awful storm coming. I wish you'd hurry chores," she exclaimed.

"Got 'most through—stay here—why not?" answered Bert.

Bill had finished milking his cow. He emptied his pail, and stepped to the open window facing the storm.

"Jumping Jerusha! tha's some storm, I'll tell the world! Sounds like Peter was rolling the gate together; old Duffer's in a bad temper too. Glad that hay's under cover," he observed as he turned to the milking again.

Bert laughed. "Got it in great shape—not a drop of rain. Make the cows laugh this winter," he answered, as he stripped the last drop of milk from his cow and arose.

Judith had gone back to the house, and the men hustled to finish the chores.

"I'll separate while you turn the cows out," Bert ordered between the booming of the thunder.

"Going to turn 'em out in the storm," Bill questioned astonished.

"Yeh, 'twon't hurt them any. Go ahead," Bert spoke sharply for Bill had stopped to contemplate.

Bill let the cows loose and turned them into the pasture. The storm was imminent. Incessant flashes of lightning cut across the sky intermingled with booming thunder. Twilight deepened to dusk, a ghostly green enveloping everything.

Bert caught up the pail of cream and rushed for the house where Judith was pacing the floor.

"Ain't you got any lamps?" he inquired. He struck a match, a jet of flame left it sputtering half across the room.

"Gosh!" Bert breathed as he lighted the lamp which Judith held in shaking hands.

Bill came hastily in and dropped into a chair facing the wall. A rush of wind seized the house and shook it, as a hound would a coon. A torrent of rain knocked for admittance. Judith hurried to close the windows; and traveled from room to room peering out in all directions, white faced. Bert sat with open mouth, a dread expectance upon his countenance.

Flash and report! Simultaneously they came! The men jumped to their feet. Judith ran upstairs and through the chambers. It had sounded as if a great hand had ripped the clapboards from the house. Judith appeared in the kitchen as Bert came up from the cellar; together they ran to the back porch and leaned far out in the rain to catch a view of the barn. It loomed before them like a drenched rat.

The fury of the storm had abated; it was as if it had given one tremendous slap and departed. Bert was relieved, the storm had passed on.



He followed Judith back into the kitchen.

"Now you better sit down, Judith. I wish you would," Bert insisted as Judith continued to walk. She passed a window she had forgotten to close in her haste. She gave a sniff. What was that, she thought, running to the front porch and peering toward the barn.

"The barn's afire! It's all ablaze! Bert—quick!"

"It ain't either!" Bert denied as he sprang to his feet and rushed out to the porch.

"Great Scott, it is! Bill quick!" They raced to the barn.

"The horses! Turn them out! Close the door or they'll go back!"

Judith was stunned and began packing her dishes. A stack of plates in her hands, she regained consciousness.

"What am I doing here—there's lots of things I want more'n these. Why didn't I go to the barn to help?" she stuttered. "Maybe I could help some now." She threw her apron over her head and dashed out into the rain. The horses snorted, threw up their heads and circled back to the barn. The blaze was reaching the sky at the west end. Judith ran to the small stable door and shouted:

"Bert! Where are you? Bert!"

"Here! Help! Help!" came in distress from Bert somewhere within. Judith sobbed.

The barn was dense with smoke and Bert was somewhere inside—caught and couldn't get out maybe, thought Judith. She flung her wet apron over her head and groped her way into the stable.

"Where are you Bert," Judith cried.

"This — damned — calf — quick Judy," panted Bert, "It's Triumph, we got to get him out. He's most suffocated—can't stand up—"

"Where are you?—keep talking—I can't see a thing," urged Judith.

"Over here—that's it—grab hold of him—that's it. God! where are we? I don't know—do you?" Bert questioned, "This is a horse stall, this isn't the way out—hang on Judy," he cautioned, sensing Judith's released grasp on the calf.

Judith struggled to her feet and caught hold of the calf again; she had struck her head against something and had fallen. Together they forced the calf toward the other side of the barn, choking and unable to see because of the dense smoke. The heat was intolerable! Would they die there? It seemed altogether probable! They could hear neighbors shouting! A door opened somewhere! A wave of cool air struck them. They had found the door a neighbor had opened.

"Got your heifers out, Bert? No? We'll get 'em!"

"Got any water?" someone inquired.

"No! Pump handle's red hot, no use."

"What of the cistern? Any water in it? Got any buckets?"

"Maybe; buckets in shed chamber."

"Here you, form a line, some one keep that cistern-pump going, keep that wood-shed wet down," someone ordered.

A shout came from Bill on the

shed roof:

"Old Susan, quick, in a pen below the barn." They got her out minus bristles. A sudden wind tossed the flames fed by tons of hay, miles into the sky, and flung the embers over everything; but the bucket brigade won out—the house was saved.

Later when the fire had died down and the wind was hurrying the clouds across the room and driving the intense heat before it, leaving an energizing atmosphere behind, Judith huddled in a heap upon the porch wet, bruised and blackened.

It had come! Now what could they do? Nowhere to put their stock, nothing, only the little hay to feed them. They'd have to do something else; leave their home perhaps, she thought. A cloud uncovered the moon just then and she started to see Bert standing by the ruins

of the barn in contemplation. She joined him.

"Judith?" Bert put an arm about her and drew her close. They stood thus for several minutes. Bert finally broke the silence.

"I got my wish, Judy old girl!" he said.

"Oh Bert!" Judy clung closer. The full moon gazed compassionately upon them.

"See what a view that barn has hidden? I've been thinking, Judy. I'm going to build the new one farther up where I can drive into the top of it, and throw the hay down into great bays. There's lumber enough in the woods, the team's safe, and I've my two hands. We'll make it, Judy; but I've sassed Onnipotence the last time I'm going to believe me!"



# North Conway Public Library

By ELLEN McROBERTS MASON

---

Way back in 1887 it transpired that Dr. Joseph H. Pitman had been talking for two or three years about the crying need of getting a public library in North Conway and so finally, on an evening of June 1887, a large company gathered in Masonic Hall and formed the North Conway Public Library Association, but not without various contentions.

It was a matter of course that Dr. Pitman should be nominated for the Association's president, having so long and earnestly advocated its organization; but some persons seemed to think that if a doctor of medicine were to be president, it should certainly be Dr. William H. Bragdon, who was older, as well as having been for more years a practitioner of medicine. As to rivalry between the two physicians, of course every one knows that for rivalry or jealousy to exist among members of this noblest of professions is so absurd as to be inconceivable.

However, after the excited disputation had calmed, Mr. Nathaniel W. Pease was elected the future library's first president, defeating Benjamin Champney, who was nominated by Mrs. L. M. Mason, with the plea that that famous artist had immortalized North Conway and that that fact made it most meet for North Conway citizens to choose him for the first president of its future library. But Mr. Pease reminded Mrs. Mason that he too was an artist—in the realm of

realism—and she and they all, ought to be satisfied.

And Mr. Pease served the Association for thirteen years, being absent from the annual meetings, and that because of illness, only once in that time. He was loyal to the Library's interests.

James Schouler, the historian, of whose "History of the United States" George Bancroft has written that it is the best history of the American people, extant, was our great benefactor, first, last, and all the time. On the Board of Directors, from the first, he advised as to the first stocking of the library with books, bore the most of the initial expense, was the wise counsellor and director in all the library plans. In 1900 he presented the Association with the library lot, and in 1911, with the main building which now constitutes the pleasant reading room with frieze formed of Benjamin Champney's paintings, and made attractive by a fine portrait of Emily Fuller Schouler (Mrs. James Schouler) and photographs of Dr. Schouler, George S. Walker, Nathaniel W. Pease, Benjamin Champney, Dr. Joseph H. Pitman, on the fireplace mantle. One end of the building forms a children's reading room.

During the many summers of his residence at Intervale while others were holidaying, James Schouler passed the greater number of the afternoons at the Library, devoting himself to the upbuilding of what is



a testimonial and witness to the reality of his well-wishing for the dwellers of this community.

The late Rev. Dr. Daniel Merriman, and Mrs. Helen Bigelow Merriman, our present generous, wise, eminently efficient president, were from the first, ardent supporters of the public library project. Dr. Merriman was a member of the Board of Donated Funds and he and Mrs. Merriman were from 1887, dependable contributors to the monetary support of the new and educational enterprise.

Edward Royal Tyler, a summer resident in the old days, now living in Paris, was helpful with gifts of money and books, and quite invaluable in persuading noted summer tourists, singers, public speakers actors, to be generous, giving evenings in Masonic Hall, for the "Benefit of the North Conway Public Library."

The late Rev. Dr. C. George Currie, and his wife, the late Mrs. Sarah C. Currie, of the summer residents, were also helpers from the first, and Clarence C. Zantzinger, Mrs. Currie's son, a Philadelphia architect of note, presented the Library Association the plan of the pretty stone building, erected by James Schouler.

Many other summer residents were monetary and practical coadjutors in the library enterprise, whose constitution provided that "Each Life Member shall pay into the treasury twenty-five dollars, which shall be paid in installments of five dollars each annually. After 1887, these payments shall be made on or before the first of August." Article 11, read: "Any person may become a Life Member of this Association by consent of the Board of Directors, on

signing the Constitution and by-laws, and paying into the treasury twenty-five dollars in annual installments of five dollars each."

We started out with a fairly satisfactory list of "Full Life Members" and this by helpful dint of "Library Benefits" given by both summer and winter people helped the library to be interestingly carried on for fifteen years. The late Mrs. Janet McMillan Pendexter was the first librarian, with library apartments in the Masonic Building. She was succeeded by Miss Grace W. Barker. Mrs. Katharine Osgood Snyder has served as assistant librarian and registrar and so has Mrs. Katharine Charles Trask. In 1919 Miss Edna G. Eastman was elected chief librarian and served in that capacity until the December of 1923, when by reason of ill health she felt that she was obliged to resign her place. Miss Elizabeth L. Lewis was appointed head librarian in 1924. She was in the college library at Berea for two years, and is thoroughly competent.

And when the Library Association was plodding along its honest way, came the astounding news that George S. Walker, Esq., of Boston, who had died in January, 1902, had bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to the North Conway Public Library Association. Mr. Walker had passed thirty summers at the Russell Cottages, Kearsarge, with his wife, and he loved this neighborhood's interests. Apparently no one knew of Mr. Walker's beneficent intention: Dr. Schouler, the then Library Association's second president—he was president from 1900 to 1917, having served as director for thirteen years previously

—at once prevailed in causing the library to be made a free library for all—the year round residents of North Conway, Intervale and Kearsarge, whether or not the citizens belonged to the Library Association, this course being determined by Mr. Walker's gift that made the Library self-supporting and enabled it to erect in 1917, an important addition to its main building, to say nothing of its justifying plans for enlarging the Library in the future.

Mrs. Helen B. Harriman, who was elected president of the Library Association upon Dr. Schouler's retirement in 1917, has had in mind the potential attractiveness of the library grounds as well as wise furnishing of the book shelves. A hedge is beginning to grow at the sides; there are fine shrubs, the grass is kept mown, and best of all, the Japanese Ampelopsis is clothing the grey stone walls of the pretty building with an exquisite green mantle, particularly the east end "addition," for whose construction the late Mahlon Lee Mason contributed the stone from his quarry.

The children and young school pupils are well provided for in our library. The writer wishes very much that more grammar school and high school students could be induced to read Jacob Abbott's Lives; his

historical series. She has wished this for many years, and in 1887 when we were getting our first supply of books for the Library, begged Dr. Schouler to include these—begged hesitatingly, for at that time it was popularly said that Jacob Abbott was too sentimental to justly record the weakness and wickedness of charming women in the biographies,

That the "Lives" were not authentic: Dr. Schouler asserted that they were not unauthentic because of the sentimental strain, but that reading them implanted a love for the study of history, and that their romanticness made them as delightful as popular novels.

No account of the founding and development of the North Conway Public Library Association would be adequate, if it did not note the fidelity of its treasurer, Judge James L. Gibson, the only one—with one exception—now living, of the officials elected at the long ago meeting, in 1887. He has steadfastly supported library improvements and determinedly opposed any attempted trespass or infringement of the Library Association's rights, besides wisely managing the funds and resources of the Association, with his fellow members of the Board of Donated Funds, Messrs. William Pitman and Charles E. Poole.



# Fame Is Not The Only Greatness

By HELEN ADAMS PARKER

---

I had planned a trip to the birthplace of Daniel Webster. I made preparations to go and had set the day, when it occurred to me that as it happened I had not done so, I would rather see the birthplace of a man who was in many ways like Webster, though not so great as the world counts greatness. That man was my father, John McClary Parker, of Fitzwilliam, N. H.

He was born in Kingston, N. H., but his parents moved when he was a baby to another part of the state. That event made a hard beginning for a life that, barring some joys, was destined as a whole to be one of trial and disappointment. Descended from a fine old Scotch-Irish family on his mother's side, and of high-born English birth on his father's, he had everything in his favor as to ancestry. The first picture of him is when he was 9 or 10 years old. It shows a bright face with handsome dark eyes, dark thick hair growing over a broad forehead; a straight rather small nose, and a mobile, sensitive mouth.

He went to the public school and was a fine scholar, quick to learn, and of strong memory for what he learned. Like Webster he was from boyhood an omniverous reader. He could almost always be seen with a book in his hand, and his favorite position was sitting with his head resting in one hand and the other holding a book, on which his eyes were fixed intently, wholly absorbed in the contents. Like him also he

was fond of outdoors and of long walks and fishing excursions to his favorite pond at the edge of a wood. His mother would give him a basket of lunch and bid him goodbye and he would start off for a day's tramp across the meadows and through the woods to the water where he would cast his line, holding it patiently for hours whether he caught anything or not—it made no difference.

But he did more than fish. He listened to the sounds of the birds and insects; saw bees and butterflies dash hither and thither; watched squirrels and rabbits run across the road; heard the partridges drum in the woods, and saw the blue sky with white clouds floating by overhead and grand old Monadnock in the distance. Living thus close to nature he stored up a goodly amount of health and energy to stand him the years to come, and a keen perceptive faculty, not gained by childhood spent in the city.

When he had finished all the schools of his town could do for him the family tradition on his mother's side was followed, and he was sent to Phillips Exeter Academy. He made a fine record especially in Latin, a study which had not then, as now, been relegated to a place of minor importance. For some unaccountable reason, as it did not seem to be a lack of means, his father would not allow him to continue the second year. Strange, and he himself was a graduate of Bu



lington, Vt., University and a lawyer of ability.

Not to return to Exeter was his first great disappointment. He came home to enlist soon as a volunteer in the Civil War, and the energy which he might have spent in study was turned to serving his country. He was in the war four years, was made lieutenant and captain and then returned home, married, and began the work of keeping a general store. Quite a change from the education he had hoped for, and the following of a lawyer's profession. But he did not let this disappointment take away his courage and cheerfulness. In the little town where he was resident he became the most honored and influential citizen. He received more town positions than any other man. He was town moderator for half a century. He represented his town and district in the House and Senate and was offered the candidacy for the U. S. Senate and declined.

The care of a family did not give him a great amount of leisure, yet he spent most of his time out of working hours with his books. They were his friends and companions. He read the best authors and not once only, but many times, poring over them and studying them until he had made them as it were a part of himself, and could quote readily long passages from them. Shakespeare, Byron and Scott, Wordsworth, Gibbon and Burke, Hume and Macaulay, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle and Morley and Matthew Arnold were his favorites. Mill, I think, had the first place. His Autobiography was his favorite book. He not only read but thought about what he read. His

mind was in a degree philosophical and he would reflect for hours on some thought or problem suggested by an author, thinking it out for himself and forming his own conclusions. Latin literature, Cicero and the poets especially were his delight, and he studied them until the day of his death. His ability to translate and his grasp of the language, the construction, and the different shades of meaning in the words was far in excess of most college men. His row of much-used Latin books, from the little Latin grammar he used at Exeter to the more modern text-books and the classic writers was a treasure house to draw on for many a tired and troubled hour.

His first wife, who was of direct Mayflower descent and had an unusually attractive personality, died in early womanhood. But this sorrow and others, notably the death of his younger sister, Mary, did not embitter his life. He was always ready to give help and advice to all who needed it, and although not a professional lawyer he was well versed in the subject of general law and his opinion was asked the first of any one's in town and valued over that of anyone else.

He was, like Webster, a natural speaker, with a musical voice of fine carrying power and a clear enunciation. While not as large a man as Webster, he had like him a dignified commanding presence; his eyes were dark and intent, he used short sentences and never resorted to fustian and verbose language. I think I am not prejudiced by daughterly feeling when I say I have no doubt he would

have taken the very first rank as a lawyer had that been his destiny. As proof of this I may mention that a friend invited him to take a place in his law office without training. He had a more even judicial temperament than Webster. He would have been more like Jeremiah Mason, who was in one of the greatest common law-lawyers this country has ever produced."

He frequently addressed schools, and presided at public gatherings in his own town and others. An Old Home Day address that he delivered in Fitzwilliam, N. H., is a notable example of his power of both composition and delivery. Unfortunately I have not the address at hand, but it was of first rank. He was faithful to all that was for the benefit of the town and community in schools, library, church, and politics. Like Webster he believed in the doctrine of availability in politics and followed it in his choice of political men rather than working for party merely. For this he was criticized. Although not a church member he was, like Webster, a believer in the Christian religion.

In the training of his children he was somewhat like Webster. A look from my father was enough for punishment, but Webster relied more on his physical gifts to make an impression. My father's force was more of mind and soul.

In business my father was a hard worker, honest and industrious, and his keenness and quick penetration brought him success. He settled numerous estates and held several bank positions. Webster was quite different from this. His carelessness

in business affairs and indifference to debt is well known. My father owed no man while living and dying was able to leave a comfortable sum to his family.

Webster was "at no time in his life quick or excitable." My father was like this. His power of self-control was one of his most remarkable traits. Though a man of strong feelings he always had them well in hand. It is something to be able to say that. In all my acquaintance with him he was never really angry with me but once and that was in the last years of his life when his health was much impaired. Although he suffered much pain at this time he was very patient. He read his favorite books; he communed with the hills and stars, and bore his ills with great fortitude.

It may seem a bold thing to have compared my father with a man who was the first lawyer and statesman in his time. But studying the lives and characteristics of the two I found a marked likeness. Webster had greater physical gifts if by that one means size and physical strength. My father's natural ability was as great if not greater, and he had a finer intellect. He was naturally more of a scholar than Webster. He studied more for the love of the study itself—Webster more for what he could attain thereby. He had a greater native refinement than Webster. That was not strange as his ancestry was finer. Both had a strong penetrating vigor of grasp on a subject, and both were quite conservative. They were not in sympathy to any extent with bold audacious plans for society or govern-

ment. They favored more a prudent and wise conservatism. Neither was a very learned man, although my father was of course less so, but he was self-taught mostly while Webster got his education without effort on his own part. The wide range of reading and strong memory of both, so that they had the sayings of great men at their command, made them interesting companions. Though not a maker of jokes himself my father had, like Webster a keen sense of humor, which was a help to him in his daily life and as a speaker. He was not so much of an out door man as Webster in the sense of a fondness for sports. He in fact remained indoors too much for his health.

In private life he was like Webster—generous, affectionate and hospitable; but disappointment embittered his nature somewhat. This was however in his later years, and ill health had much to do with it. In these last years he was more sincere than Webster, because he had not the spirit of the advocate which Webster grew to have, viz., to take which ever side of a question he was on.

Webster died having attained all his powers promised, my father died capable of great things, but without having had the opportunity of giving them full expression. To sum up briefly the lives and habits of the two—Both Webster and my father were born in the country. Both went to Phillips Exeter Academy, but my father left at the end of a year. Both were fond of books and great readers, but my father was naturally more literary than Webster—more a lover of all that was fine in literature

and more of a thinker on what he read. Both liked Latin and History; but Webster absorbed while my father studied and delved. Webster was not a fine scholar. My father was. He had a depth and soundness of scholarship that Webster lacked. Their memories were alike. In looks they both had high cheek bones and noticeable dark eyes. Webster was “never profoundly original in thought.” My father exceeded him in this respect.

Webster was fortunate, first in having a father ready to help him with his education, and later in falling in with lawyer Gore for study and advice in his career. My father had no such lift. He was first in the war and after that in a small country town, leading a life of trade which as he said is narrowing. Both were lovers of nature, but with my father the brooks and streams, the woods and mountains and the ocean called forth the response of a poetical nature. Webster cared merely for their grandeur.

Can anything better be said of a man than was said of my father after his death by one of his associates for many years in business? “He was one of the best men I ever knew.” The minister of the town said—“His life was like an illuminated manuscript.” And the universal testimony was—“He was our first citizen.”

His ancestry was better than Webster's, his natural ability was equal if not greater, his advantages were far less. Had fate granted him the same opportunity who knows that he would not have equalled if not outdistanced him? As a man he did.



# Paul Jones' Ship "The Ranger"

The Sesqui-Centennial of Her Launching  
Coming Soon

By JOSEPH FOSTER, U. S. N., 1862-1927

The following article appeared in the "Army and Navy Register," of Nov. 22, 1926:

## Paul Jones' Ship The Ranger

The continental ship *Ranger*, first called the *Hampshire*, but named the *Ranger* by Congress June 14, 1777, when Capt. John Paul Jones was appointed to the command, was built by Capt. Tobias Lear, of Portsmouth (grandfather of Rear Admiral George Washington Storer, U. S. N., and father of Washington's secretary, Col. Tobias Lear), at the continental ship-yard, Langdon's (now Badger's) Island in the Piscataqua river, opposite Portsmouth, N. H., in 1777; Col John Langdon, Continental agent. (See Builder's Accounts and Biographical notice in *The Granite Monthly*, Concord, N. H., vol. II, New Series, 1907, pages 85-92).

On the bronze tablet at the ferry landing, Badger's Island, is the following inscription:

In memory of  
The Continental sloop of war

RANGER

launched from this island

May 10, 1777.

Sailed for France November 1, 1777,

John Paul Jones, captain,  
with dispatches of

Burgoyne's surrender.

Received February 14, 1778,  
the first salute

to the Stars and Stripes  
from the French fleet.

Captured the  
British sloop of war *Drake*

April 24, 1778.

Erected by the Paul Jones Club

of Portsmouth  
1905

Sons of the American Revolution

The *Ranger* arrived at Brest, France, on May 7, 1778, with her prize, the *Drake*. On July 27, 1778, when Capt. Jones left her, First Lieut. Thomas Simpson took command of the *Ranger* by authority of the American commissioner in France, and Aug. 21 she sailed for America, arriving in the Piscataqua Oct. 16, 1778. She afterwards made several cruises on the coast, continuing under the command of Capt. Simpson until captured.

The *Ranger* was taken by the British at the surrender of Charlestown, S. C., May 12, 1780, and added to the royal navy. She was renamed the *Halifax* and arrived at Plymouth, England—"came into the harbour" on the 20th of July, 1781, and was docked on 6th of August, 1781, and was undocked the same day."

The *Ranger-Halifax* was recommended for sale as "fit for any trade in the merchant service (advertisement of sale, *The London Gazette*, Sept. 25 to 29, 1781), and, although valued Sept. 11, 1781, preparatory to the sale: "Hull 949£ 10s 7d, masts and yards 154£ 17c 0d, two cabooses 8£ 2s 0d, copper kettles, two 3£ 0s 8d. Total 1,115£ 10s 3d," she was sold at Plymouth yard "on the 13th October, 1781, to Mr. William Scott of Plymouth, for 650£." (About \$3,200 of our money). (Unpublished records, H. M. Dockyard, Devonport, Plymouth, England).

Further information as to the *Ranger* and to Capt. Thomas Simpson, Lieut. Elijah Hall, Jacob Ward, "mariner," and Samuel Hall

brook, "apprentice boy," of that vessel, all of Portsmouth, N. H., will be found in "The Soldiers' Memorial, Portsmouth, N. H., 1893-1923," by Joseph Foster, Parts VI. 1917, pages 43-46.

Let us hope that further search will bring information of what became of the Ranger-Halifax in the British merchant service before the sesqui-centennial of her launching, May 10, 1927.

Joseph Foster,  
Rear Admiral, S. C., U. S. N., Retired  
Portsmouth, N. H.

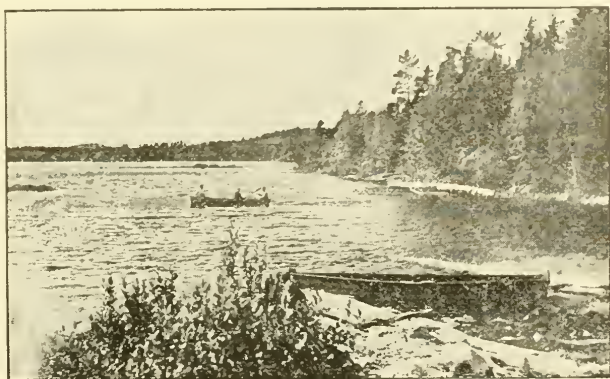
The Continental ship "Ranger" was launched at Portsmouth, N. H., May 10, 1777. The 150th anniversary of this event comes soon—May 10, 1927. How shall we best celebrate the sesqui-centennial of Portsmouth's most notable part in the American Revolution?

The Historical Committee of the chamber of commerce of Portsmouth, N. H., recently appointed, of which Rev. Alfred Gooding, President of the Portsmouth Historical Society, is chairman, has this matter now under consideration.

A list of the officers and crew of

the Ranger will be found on (pages 211-215 with much additional information as to that ship (pages 9-10, 12-13, 15-16, and 20), in "Kittery and Eliot, Maine, in the American Revolution, 1775-1783," by the late Lieut. Oliver P. Remick, Engineer corps, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, of Kittery, Maine (1901). Her dimensions were as follows:

"The Ranger was one hundred and sixteen feet long over all; beam, twenty-eight feet, depth of hold thirteen and one-half feet; three hundred and eight tons measurement, and was the first American ship to be coppered. There was a light top gallant forecastle open aft, and a short proof deck for a captain's cabin, and two small state rooms on the transoms. She carried fourteen nine-pounders, and four six-pounders; all carriage guns. Her masts raked more than any other ship of the day, and she was considered a beauty by the sailors. With the wind anywhere abaft the beam she was the fastest ship afloat" (Remick, pages 9-10).



A BIT OF SUNAPEE LAKE

# A Letter of Congratulation

By MAUDE GORDON ROBY

---

MALDEN, MASS., JANUARY 19, 1927

Dear Mr. Metcalf:—

I congratulate myself that you have come back to take over the Granite Monthly.

Also let me say the Old Man of the Mountain looks out from the cover in a benign and comforting manner, although we who know him always feel like kneeling before the power that made him what he is, and making the sign of the cross where nobody else will see or know about it. (I am a Protestant.)

Nowhere else in America I ween, does man come quite so near his Maker in consciousness, as when he stands before the great stone face. If Europeans knew about it I am sure they would flock to our shores just for this one impression of the glory and majesty of that Almighty Father who gives to the world such manifestations of his power.

I see it yet—and the years are many since it met my gaze—but through the lengthening span of Eternity it will never change to my thought, the stability and beauty of Reality.

So I was pleased to find it on my magazine. And I hope it will remain there in its rightful place. And I hope you will remain as the editor of this “word” which comes to us from the White Hills of our native state. And the “word” is strength—like that great stone image—strength of purpose, of fidelity, of truth and of character. And when we, who have gone out from her borders to make a little home in a foreign place, are tempted to go astray we remember that face, immovable, alike through sun and rain, through tempest and sunshine and we go on our way straight, fine, true.

Let the Old Man of the mountain stand there on the cover of the Granite Monthly. And may his lessons never dim through the years.

Again with my heartest best wishes for you and the magazine,

Believe me most cordially yours,

Maude Gordon Roby



# Gone Days

By HARRY R. DANIELS

Into the realm of days long since departed  
I gaze, wondering where they've flown,  
Dreaming dreams of days now dead forever,  
Thinking of many happy hours I've known,  
Hoping that once again with sweet enchantment  
I can have those days and weeks again,  
Have them all, with all their joys and sorrows,  
All their happiness and bitter pain.

Oh! if I could live again those gone-days,  
Knowing what I've learned from out their store  
Of rich experiences rife with all the knowledge  
That I would need to make them count for more.  
Oh! if I could jump right back to boyhood  
And live again those now departed days,  
I'd tread a different path through all their mazes,  
And make them count for more in many ways.

All I can do is lay aside those memories,  
Take the knowledge I have gained, and live  
Much better through the future days of manhood,  
Living life, giving what I can give;  
Picking better pathways through the darkness,  
Striving onward through the days to come,  
Onward with the knowledge I have garnered,  
Onward 'til I reach my Father's Home.

(Copyright, 1927, by Harry R. Daniels)

Winthrop, Mass.

---

## The American Beauty

By BLANCHE GERRISH

One morning I received a rose.  
Where it came from, goodness knows.  
Sweet fragrance filled the air  
Dispelling every care.

A bud of promise nestled at its side,  
Replete with opportunity wide.  
Work ceased to be a duty—  
Just an American beauty.

# New Hampshire Necrology

---

## CHARLES O. BARNEY

Born in Orange, July 21 1844, died in Canaan, January 5, 1927.

He was the son of Aaron and Sarah (Chase) Barney and was educated in the public schools and at Canaan Union Academy. He learned the printer's trade, and at the age of 23 years established the Canaan Reporter, whose publication he continued through life, being the oldest newspaper published in the state, at the time of his decease, and probably having served in such capacity longer than any other man in New Hampshire. He had served his town as Postmaster, and as a Representative in the Legislature; was an active member and Past President of the N. H. Weekly Publisher's Association; was a Past Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and a director of the Canaan Water Board. He married July 21, 1872, Mary E. Wilmarth of Enfield, who died many years ago. He is survived by one daughter, Addie S. and two sons, Edward A. and Ralph T. Barney, all of Canaan.

## DR. ELMER E. DEAN

Born in New Hampton, June 15, 1865, died at the Mary Hitchcock hospital in Hanover, January 1, 1927.

He was the son of Rev. Silas F., and Jennie F. (McCollister) Dean, was educated at Goddard Academy, Barre, Vt., and St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y. Pursuing the study of Medicine, he took a course of lectures at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons and graduated from the Medical College of the University of Vermont in 1888, in which year he was united in marriage with Florence E. Powers of Mt. Washington, Vt., who survives him. After six years of practice in Tunbridge, Vt., he located in Lebanon, where he continued in successful practice until his final illness,

and filled a large place in the life of the community. He was a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member of the N. H. Medical Society and the N. H. Surgical Club.

## ALLIEN J. BARRETT

Born in Littleton, September 17, 1857; died in that town January 4, 1927.

He was the son of the late Hon. James J. Barrett, a prominent figure in the business and political life of northern New Hampshire, was educated in the Littleton schools, and early in life entered the office of his father who conducted an extensive insurance business, to which he ultimately succeeded. He served many years as town clerk of Littleton, and as secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, in whose work he was much interested. He was a staunch Democrat in politics and prominent in the Masonic order.

He was twice married, first to Ida May Witcher, May 29, 1880, who died Jan. 21, 1887, leaving one son Harry H., who survives; and second April 2, 1888, to Hattie Bell Folsom by whom he is survived.

## EDWARD P. SHERBURNE

Born in Portsmouth, May 3, 1844, died in that city January 4, 1927.

Mr. Sherburne, was a graduate of Harvard University, and was engaged throughout his active life as a teacher, serving several years in Massachusetts, but in 1876 he was called to Manchester, where he remained till 1884, when he became principal of the Pierce School in Brookline, Mass. In 1890 he became sub-master of the Lowell School at Jamaica Plain, was later principal of the Martin School on Huntington Ave., and was made principal of the new Jefferson School in 1904, serving for 10 years when he resigned and was made principal-emeritus.

Upon his retirement he returned to his old home in Portsmouth where the remainder of his life was passed. He represented Ward 3, in the Legislature in 1919, and had served on the Portsmouth Board of Education. He was a Democrat and a Congregationalist. He leaves a widow, two daughters and one son, Dr. Andrew E. Sherburne.

#### ELMER E. SMART

Born in Freedom, September 4, 1861; died in Rochester, December 19, 1926.

Educated in the Freedom public schools and the Newmarket High School, Mr. Smart taught school for several years, but finally studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1888, when he settled in practice in Rochester where he continued. He had served as town clerk in Freedom, and was elected town clerk of Rochester soon after locating there. For many years past he had been City Solicitor. He was a director of the Rochester Trust Co. He was a Rotarian, a Mason, Odd Fellow, Patron of Husbandry, Elk and a member of the Kiwanis Club. He leaves a widow, a son, Guy, who was his partner, and a daughter, Mrs. Blanche S. Harris of Billerica, Mass.

#### MRS. ANNIE W. STEVENS

Born in Bow, February 4, 1850, died in Concord, January 4, 1927.

She was the daughter of Richard W. and Drusilla (Colby) Goodhue, graduated from Pembroke Academy in 1869, and taught for many years in the Bow schools. In 1873 she married Frank E. Stevens, now deceased. Mrs. Stevens was for many years a member of the Bow school board, was an active worker in the Methodist church there and superintendent of the Sunday school, was a past president of the W. C. T. U., and a charter member of Bow Grange. She was one of three women whose efforts made possible the building of W. C. T. U., hall at Bow Mills. She is survived by four

daughters, Mrs. W. H. Hardford of Derry, Miss Annie E. Stevens, Mrs. W. A. Wilson and Mrs. Jennie M. Bartlett of Concord; by one son, Prof. Richard E. Stevens of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston; by eight grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

#### DR. GEORGE R. SMITH

George R. Smith, M. D., born in Barnard, Vt., July 7, 1859; died in Dover, N. H., Jan. 9, 1927.

Dr. Smith was the son of Rufus B. and Mary J. (Copley) Smith, was educated at Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt., and Tufts College Medical School, graduating from the latter in 1888, and immediately commenced practice in Dover, where he continued through life with much success. He was chairman of the Dover Street and Park Commission in 1912, and was the author of the City charter amendment providing for the election of street commissioners by the people. He was a Mason, a Knight of Pythias and a member of the Bellamy Club, as well as of the N. H. Homeopathic Medical Society. He is survived by a widow.

#### ANDREW W. BINGHAM

Born in Bath, N. H., September 24, 1861, died in Littleton, January 10, 1927.

He was the son of Judge George A. Bingham, famous north country lawyer; while his mother was a daughter of Chief Justice Andrew S. Woods. He spent most of his life in Littleton, where he was educated in the public schools. He was engaged in the shoe trade from early life; but took much interest in public affairs, serving many years on the Littleton board of health, board of supervisors and the school board, of which he was for some time chairman. Politically he was a Democrat and served as Postmaster of Littleton under both Cleveland administrations. In October, 1888, he married Corinda A. Cunningham of Portsmouth, who survives, with one



son, James C. of Cambridge, Mass. He is also survived by two sisters and a brother, the latter being Judge George H. Bingham of the U. S. Circuit Court.

### JOSEPH O. HOBBS

Born in Boston, Mass., June 4, 1855; died in North Hampton, N. H., January, 16, 1927.

He was a son of Joseph Stacey and Mary D. (Andrews) Hobbs, was educated in the Boston schools and at the Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst. He was engaged in mercantile business in Boston for several years, but removed to North Hampton in 1885, where he engaged in agriculture and real estate business. He was prominent in political life as a Republican, held various town offices, served in the Legislature and was a member of the Executive Council during the administration of Gov. Ramsdell. He was president of the Piscataqua Savings Bank of Portsmouth, and a director of the First National Bank; also a trustee of Hampton Academy. He had been twice married and leaves four sons and a daughter.

### PROF. FRED P. EMERY

Born in Pembroke, N. H., April 11, 1865; died at Hanover, N. H., Jan. 16, 1927.

He was the son of Natt B. and Abbie H. (Sargent) Emery; graduated from Dartmouth College in 1887; studied in Paris and Berlin; served as Instructor in English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and, later, as Professor of English in the Pennsylvania State College, and had been Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Dartmouth since 1895. He was the author of "Notes on English Literature," and was a member of the K. K. K. and Sphinx Societies. He married on June 26, 1889, Mary E. Chesley of Amesbury, Mass.

JONATHAN C. SHANNON, born in Barnstead, November 29, 1844, died in Laconia, December 6, 1926.

He was engaged in trade in Laconia for many years, but for a quarter of a century, later, was a successful auctioneer. He had been overseer of the poor, and for two terms member of the Board of Commissioners for Belknap County. He was a Democrat, a Congregationalist and a Mason.

### In Memoriam

Hannah Augusta Farmer, daughter of Augustus B., and Fanny (Morgan) Farmer, born in Hooksett, N. H., August 3, 1859, entered into rest at Orlando, Fla., Dec. 21, 1926, following a major operation on Dec. 1. She left her home in Bow, that she loved so well, and where most of her life was spent, on November 2, and after voting for her chosen candidates, in which she took a great interest, started on her sixth journey for the Southland. She was a great reader and much interested in the history of her country. Pausing for the third time to visit in Washington, D. C., her last visit was to Arlington National cemetery, to the tomb of the "unknown soldier." There she gathered some fallen maple leaves as a souvenir. She was very fond of trees, planting many with her own hands, elms being her favorite. The Granite Monthly was received with delight each year and carefully preserved.

Home friends write of her like this: "I admired her so much, and she was so practical and resourceful, the type of N. E. woman which unfortunately is getting too rare. "She had a fine mind and lovely character,—so loyal to her friends, her town, her state. We loved her! Her life was uplifting."

Her remains will be taken home in the Spring by her surviving sister, Mrs. Carrie M. Spaulding.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

MARCH 1927

NO. 3.

## New Hampshire at Bennington

---

The State of Vermont is in the midst of extensive preparations for the celebration of prominent Revolutionary events, the 150th anniversaries thereof occurring this year. The anniversary of the State's independence, done at Westminster, Jan. 17, 1777, has already been observed. That of the disastrous battle of Hubbardton, fought in July following and of the adoption of the Constitution at Windsor, on the 8th and 9th of the same month, will be next in order; but the great and crowning event, to which the attention of the country at large is to be called, and which the President of the United States is expected to attend, although he declined to attend New Hampshire's Sesqui-Centennial last year, is the celebration of the 150th Anniversary of the battle of Bennington, fought on August 16, 1777.

It will be recalled by our older readers, interested in such occurrences, that the Centennial, or one hundredth anniversary of this important event, was formally celebrated in 1877, when the Bennington battle monument, toward whose erection New Hampshire had contributed, was formally dedicated, and Gov. Prescott of this State with other Governors, and various national dignitaries, were in attendance, and

that eminent Vermonter, Hon. Edward J. Phelps, later Minister to England under President Cleveland, was president of the day.

This battle of Bennington, so-called, because Bennington was the nearest place of any importance to the locality where it was fought, was in reality not a Vermont event at all. It was fought over the line on the soil of New York, and three-fourths of the men engaged upon the American side were New Hampshire men, under Gen. John Stark, who was in chief command through the day. About 150 Massachusetts troops participated in the conflict, and not more than twice that number of Vermont men, including the remnant of Warner's regiment which had been cut to pieces at Hubbardton; while Stark's brigade from New Hampshire numbered not less than 1200 men, and according to some accounts many more than that number.

This New Hampshire force was raised and equipped through the instrumentality of John Langdon, the patriot leader, who in the House of Representatives, at Exeter, over which he was presiding, when it seemed impossible to raise the wherewithal to provide for the expedition, pledged his money, his plate

and his 70 hogsheads of rum for this patriotic purpose.

The British force, sent out by Burgoyne from his main army, consisted of 800 German dragoons, a highly disciplined body, and a company of British marksmen, with some Canadians and Indians. This force was under Col. Baum, with orders to proceed toward Bennington, where the Americans were supposed to have a store of supplies, and capture the same, also to secure cattle and horses; to feel the sentiment of the people, and raise a corps of loyalists if possible.

Stark was at Bennington, with his men, and, learning of the movement of the enemy, proceeded to meet them, he having previously refused to obey the order of Gen. Lincoln to join the main American army, opposing Burgoyne very fortunately as it proved.

The details of the conflict need not be recounted here. Suffice it to say the British force was utterly routed, Baum himself killed and his men killed, wounded, or captured; while another detachment under Col. Breyman, sent to reinforce him, was also defeated and fled, leaving their artillery and wounded behind. The total British loss in this engagement was over 1000, while the American loss was less than 100. Suffice it to say that the result of this engage-

ment, so disappointed Burgoyne and discouraged the British forces under him, and so heartened the patriot forces, that the subsequent triumph of the latter was assured.

The interesting fact, recently brought to public attention through the researches of John Spargo, which is the moving spirit in this Vermont celebration of a great New Hampshire victory, is that Stark in the battle fought under a flag of thirteen stars, such as had been adopted by the Continental Congress as the national emblem on the 14th of July, 1776, previous, and which was first unfurled to the breeze on this occasion.

The people of New Hampshire would not begrudge Vermont any glory coming to the latter state through the carrying out of the coming Bennington celebration. "The Green Mountain Boys" under Ethan Allen and the patriotic sons of the state generally, performed their duty nobly and well in the great struggle for independence, but at the same time they would not have it forgotten that the sons of the Granite State constituted the main force and did the most of the fighting at the Bennington battle, so-called, as well as at that other historic conflict, Bunker Hill where more than three fifths of the men engaged on the patriot side were from the Granite State.

ERRATA—There were two errors of statement in the article on the "Establishment of Sullivan County," in the February issue of the Granite Monthly. Instead of in 1843, it was by act of the Legislature, approved December 23, 1840, that the County of Strafford was divided and Belknap and Carroll Counties created.

The present Sullivan County Court House and Newport Town Hall, a picture of which was presented in the article, is not the one erected in 1873. That one, somewhat similar in style to the present, was destroyed by fire, along with several other buildings, in 1885, and the present structure erected on the same site in the following year.



## MISS NEW HAMPSHIRE



Photograph by Waldron, Newport

Miss Leola Hamel of Newport, chosen at Concord, in the state wide contest, to represent New Hampshire in the National Beauty Contest at Atlantic City. She is 18 years of age, a graduate of the Towle High School, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Hamel.

# Reminiscences of Winnepesaukee

Stray Leaves from a Reporter's Note Book

By FREDERICK W. FOWLER

---

Winnepesaukee—a word bringing to thousands of people joyful memories of New England's fairest Lake, of its crystal waters dancing and flashing in the sunlight, gleaming like silver in the moonlight, and, under the magic spell of by gone summer days, always fascinating and charming in every changing mood. And in memory's vibrant picture is ever present the big steamer "Mount Washington," because for over half a century the Lake and the "Mount" have been inseparable.

At this time, under the grey skies of winter and with the Lake sealed with bonds of ice, the "Mount" lies high and dry at Center Harbor where she has been drawn out for repairs. Surely the big boat lies here in a picturesque setting, here at the northermost end of the Lake, almost in the shadow of the half encircling mountains.

Always before when the boat has been pulled out for repairs it has been at Alton Bay, the other end of the Lake. It was here that she was built in 1872, and here that she was last previously extensively repaired in the winter of 1914. At this time the contractor for the work was Donald McKay, the noted ship builder of East Boston. A new keel and forefoot were installed, the hull practically replanked and other extensive repairs made, including the installation of timber braces in the hold, on either side of the hull, to

strengthen the same.

The Master of the "Mount" for many years was Captain Wiggin, Tuftonboro, a gentleman of the old school who performed his duty with a high degree of success, but entirely devoid of fuss, feathers or gold braid. He always wore the conventional black suit and soft felt hat of the times, while the Commanders succeeding him have been in uniform.

For more than half a century the "Mount" has coursed the waters of the Lake. Many thousand people have trod her decks and she has transported them all safely, her record standing clear from accident.

Perhaps the nearest to a possible disaster that the boat ever came within of was on a summer afternoon many years ago on the trip from Center Harbor to Wolfeboro. At this time the pilot of the boat was one, Moses Warr, familiarly known as "Mose." He was then a white haired man with many years experience at the wheel of the big boat and former boats of the Lake.

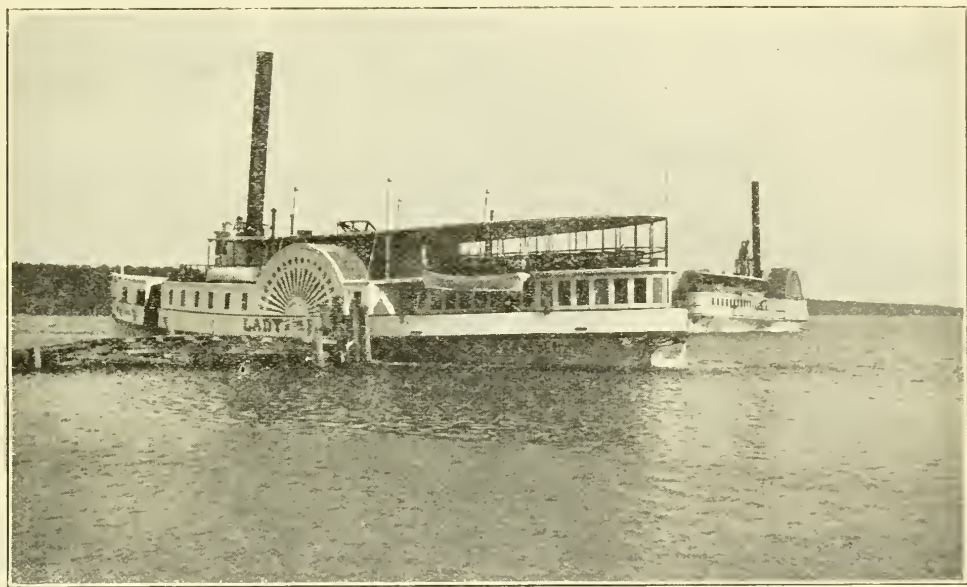
As the "Mount" steamed out of Center Harbor bay that afternoon a thunder shower was gathering in the northwest with black, angry looking clouds massing behind "Garnet Hill." As the boat proceeded down the Lake the gathering storm growled and flashed astern, but "Mose" held the "Mount" steadily to her course. She had the reputation of being an



ceedingly self-willed man and doubtless it was this element in his nature which caused him to defer changing the course of the boat longer than his better judgment would have otherwise dictated. More and more frequently, however, he glanced astern but it was not until he saw a white wall of water sweeping down on the "Mount" from behind with the speed of a hurricane that he put the helm hard down in the endeavor to head the boat into the teeth of the

obstructed course of fifteen miles before it struck the boat, and there was great consternation among the passengers.

And here it may not be out of place to recall some of the men, nearly all long since gone over the Great Divide, whose faithfulness and skill contributed to the clean record of the big boat—half a century in transporting millions of passengers safely, without an accident of any kind.



STEAMERS LADY OF THE LAKE AND MOUNT WASHINGTON

F. W. Fowler Photo, Sept. 1888

gale before it struck. When the boat had made but one half the necessary turn the tempest struck her broadside on and she went over on her beam ends, and the big wall of water and foam at the forefront of the storm filled the paddle-box on the windward side and ripped the casing from the wheel box. The scene of this near disaster was well down toward Rattlesnake Island where the storm had had an un-

Captain Wiggin has already been mentioned, and there was Harry L. Wentworth, purser of the boat for eleven years under Captain Wiggin, and later in command of the "Mount" at the retirement of Captain Wiggin.

Harry Wentworth, as he was familiarly known all over the Lake region was born on Long Island, in Lake Winnepesaukee, and grew up on the Lake, commencing to go with



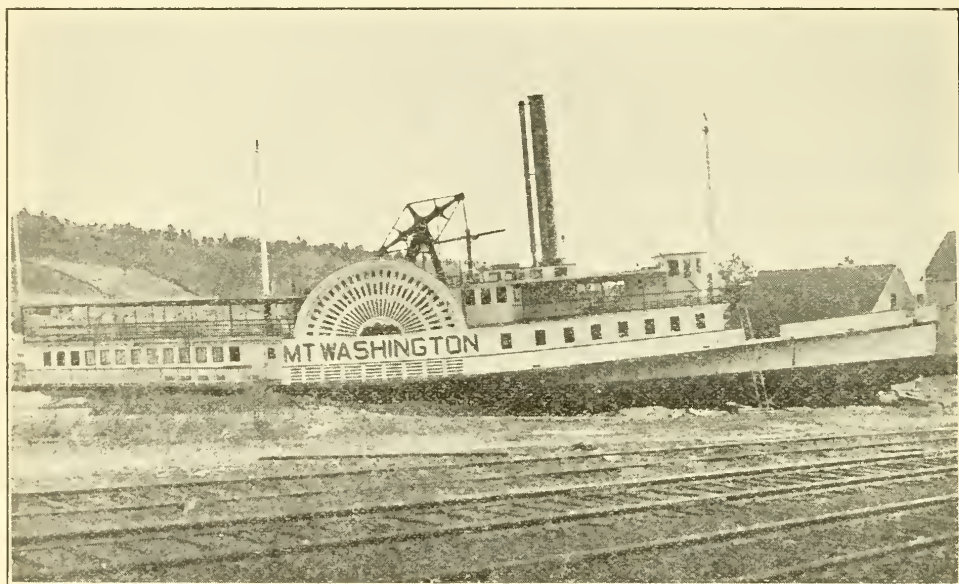
his father, Clark Wentworth, on the primitive horse boats of the early days of navigation on the Lake when he was but seven years of age.

After sixteen years with his father he became purser on the "Mount", continuing in this position for eleven years under Captain Wiggin, when he was promoted to Captain, and he was in command of the boat for sixteen years.

The genial and kindly temperament of Captain Wentworth will

been suicide—from a gun shot wound in the head at Alton Bay, May 5, 1908.

The writer, as a newspaper correspondent covering the Lake region for several years, had many times requested Captain Wentworth to give the facts for a biographical sketch, but Captain Wentworth was averse to publicity and would always smilingly decline. On a beautiful summer afternoon in mid August, 1908, while the "Mount" steamed up the



STEAMER MT. WASHINGTON, OUT FOR REPAIRS, ALTON BAY. DEC. 1911

Photo by F. W. Fowler

still abide in the memory of thousands of people, passengers on the big boat at one time or another, and his earnest and untiring care and skill preserved the record of the "Mount" still clean, for he never had an accident resulting in injury to person or property during his long service as Captain. His earthly career came to a sad ending at the age of forty-eight years. His death was a violent one—decided to have

Lake from Alton Bay to the Weir. Captain Wentworth expressed his willingness to be interviewed.

I well remember the scenic splendor of the setting; with the purple glow of the waning mid summer afternoon tinting the mountains and the mirrored waters of the Lake with the voices of gay young passengers on the forward deck drifting by in laughter and song, the occasion then seemed a supremely happy one.

As I look backward now, however, the brilliant splendor of that perfect summer day is dimmed by the sinister shadow of impending tragedy, for it was but a few weeks later that Captain Wentworth severed his connection with the "Mount" which he had loved so long and so well, forever.

Before the "Mount" commenced the season of 1908 Harry L. Wentworth had gone to that far country of our faith, our hopes and our dreams, beyond the mystic vista of the stars.

The scene of this interview was in the little captain's office on the lower deck behind the paddle box, and I now believe that Captain Wentworth then had an intuition that he was very soon to sever his connection with the boat and with earthly things. At this time Captain Wentworth was not quite forty-eight years of age and his knowledge of the Lake covered forty years.

There was Alonzo Leighton, familiarly known as "Boss" Leighton. He was employed on different boats of the same line on the Lake for forty-seven years. He was first a fireman on the "Dover," "Chocorua," and "Mount Washington" for twenty-six years, and he was then engineer of the "Mount" for twenty-one years up to his retirement in the fall of 1898 at the age of seventy-one.

Up to the summer of 1898 Engineer Leighton had not missed a day in the engine room of the "Mount" when she was running for twenty years, but on Saturday, August 27th of that year he suffered an attack of heart trouble and was off duty a por-

tion of that day. He resumed his duty the following Sunday and Monday, was forced to retire permanently Tuesday, August 30th.

"Boss" Leighton, long since deceased, as Engineer of the "Mount" leaves behind him a long and enviable record for faithfulness and efficiency. His duty, modestly performed, was in the engine room, far from the stimulus of public acclaim, his hand controlling the big one thousand horse power engine and the steam plant behind it, and many thousand passengers on the "Mount" during his twenty-one years of service owe much to "Boss" Leighton for their safe transportation.

Engineer Leighton was a very large, portly man and had a modest little home almost under the shadow of the mountain known as "Red Hill" at Center Harbor.

There was Delano Leighton of Center Harbor, a relative of Engineer Leighton. He was assistant pilot and night watchman on the "Mount" for many years. He died at Center Harbor in 1898.

There was John Mooney Lovett, pilot on the Lake for many years, first on the steamer, "Lady of the Lake," of the Concord and Montreal Line, and later for a number of years on the "Mount Washington" under Captain Wentworth. Pilot Lovett dropped dead on the wharf at Center Harbor while on duty.

The steamer, "Lady of the Lake" was operated for many years by the Concord & Montreal Railroad until the Boston & Maine secured a lease of the former road, when the "Lady" was dismantled and the hull subsequently scuttled and sunk in deep

water near Lock's Island at Glen Dale.

Captain Sanborn, and later Captain Wadleigh, commended the "Lady" for many years, and Lorenzo Lovett, familiarly known as "Renz," was engineer on this boat for many years, and subsequently he was succeeded in this position by a man named, Kelly, who is now, I think, in one of the Odd Fellows homes in this State.

Captain Herbert A. Blackstone succeeded Captain Wentworth in command of the "Mount," continuing for more than ten years, and Leander Levally, pilot under Captain Blackstone, subsequently purchased the boat from the Boston & Maine and is now owner as well as Captain. These men have preserved the previous good record of the "Mount" as a tribute to their care and skill.

---

## The Franklin Pierce House

By HELEN ADAMS PARKER

This house so old and faded  
Was once a lawyer's pride;  
The door is thick with cobwebs,  
The blinds are gaping wide.

The windows cold and glassy  
Stare silent grim and tall;  
A dark and sombre stillness  
Hangs brooding over all.

I watch it from the roadway  
Where motors hurry past,  
And now an airplane skims the sky  
With engine throbbing fast.

I wonder, if the owner  
Again stood at his door,  
What he would say to all these sights  
He never saw before.



# The Valley Forge Memorial Chapel and the New Hampshire Bell

Address By MRS. NORMA C. SNOW

---

It is a fact, familiar to many that there is in process of erection at Valley Forge a chapel known as the Washington Memorial Chapel, which, when completed in the process of years, is to contain a Peace Tower in memory of Robert Morris the financier. It has been the life work of the Reverend W. Herbert Burke, D. D. In the Peace Tower will be hung a carillon of bells to be known as the Peace Chimes. Patriotic societies in the thirteen original colonies have each contributed a bell. Forty-eight patriotic citizens from each of the forty-eight states have contributed a large bell to be known as the National Birthday Bell, a replica of the Independence Bell, making fourteen in all. These have been installed in a temporary wooden tower. The bells were formally presented on July 4th last. The New Hampshire bell was contributed by the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of New Hampshire, and as the moneys for that purpose were raised during her administration as State Regent, Mrs. Norma C. Snow, of Rochester, was privileged to present the bell, which she did with the accompanying address. Thousands of people representing all parts of the union were present at the dedication of the chimes when the bells were for the first time played. It is understood that they are to be daily played, always playing the National Anthem at sunset in commemoration

of the Declaration of Independence.

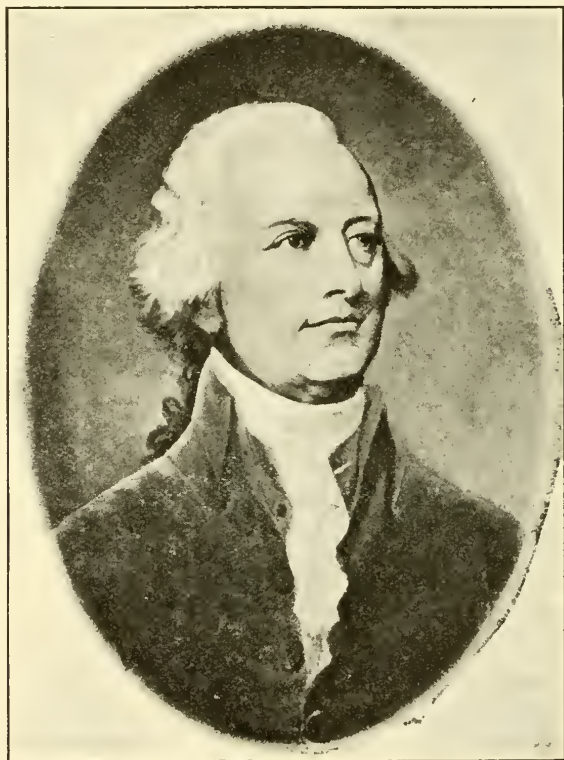
## Mrs. Snow's Address

The New Hampshire Bell is to bear the name "John Langdon," and to him I now dedicate this Bell. It is well that the voice of New Hampshire's sturdy patriot, soldier and statesman, John Langdon, should continue to speak through the years, even if only in the silver-tongued notes of the Bell which is to bear his name, sounding its message of loyal patriotism from the Peace Tower at Valley Forge. That all may know the proud history of John Langdon, and that you, honored Bell of New Hampshire, may know the glory of the name you bear, I here proclaim, within sound of your sweet tongue, the story of John Langdon, born at Portsmouth-by-the-sea on June 25, 1741, even in those early days of the sixth generation of sturdy American parentage. It is fitting that his name should be inscribed at Valley Forge, for on December 14-15, 1774, John Langdon, with John Sullivan, another New Hampshire name to conjure with, committed the first overt act of war in the American Revolution, and with force and arms seized Castle William and Mary in Portsmouth Harbor and a hundred barrels of powder, for the Colonial cause.

Not only a soldier, but also a statesman, John Langdon was in March, 1775, chosen a member of the Assembly in New Hampshire which

was to prove the last royal assembly of its history, and took a prominent part in its proceedings. Again in company with John Sullivan, he was, in 1775, chosen New Hampshire delegate to the Second Continental Congress, whence, in October, it was his suggestion to the New Hampshire Convention that Congress be petitioned for permission to establish

Born and bred to the sea, John Langdon rendered signal service to the new nation as a member of the naval committee of the Continental Congress which gave birth to the American navy. As Naval Agent at Portsmouth, he built, in 1776-7, on his own island in the Piscataqua River, the Continental Sloop of stores, the *Rattlesnake*, of New Hampshire oak. It was he who



JOHN LANGDON, PATRIOT AND STATESMAN

a new government in place of the vanished royal governor. It was, therefore, at John Langdon's suggestion that to New Hampshire fell the honor to have established the first state constitution in America. In December, 1776, John Langdon was chosen speaker of the State House of Representatives under that first constitution, sitting at Exeter.

on June 14, 1777, in Portsmouth Harbor, turned over to Captain John Paul Jones this vessel, on which, on that day, Captain Jones unfurled the first United States flag ever hoisted in the American navy. On it Captain Jones carried to France the dispatches of Burgoyne's surrender, received from the French fleet the first salute ever fired to the Stars and

Stripes, and on the way captured the British sloop of War "Drake."

We have selected for inscription on this bell a reminder of Langdon's service in the drear days of 1777 when the Colonial cause seemed doomed, and Burgoyne was triumphantly advancing down Lake Champlain into the heart of New England. Those were days when the patriot hearts which were not chilled saved the new-born nation. John Langdon was, for the second time, speaker of the House of Representatives, and from July 17 to 19, 1777, the House sat in committee of the whole, disconsolately devising ways and means to meet the new menace. The public coffers were empty, the resources of the new state drained, and the measures voted for raising public money with which to provide men and munitions seemed empty mockery. It was then that John Langdon rose and pronounced the words which are inscribed on this Bell as a memorial to that courage which in the darkest hours of the state's history, carried the cause of the Revolution to ultimate triumph,—“I have a thousand dollars in hard money. I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobagorum, which will be sold for the most they will bring. They are at the service of the state.” It was at John Langdon's suggestion that General John Stark was placed at the head of the troops raised and munitioned with this money, and it was John Stark with these New Hampshire troops, and others under his command who, on August 16, one month later, defeated Burgoyne's men at Bennington, and won the victory

which opened the treasury of France to America and made possible the alliance which could only be predicated on a victory for the American cause. John Langdon, however, was not content with throwing his wealth into the balance and sending Stark to the front. He himself organized a battalion which fought under his command at Stillwater and at Saratoga, and served under Sullivan in Rhode Island.

This man of many parts returned from the Revolution to serve his state and country as a statesman of the first rank. Not only was he a justice of the Superior Court, but in 1786 he was also chosen by the Legislature as president of New Hampshire. In June, 1787, he was elected delegate, with Nicholas Gilman, to the Constitutional Convention which framed the American Constitution, and there rendered notable service. Perhaps of no less note, however, were his services in 1788 at the New Hampshire Constitutional Conventions when he became one of the great advocates of the new American Constitution and was instrumental in securing the vote which in June, 1788, made New Hampshire the ninth and deciding state to adopt the United States Constitution.

As though honors enough had not yet fallen to this distinguished son of New Hampshire, he was next, in March, 1788, elected by the people, president of New Hampshire, which office he resigned in order to accept office as the first United States Senator from New Hampshire. In the United States Senate he became the first President pro tempore, and while thus officiating as the first exe-



cutive of the Republic, it was his pleasure to announce officially and to welcome George Washington as first President of the United States. In the Senate he served on the leading committees, and was recognized to be one of the best men in that body. He declined the nomination for vice-president of the United States under Madison, and Elbridge Gerry, who took his place was elected. He returned to New Hampshire and in 1805 was elected Governor of the State, which office he filled almost continuously from that time until 1812, when feeble with age, and full of honors, he renounced further public office and sought dignified repose.

He died on September 18, 1819.

To him and the civic virtues which he so nobly and fully embodied, dedicate you, O New Hampshire Bell, and pray that you may forever ring true in a land which is free because its leaders and its people, like John Langdon, while devoted to the cause of freedom, are no less devoted to law, order and constitutional government.

In the name of the New Hampshire Daughters of the American Revolution, I now present the New Hampshire Bell in memory of John Langdon, patriot, soldier, jurist and statesman.

---

## A Plea From March

By VIRGINIA B. LADD

Call me not a month of Spring!  
Almost any other thing  
I can bear in Stoic mood,  
Call me Winter, bleak and rude,  
But not Spring—not Spring.

If I have a balmy day  
Give me credit for it, pray.  
Say not, "This is but our due  
We expect as much from you,  
You are Spring, yes, Spring."

I resist, protest, defy;  
Not one Spring-like grace have I—  
Boisterous, wayward, changeful, bold.  
Wind and frost, snow, ice and cold  
Make not Spring—not Spring.

I will try the best I can—  
Put my wild will under ban,  
Try to curb my spirit rude,  
Just to gain your gratitude  
Though not Spring, not Spring.

Meredith, N. H.

# The McClary Family of Epsom

Compiled By GILBERT H. KNOWLES

Epsom's Representative at the present session of the New Hampshire General Court, Mr. Charles M. Steele, has put into the hand of the writer some very interesting material about one of the finest families of patriots of which early New Hampshire could boast.

Among the first settlers of Epsom there was a small number of Scotch-Irish who came from Londonderry about 1738. These people were of pure Scotch descent. After living for a long time in the North of Ireland, where they suffered a long series of oppressions and persecutions they had come over the sea to the fertile soils of America. Andrew McClary was in Londonderry in 1727. Later, together with his two sons, Andrew (2) and John, he settled in Epsom. Here the McClarys "carved for themselves a farm and a fortune." By the records we find that Andrew McClary (1) held town office in 1739, "and for eighty-three successive years members of the family were promoted to positions of trust and power by their townsmen." Andrew (1) lived to a ripe old age and died at the McClary mansion which he had helped his son, John, to build.

## GENEALOGY

Andrew McClary (Londonderry 1727)  
Maj. Andrew John  
(Both settled in Epsom)

### Children

James Gen. Michael (born 1753)  
Andrew  
John Children of Michael

William

(also three daughters)

John

Andrew

Mary

\*Elizabeth

Elizabeth McClary married Jonathan Steele, a lawyer, and they settled in Epsom. Our town's present Representative at the State House is the grandson of this couple and the great-grandson of General Michael McClary, a sketch of whose life will appear in a later issue of this magazine.

Life in New Hampshire was not much as now when Andrew McClary and his brother John, settled among the Epsom hills. During the French and Indian war the people lived in constant fear of the scalping knife and tomahawk, and they suffered by many a raid from the prowling red men. The clearing of the land, hunting, scouting, etc. all required bravery and endurance; also the rough sports, such as wrestling and boxing.

"In all of these labors and pastimes Andrew McClary was the acknowledged champion. He was a host in himself. He stood over six feet, straight as an arrow, finely proportioned, symmetrical of form, every muscle well developed, rough and ready, jovial, generous, with a stentorian voice, blue eyes, florid complexion, and such a man as would be picked out of a thousand as evidently 'born to command.' He possessed all the qualifications of a successful

and popular border leader of that time. It is said that in a bar-room scuffle at Portsmouth one night, six men attempted to put him out of the room, when he turned upon them with his herculean strength and threw them all out of the window."

"With all the bravery of Stark, Andrew McClary possessed greater mental endowments and culture. With the natural ability of Sullivan, he possessed the magic power to incite his men to nobler deeds. With the popularity of Poor, he was more cool and discreet.—Had his life been spared he would have without doubt ranked among the most able and noted officers of the Revolution."

"Maj. McClary was the leading man in this region in all military matters and rendered the colony most efficient service. He had the personal acquaintance of the highest officials of the colony, and such noted fighters and rangers as Stark, Goffe, and Rogers. His name frequently appears on the State records. In 1755 he applied to Gov. Wentworth and obtained a company of troops to go in search of the Indians that committed the massacre and captured the McCall family at Salisbury. At another time he obtained a company to aid in doing garrison duty at Epsom, while bands of Indians were lurking about. As an officer, he was ever ready for any exposure or danger, and his men had the most implicit confidence in his ability and integrity. His command was authoritative. In case of an emergency he could swear enough for a battalion, enough to frighten the Penacooks out of the Suncook Valley, and cause the old Scotch Covenantors to hold

up their hands in holy horror."

Mr. McClary erected a frame house on the Epsom Center road and kept a tavern there on what is now the Lawrence Farm. The tavern was "a common resort of the settlers, proprietors and scouts, and all who had occasion to travel in this direction. Town meetings were held here, and here the jurors were drawn for the Majesty's Court. Mr. McClary's wealth increased along with his popularity and he acquired large tracts of land. "He served as Town Clerk and his records on the town books indicate a thorough knowledge of business, a good use of language and a style and beauty of penmanship seldom found at the present day."

At the outbreak of the Revolution the McClary tavern was a popular place for the rustic settlers to meet and talk over their difficulties and the jovial landlord became the "political and military oracle of Suncook Valley." "The battle of Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, sounded the tocsin to arms. Signals flashed from the hill-tops, and fleet messengers transmitted the news from town to town. A swift rider, blowing his horn, passed through Nottingham and reached Epsom on the morning of the 20th. The alarm found Maj. McClary plowing on the 'old musty field.' Like Cincinnatus of old, he left the plow in the furrow and hastened to obey the summons. With little preparation he seized his saddle-bags, and leaped into the saddle swearing as he left, that he would 'kill one of the Devils before he came home'."

The men from this section a



sembled at Nottingham Square where they found Capt. Cilley and Dr. Dearborn with a company of 60 men, making with themselves a total of about 80 men. Who would not like to have seen that group at Nottingham Square? Some wore broad-tailed black coats, worsted stockings, and three cornered hats; others were in coarse homespun; all of them with long stockings, knee and shoe buckles and thick cowhide boots. Their guns and equipment were as various as their costumes. Some had the old "Queen Ann" that had done service in the French War; some of them had long fowling pieces; but only one man in the whole group carried a bayonet. Powder-horns and shot-pouches took the place of cartridge boxes." In a word, there were paraded at Nottingham Square on that notable April day one of the noblest bands of patriots that ever left New Hampshire to vindicate her honor and protect her liberties.

Maj. Andrew McClary fell at the battle of Breed's Hill on June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1775, after defending with a handful of men a temporary entrenchment. Attacked by an overpowering force of the enemy, the Major displayed great bravery and presence of mind until the last.

Maj. McClary had married early in life, a Scotch-Irish girl who proved

a valuable help-mate. They had seven children. The oldest son James, lived on the home place and carried on an extensive business for those times. He operated two stores and a potash factory, besides the farm and tavern. James McClary was a highly respected citizen and held important offices of trust. He rose to be Brigadier General in the Militia. Of his descendants a daughter was all that was living in the year 1869.

Andrew, second son of Major McClary was a captain in the regular army. Andrew was a man of ability and had been well educated. He traveled quite a bit and the last of his life worked for the war department in Washington. The third son John, was also a captain in the regular army. Both John and Andrew died in middle life.

William, the fourth son of the Major, was a blacksmith by trade. He married an Epsom girl but soon afterward removed to Canada. The Major's daughters all married well and spent most of their lives in the town of Epsom.

Visitors to Epsom will do well to seek out the little monument with its bronze plate, marking the approximate location of the old McClary tavern, near which the stalwart Major left his plow in the furrow to answer a greater call to duty.



# John Morton's Home Week

By CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

---

John Morton had departed from Dalton on foot; he returned in a limousine, driven by his own chauffeur. Morton had left Dalton when skies were frowning and snow was falling; he came back when the sun was shining brightly upon verdant vales and hills. He directed his chauffeur to pass through Central Square, and he observed with silent approval the general prosperity surrounding him. "That is a fine city hall," he mused, "and a splendid library." His car went by the old church which the Mortons had attended for generations. "I guess my grandfather wouldn't be pleased with the religious ideas of today," said John Morton, to himself.

His limousine passed through Locust Street. "It hasn't changed here at all," mused he, as his car entered another street, on the right. Morton had departed from Dalton many years ago, yet he remembered the city almost as well as though it had been yesterday. "That is the Varney place, and this is the dark pine grove," remarked he, so audibly that his chauffeur glanced around to hear him. "No, James, I was talking to myself—perhaps, it will interest you to know that I walked over this very road when I left home for the West. We didn't even dream of automobiles then, James. I wonder what my grandfather would have thought to see us drive from Central Square to his farm within a few minutes, when it took him and his white horse,

Sally, half an hour to travel that distance." And John Morton laughed heartily, he was beginning to feel much better than he had felt for many months.

Morton had come from his home in the west, on a vacation. His physician had advised a rest, whereupon Morton exclaimed, "I have never taken a vacation in my life! I should not know what to do with one." And his doctor replied, very quietly, "Well, John, if you don't take a vacation pretty soon, you will have a long vacation, presently. Of course, it is for you to decide." And so John Morton came east, to spend a week on vacation in Dalton. He had often planned to visit his native city, for which, he still felt a warm affection. But some unexpected business was always preventing his return to Dalton. Yet now, at last, he was here, drawing nearer and nearer to the old Morton farm. Of course, there would be no one there to welcome him. His brother William, had moved away, and a report had reached him of William's death. However, his brother had been no credit, either to John or to the Morton family. But he could do something for the old farm and for the burial lot upon it. And, perhaps, William might have left a child, who was living in Dalton. "If he has, I can take the boy or girl with me, when I return west." Morton was a bachelor, and lately, he had been thinking more and more of adopting a child.

His limousine had passed beyond the shadows of the "dark pine grove," and, on the left, there was a large, sunny meadow. Beside this meadow, Morton saw again the Garland farm. His chauffeur was about to speed by a road at the left of the main highway. "Stop here, James!" exclaimed Morton. He had intended to drive down this side road in the car, but, somehow, that did not seem exactly fitting for his visit to the home of his boyhood. "I left the old farm on foot—guess that I'll return there on foot. Besides, a walk will be good for me." He descended from the car. "Wait here, James—I shall be back in about an hour."

John Morton walked very briskly along the Mast Road. How well he remembered that road! The Judsons and the Towles had their homesteads at the beginning of the Mast Road, and these homesteads looked as prosperous as ever. Further on, he passed the large Garland house, beside its sunny meadow. "It hasn't changed very much," mused he, "the fence and one of the trees have gone; but, otherwise, it is the same farm. How rich we used to think those Garlands were! And they were rich, for their times." He reached the Hilton orchard and the Meserve farm. Then, he saw again the small Locke cottage. And, once more, he observed with silent approval the evident prosperity of this Back River neighborhood.

The Mast Road now descended a little, and Morton beheld ahead of him the large pool where in boyhood he had caught many fish. He paused for a moment, somewhat out of breath. "The schoolhouse stands

just below here," said he, to himself. "How pleasant it will be to see that schoolhouse, once more. And the blackboard, chalked all over with words and figures. Also, the desks at which we sat—perhaps my old desk will still be there. I remember just where it is. Joe Judson used to sit in front of me and Bill Towle behind me. And there were Jack Hilton and Gusty Meserve and the rest of them. I wonder how many of my schoolmates are alive today. Perhaps one of them may be living on the Morton farm. If so, I am sure that somebody will welcome me to Dalton.

"When I reach the schoolhouse, I'd like to go inside and sit down at my desk. How many times I carved my initials not only on that desk but upon other desks. Some of my initials must be still on exhibition in the schoolroom. But probably the schoolhouse will be closed. The boys and girls of this generation have too short a schooling. And they should get up much earlier to go to school. I don't believe any of them ever felt the real pleasure of playing truant or of catching fish. How often have I fished in that pool, from the bridge across its brook, when I should have been improving my mind in the schoolroom. And the time that schoolmaster Brown found me fishing there! 'Spare the rod, spoil the child,' was one of his pet maxims. Well, perhaps there are some things which I like better about the present system of education. That man Brown was certainly an expert with the ferule. My! I can still feel those blows from that ruler of his!"

Morton was walking slowly along



the Mast Road. The old bridge over the brook was gone and a very substantial one had replaced it. Seated upon this new bridge, his head just under its railing and his feet hanging over its side, was a small boy, fishing. When John Morton stepped upon this short bridge, the boy looked around quickly.

"Well," inquired Morton, "have you caught anything?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Been fishing long?"

"Yes, sir—about two hours."

"Ever catch anything here?"

"I did last year."

"The reason why you haven't caught any fish, this year," remarked John Morton, "is that you are not fishing in the right place. I used to fish here, so I know. If you will let me take your pole, I think I can catch something for you."

The small boy pulled in his hook and stood up on the bridge. "Yes, sir, that is what father said, but he didn't catch any fish." And he handed his fishing pole to John Morton. Morton cast the hook to the further side of the pool, where lay the shadows of an old tree, which was standing there when the first John Morton built his house. Then he waited, well knowing that the small boy beside him was observing him critically. "It may be," thought he, "that I have undertaken too big a contract. Possibly, the fish are wiser to-day than they were in my generation. Ten minutes passed and more. At last, the boy remarked, "You don't seem to have very good luck."

Morton thought that he detected some juvenile sarcasm in this remark of his young companion. But

he did not abandon hope, even after five more minutes had elapsed. Then suddenly, he had hooked a fish, and he quickly pulled in the line. "There's a sonny," he said he, "is my fish." The small boy soon removed it from the hook. "If you don't mind, I'll take it home for dinner," remarked he. "It's a hornpout. You are certainly some fisherman." And John Morton experienced more satisfaction from that sincere admission than from most of the praise during his political career.

"I guess," said the boy, "that you'd better go home. If I don't, mother will be worrying." And Morton and his young companion walked side by side along the Mast Road. "What's your name," asked he, "Jack or Sam?"

"My name is William," answered the boy.

"That is too long a name. I shall call you Willy. What's the rest of it?"

"Willy Morton."

John Morton glanced keenly at him. "Your father wasn't William Morton, who was born here on the old farm?"

"Yes, sir—that's where we live."

"They told me he was dead."

"He wasn't this morning."

Well, I'm amazed—delighted."

They were passing by the schoolhouse, but Morton had been so surprised that he did not notice it. William was in deep thought and his thoughts were very pleasant. "This is a fine lad," mused he, "a very fine lad. How fortunate that I took a vacation. My nephew shall have every advantage that I can give him. He appears to be worthy of it. Then,

shall be able to assist William." And he began to plan enthusiastically what he would do for his brother's family.

They had now reached the end of the Mast Road. According to Morton's recollections, the roadway which they entered, was a poor one. But the road was entirely changed. It was broad and solidly built. "Well," exclaimed John Morton, "this is indeed a splendid highway! How does it happen, Willy, that you have so fine a road out here in the country?"

"Oh, father gave the money to make this road. He is very proud of it."

"He did! Why, your father must be wealthy."

"He is. We live in New York City most of the year and come here for the summer. I like this place much better than New York."

A feeling of bewilderment and disappointment descended suddenly upon John Morton. "I don't believe that I can do much for my brother or my nephew," thought he. "However, it is delightful to find William alive and so successful. Perhaps, I'll buy the Hodgson farm and spend my summers in Dalton. I wish I had taken this vacation years ago."

They had arrived at a part of the highway from which a full view of the Morton farm lay before them. But what a change! The old house,

with the exception of paint and repairs, was almost as he remembered it. The barn had been made much larger and the stable had become a garage. The pump, from which he had drunk so often, still stood near the back door; but a modern windmill also supplied the estate with water. Three trees shaded the lawn, the fourth tree having disappeared. The flower garden smiled amid the sunshine, as of old, and the wild meadow was as bright and fragrant as ever. And like a dark background to this meadow, Morton beheld the same pine woods, within which, he had played during boyhood and he swung on the seat of the long swing.

From his enrapt survey of his childhood home, Morton was awakened by the boy beside him. "Here's father!" And after many years, he saw his brother standing before him. He removed his hat. "William," said he, "I suppose you have forgotten all about me. Perhaps you do not remember me."

William Morton stared at him, though he were seeing a specter. "Great Heavens—You are John! They told me you had died."

"And they told me you were dead. They seem to be mistaken. How about you, Bill?"

William Morton held out his hand. "Jack, it certainly is good to see you again."

And they shook hands, heartily.

# Nature Comes Into Her Own

By KENNETH ANDLER\*

There is the silence of a virgin forest and the silence of a tomb, but it is riot beside the silence of deserted settlements. In Vermont are abandoned farms, forsaken villages, desolate ruins—the unpeopled remains of a once thriving countryside. The wrecks of old communities are engulfed by an ever-growing forest and by an ever-growing hush.

While with a surveying and timber cruising party for the International Paper Company I traveled thoroughly over Vermont. I saw portions of the state not frequented by tourists who confine themselves largely to settled sections such as the Connecticut River valley and the region near Lake Champlain. Our party camped more than once in an abandoned farm house. We made our bunks before the huge fireplace with its Dutch oven; we explored the musty garret and found hoop-skirt frames, works by the Rev. Cotton Mather, flintlock rifles, spinning-wheels, and love letters.

At night, as our open fire cut into the darkness with its knives of flame, the bare walls, as though glad to see a fire again at the hearth, seemed to resound with voices long since still-ed. Was that the sound of Mother's

feet on the awry kitchen floor? The laughter of the children tripping downstairs to supper? The joyous greeting of their father come in from the fields? Our fire died down, shadows from the room's sunken corners drove the light into the stone chimney, and all was as silent as the dawn before creation. "Old houses, in the course of their history, see sad sights and never forget them!"

On one occasion, while surveying in Stratton, I was returning to camp through a thick forest in the darkling light of a November afternoon. I was accompanied by a farmer who was helping me find metes and bounds, landmarks once in open fields and now grown up to woods: accorded the burial which Time and Nature grant to all things. The only sound was a rustling of leaves under our feet and the whisper of leaves blown from trees. Suddenly we burst out of the woods-gloom into a clearing—a square grey island in a sea of trees. Thinking at first that this open place was nothing more than the preliminary work of a winter's logging, I hastened along, eager to reach camp before darkness made it impossible to travel. But my farmer friend touched my arm.

"A graveyard," he remarked with Yankee brevity.

"A graveyard!" I repeated, unbelieving.

"Yep, taown has ter keep it clear-ed. S'law."

I left the clearing's edge and walked to some barely discernible

---

\* While this article deals with conditions in Vermont, they are substantially the same in New Hampshire; and the writer of the article is a native of New Hampshire, born in the town of Newport, but is now employed by the U. S. Government, in the Geodetic Survey and stationed at Atlanta, Ga.



mounds. Slabs of marble, partly covered with moss, were tilted over the graves. On one monument I read this inscription,

"Remember me as you pass by,  
As you are now, so once was I.  
As I am now so you will be.

Prepare for death and follow me."

Walking to a gravestone apart from the rest, I started to decipher an inscription in old English.

"Why, this man took part in the Boston Tea Party!" I exclaimed to my friend.

"Yep," he replied. "He joined up later with Ethan Allen and fought daown ter Bennington. Some of his folks still live in Stratton, but the biggest parcel of 'em went West."

"These graveyards aren't a usual thing?" I asked him.

"Waal, thar's a number on 'em in these parts as fur back as this un," he answered, "in fact, thar's one up on Stratton Mountain a piece that's lost."

"Lost!" I exclaimed. I had never heard of a cemetery being lost.

"Yeah, growed up ter woods, ye know. Selec'men want me ter find it, come Spring, 'cause the taown 'sposed ter keep 'em cleared. Thar's been two crops o' pulp wood cut from this land 'raound here. Yesseh, it sure goes back quick."

We were both silent a moment. There was no noise except the rustling of falling leaves. It was the sort of grey fall afternoon when sound seems absorbed by the atmosphere.

My companion was saying, "Back thar was the meetin' house. They useter put the graveyards alongside the church in them days. Just about

eight rods from that edge of the clearin' is the site of the old town hall."

We walked to the cellar hole of the town hall. It was hardly more than a depression in the ground, lined with great square slabs of granite, and filled with earth and rotting timbers. A white birch tree was growing out of the ruins.

My farmer friend was speaking in a subdued voice, "My father useter tell me that when he was a boy fifty couples came here for chicken dinners, dances and sich, specially in harvest time—enjoyed 'emselves, too."

We looked at the cellar hole without a word. For a moment my imagination reconstructed the scene as it must have been. I saw a square and plain but substantial wooden building with a white spire rising clean and cool against green fields and grassy slopes. Some girls in crinolines were entering the hall, swinging their bonnets, laughing with the carefree joy of youth. Farmer boys in homespun greeted them at the door. There was a muffled hum of voices from the hall. The lively jig of the fiddler made my pulses tingle.

With a jolt I came back to reality. I gazed at my companion who was lost in reverie, too. I stared at the ruins in the cellar hole, at the mouldering timbers and the jumbled rocks. I looked back through the trees at the clearing dotted with little grey marks. I listened for a sound, but there was none, for the breeze had died and not even a leaf fell to disturb the stillness. The silence fairly roared in my ears.

"Come, come, man!" I exclaimed. "Let's get out of here."

There is no silence like the silence of deserted villages.

At another time, in the same township of Stratton, I was cruising through a wooded region, where more than five bears were trapped last Winter, when I came upon a monument which informed me that "on this spot Daniel Webster spoke to 15,000 people." Fleeting is earthly power, for today the yapping of foxes has replaced the thunderous oratory of the godlike Daniel.

To a Vermonter the danger of deforesting our country might appear as a cruel jest. I recall particularly the crumbling remains of a sawmill on a wooded ridge which slopes toward the waters of the Battenkill. That ridge and that locality was once stripped bare of trees. One may imagine, as he stands there in the forest, the scene presented in former days: the clock-clock of axes in the snow-laden woods, the cries of "Timber!" followed by the snowy crash of a great spruce, the creaking sleds as the shouting drivers guide the logs to the mill, the mill itself, new and proud and sharp, grinding out lumber with a cheerful hum. Today all is still, and the tall straight trees look down upon the rotting mill with the pitying look of strength. Nature, stripped of her garments, has re-clothed herself. She conquers with patience and long-waiting, and she heals her scars well.

For the surveyor who must relocate old lines she heals her scars too well. It requires a born woodsman to find property corners, blazed trees and ancient mill sites when the

very leaf-mould is deep enough to bury a pile of stones denoting a corner, when the blaze on a tree is covered by seventy or eighty years growth of wood, when millsites are so far distant in the woods that even the oldest inhabitants are lost in a land so changed from the one of their boyhood.

In colonial days there was a highway from Montreal to Boston, a royal highway built under a charter from the King of England. Four rods wide with a crowned surface, it was the main artery connecting the English of Massachusetts with the French of Canada. Over it clattered coaches, farm wagons, ox-teams—carriers of commerce. Growing up at intervals along its route were prosperous settlements, thrifty farms, lively taverns for entertainment of jovial travelers. I have crossed that road without seeing it; I have searched for it in various places in vain; I have followed a path which is all that remains of it. One not a woodsman can distinguish it in few localities; a woodsman cannot follow it a long way. The settlements, the farms, the taverns are now ruins. There is no sound of wheels along the King's Road today.

In Reading, not far from President Coolidge's birthplace, are the remains of an old settlement. At one time it was a station on the Underground Railway, and more than one fleeing negro passed the night there on his flight to Canada. A few stayed and lived there till they died. In general, however, the village was inhabited by whites, and today may be seen amongst the ruins of their homes, the cellar holes of the bank

and the store. A "road" obscured by alders and spruces winds northerly for a mile or more to Chase Four Corners. At this place was a school-house centrally located for a well-populated territory. The school accommodated sixty pupils, and several times that number learned their three R's there. Now nothing remains but a cellar hole with large maples growing from it. No more are children heard running with laughing shouts at the clanging of the bell. Today there is nothing to disturb the stillness but the hoot of an owl or the barking of a fox and even such noises of the wild are tossed about only for a moment by the waiting hills and then reprovingly hushed.

In the "front yard" of almost every abandoned farm house not entirely engulfed by woods are rose bushes. It is a sight not soon forgotten to see the weatherbeaten shell of a house, or perhaps merely the fallen timbers of the house, with roses blooming among the ruins, small bright dab of color against the red and white clusters of them—a dark, encroaching forest.

If one were to consider anything as an immutable relic of the old settlers it would be their stone walls. Built with ceaseless energy—work comparable only to the building of the pyramids—these walls extend through the forest as a silent memorial to a dead race. Up steep hills.

down valleys, criss-crossing fields, pastures and sugar orchards, they set off one lot from another, separate this man from that by a quiet bar of stone as befits New Englanders. One would say, "Here is something which will endure!"

But, alas, even stone walls are transitory. Robert Frost made an accurate observation when he wrote, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall,

That sends the frozen ground swell under it,

And spills the upper boulders in the sun." Walls do have a way of tumbling, and I have seen more than one mysteriously spilled upon the forest floor. Even the most substantial works of man are ephemeral. Time and Nature level all things, and nothing stands forever.

In the hill country of Vermont—a region known to few—the works of the early settlers are returning with astonishing rapidity to the forest from which those vikings wrested them. The remains of early farms and villages are becoming barely discernible in woods growing thicker year by year. Along highways, once resounding with the wheels of trade, prowl beasts of prey, and at night to the occasional hunter come their cries, weird and menacing for an instant, but soon engulfed by a universal hush that pervades places where people once lived and are gone.





# New Hampshire Libraries

By WILLARD P. LEWIS

Librarian University of New Hampshire

---

To find the beginnings of library history in the Granite State, one must go back to the revolutionary era when General Washington and the Continental armies were striving desperately to free the Colonies from British dominion. Even before that time while New Hampshire was a royal province there were books belonging to the province which afterwards were included in the beginnings of the state library and in 1769 when Eleazer Wheelock founded Dartmouth College he brought books with him from the Indian school in Connecticut to form part of the Dartmouth Library.

The first trace of a tendency towards the public library of today came with the establishment of the social libraries. The earliest of these located in Dover was said to have been in existence in 1776. It was incorporated in 1792 and thrived for a number of years. Several of its books and catalogs are now preserved in the public library of that city. Two hundred and fifteen of the social libraries sprang up in the towns of the state between 1792 and 1838. Only a few of them were free to all the inhabitants of the town, most charging a fee for membership, or being limited to an association or school district. In 1822 a free library was opened in the town of Dublin known as the Juvenile Library supported by subscriptions collected from the inhabitants. This library

was the fore-runner of the present Public Library of Dublin.

Dublin's neighbor on the east, Peterborough, gave birth to what was probably the earliest tax-supported public library, in 1833. Previous to that date, in 1821, New Hampshire had passed an act authorizing a tax on the capital stock of banks to establish a literary fund for educational purposes. In 1833 the town of Peterborough authorized the establishment of a public library using the tax money from the literary fund for the purpose. The library was established in the post office and the postmaster was the first librarian. In 1854 the offices of postmaster and librarian were divided and in 1873 the library was moved to a room in the Town Hall. Finally in 1892 the library was moved to a new building of its own which it still occupies. Among its endowment funds the library is proud to claim one from Andrew Carnegie of \$5,000, given in recognition of its claim to be the oldest tax-supported public library.

In 1849 the state of New Hampshire passed a law authorizing the towns to tax the people for the establishment of public libraries, being the first of the states to do so. For the next half century many such public libraries were organized. In 1880 a bill was passed authorizing the creation of a Public Library Commission, but unfortunately no funds were supplied and a few years

later the powers of the commission were transferred to the Trustees of the State Library. Finally, in 1917, the Commission was re-established and in 1919 received an initial appropriation for the employment of a secretary and carrying out the work of the Commission. That appropriation has since been increased with each legislature.

Another factor in promoting the welfare of the public libraries has been and is the State Library. Although not established as a separate institution and department until 1866, the gathering of volumes of official acts and journals was begun in colonial days. The first appropriation of money for books was in 1823. In 1846 the secretary of state was made librarian and in 1866 the state library was organized as a separate department with its own librarian and rooms. Finally in 1891 the state library was moved to its own newly constructed building. One important feature of its work is the loaning of books to individuals and libraries in all parts of the state thus co-operating with the work of the Public Library Commission.

A third library which is co-operating with the Public Library Commission and the State Library in working for the library interests of New Hampshire, has had a curious and interesting history. That is the Library at the State University in Durham known as the Hamilton Smith Library. The earliest library known in Durham was a social library incorporated in 1815. In 1862 the Durham Agricultural Library Association was organized. In 1881 the Durham Library Association was

incorporated as a stock company and that corporation is still in existence today. In 1892 by special contract the Durham Library Association became the public library for the town and received support from taxation. Meanwhile the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts had moved to Durham in 1893. In 1906 under a new contract the libraries of the Durham Library Association, town of Durham, and New Hampshire State College were joined together in a new building on the college campus provided from funds given by the estate of Hamilton Smith and by Andrew Carnegie and equipped by the state. In 1923 the college was incorporated as the University of New Hampshire. The library books and privileges are free to University students and faculty to residents of the town of Durham and as far as possible to the state at large.

Since 1920 the University Library has joined with the Public Library Commission in conducting an annual summer library school for the library workers of the state. Books are loaned to other libraries and individuals in the state and the library co-operates with the local libraries in supplying material for the contests in the Interscholastic Debating League conducted by the English Department of the University.

The largest library in the state and the oldest library in continuous service is that at Dartmouth College. Its beginnings antedate the institution for Dr. Eleazer Wheelock mentions a collection of books for the use of his Indian students at the school at Lebanon, Connecticut. The

books came with him to Hanover. In 1770 the library was given 100 pounds for books by Theodore Atkinson. In 1771 the trustees assigned an acre of ground to the librarian for the erection of a house to contain the college library. The rules of 1794 allowed seniors one book at a time, juniors and sophomores two books and freshmen one. Members of each class were allowed one hour in two weeks for drawing books, provided not more than five be in the library chamber at one time." As time went on the Dartmouth library was gradually increased in size—at one time by the addition of the two literary society libraries after a memorable struggle. Many gifts from alumni and others have been added to the college appropriations until today the collection numbers about 210,000 volumes. A new building to cost one million dollars

is in process of erection.

At the present time there are 261 public libraries in New Hampshire. Eleven of the towns have no organized libraries within their borders, but are served by neighboring towns and by the State Library Commission and State Library. Among the larger public libraries in the state are those at Manchester, Dover, Concord, Nashua, Keene, Claremont, Laconia, Rochester and Portsmouth. The State Historical Society has a large library at Concord consisting chiefly of historical and genealogical material. The future of the public library situation in the state will depend largely upon standardization of the libraries, and some form of training for all the librarians of the smaller libraries, and co-operation, to avoid duplication and wasted effort, through the agency of the Public Library Commission.

---

## Winter Nights in New Hampshire

By ANNIE KINGHAM

Adown the aisles of inky pines  
There slips the silvery moon,  
And through their ranks there faintly whines  
The night wind's mystic rune.  
Across the virgin powdered snow  
The Morsic code is drawn,  
By furry feet that come and go,  
And vanish with the dawn.  
The trembling stars across the Vast  
Show eath so small a thing  
That all the Present and the Past  
Seem less than insect's wing.  
Till through the night to frosty sky  
The lynx hurls forth his battle cry.

Gilmanton, N. H.



# New Hampshire Necrology

---

## EDWARD C. NILES

Born in Hartford, Conn., March 28, 1865; died in Concord, N. H., February 16, 1927.

He was a son of the late Bishop William Woodruff, and Bertha Olmsted) Niles, educated in the public schools of Concord, St. Paul's School and Trinity College, graduating from the latter in 1887. After three years service as a teacher in the Holderness School he studied law, graduating from the Harvard Law School, Practicing for a time in Berlin, N. H., he soon removed to Concord, where he was a partner for a time with Harry G. Sargent, Henry F. Hollis, James W. Remick and others.

When the Public Service Commission was organized he was appointed its chairman, and served eight years in that capacity, but resigned and went to Washington, during the World War, and engaged in the service of the Railroad Administration Board, returning to Concord in 1923, since when he had been engaged in private practice, and as reporter for the N. H. Supreme Court. He also represented the state in important railroad matters. He served for a time, some years ago upon the Concord Board of Education, and represented his ward in the city government.

He was a member and vestryman of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Concord; had been chancellor of the diocese, and member of important committees.

Mr. Niles was three times married, first to Ethel Fanny Abbe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Abbe of Newport News, Va., formerly of Concord, and three children were born to them, Edward Abbe Niles, now practicing law in New York, and James H. and Rose Terry Niles of Concord. His wife died in

1910 and later he married her sister, Ellen Tower Abbe, who died in 1920. In January, 1927 he married Miss Mabel Estelle Young of Washington, D. C., who survives him, as do the sisters, Miss Mary Niles and Mrs. Thomas Hodgson of Concord and a brother, Rev. William P. Niles of Nashua.

## REV. RUFUS P. GARDNER

Born in Orland, Me., September 14, 1859; died in Franklin, N. H., February 7, 1927.

He was educated at the Castine Normal School, Castine, Me., Bryant & Stratton's Business College at Manchester, and at the Bangor Theological School, Bangor, Me., graduating from the latter in 1886. He began preaching as a Methodist, but soon changed his membership to the Congregational Church and served churches in Maine, at Marion, Mass., and at Hampstead. While pastor of the church at Marion, Mass., he was elected one of the trustees of Tabor Academy at Marion, which position he held until his death or for about 39 years. After his pastorate at Marion, he went to Hampstead, N. H., as pastor of the Congregational Church in that village. While there he was elected a trustee of Sanborn Seminary and on the death of Judge Joseph F. Wiggin, president of the board, Mr. Gardner was elected president and held that position to his death.

In 1906 he was elected superintendent of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin, a position which he held until he was incapacitated by an injury some five years ago, and resigned, since making his home in Franklin, which city he had served as a member of the Council three terms.

He was prominent and active in

Masonry and Odd Fellowship. He leaves a widow ;a daughter, Mrs. James S. Shaw of Franklin, and a son, Harold P. Gardner, of Rutland, Vt.

### MARY J. CARPENTER

Mary J. Carpenter, born in Chichester, June 29, 1843, died at her home in that town, January 14, 1927.

She was the eldest daughter of Hon. Charles H. Carpenter and Joanna (Maxfield) Carpenter and was the great granddaughter of Rev. Josiah Carpenter who was for 36 years pastor of the Congregational church in Chichester, and descended from William Carpenter who came from England to Rehobeth, Mass., before 1640.

Miss Carpenter was educated in the town schools, Pittsfield Academy and Miss Merrill's famous school for girls in Concord. After teaching school for some years, she assumed charge of the ancestral home, where she ministered affectionately, to the needs of her father, and gracefully discharged the duties of hostess in the establishment which had long been the seat of a generous hospitality. She was a woman of sound judgment and great financial ability, and managed the large farm with remarkable success; while at the same time filling a large place in the life of the community. She was a loyal member of the church of her fathers, a member of the Society of Colonial Dames in New Hampshire and of the Benjamin Sargent Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

She is survived by three sisters Sally P. Carpenter of Chichester, Mrs. Electa A. Goss and Mrs. Clara A. Batchelder of Pittsfield, and nephews, Dr. Edward C. Batchelder of Dover, Charles N. Batchelder of Boston, William A. Goss of Dover, Charles Lane Goss of Hanover and Robert H. Fischer of Pittsfield and a niece, Mrs. Stella Warren of Pittsfield.

### OMAR A. TOWNE

Born in Stoddard, N. H., February 2, 1857 died in Franklin, February 1927.

He was the oldest of four children of Hollis and Elzina M. (Core) Towne, and was educated in the public schools, Penacook Academy and the Wolfeboro Christian Institute. He learned the printer's trade and commenced business in Franklin as a job printer and bookseller in 1880. In 1884 he bought the Franklin Transcript, and a few years later the Merrimack Journal was purchased and consolidated with it; Samuel Robie, now of the Chelsea (Mass.) Evening Record, being for several years associated with him in the publication. Since 1901 Mr. Towne has been the sole owner of the paper which came to be regarded as one of the best weeklies in the state.

He had been for many years, up to the time of his retirement by a limitation in 1921, Judge of the Franklin Municipal Court; had been for 22 years a member of the Franklin Board of Education, and was a delegate in the Constitutional Conventions of 1889, 1902 and 1912. He was President of the N. H. State Board of Trade in 1915-16. He was the first President of the New Hampshire Weekly Publishers' Association and had been President of the New Hampshire Press Association. He also served several years as a deputy sheriff of Merrimack County. He was associated with and an officer of many corporations and prominent in the Masonic and other fraternities. Politically he was a Republican, and in religion Baptist, having been a member of the Baptist Church in Franklin many years, and long superintendent of the Sunday School.

On June 6, 1884 he married Elizabeth C. Morrill, who died February 17, 1916. He is survived by a daughter, Miss Addie E. Towne of Franklin and a brother, Elmer E. Towne of Concord.

## JOHN LAIGHTON

Born in Stratham, Oct. 26, 1846; died in Portsmouth, February 2, 1927.

He was the son of Benjamin and Susan (Remick) Loughton. In early life he engaged in the grocery business in Portsmouth, and continued for nearly forty years. He served at one time as cashier of the National Mechanics bank and was a trustee of the Portsmouth Saving bank. He was treasurer of the Granite State Fire Insurance company from the time it was formed until 1894.

In politics, Mr. Loughton was a Republican, serving as alderman, representative in the Legislature and state senator. He served in 1920-03 as city auditor and from 1918 until 1923, when he resigned owing to ill health.

He was a Knight Templar Mason, a member of DeWitt Clinton Commandery of Portsmouth. He leaves a widow, and a son, Remick H. Loughton of Portsmouth.

## CHARLES H. McDUFFEE

Born in Alton, February 20, 1868; died there January 28, 1927.

He was the son of Jonathan and Mary (Hurd) McDuffee, of Scotch-Irish extraction, and descended from the Scottish clan of Duffs, prominent in history before the opening of the Christian era; the prefix, Mac, later abbreviated to Mc, having been adopted about A. D. 1050, and indicating son of or descendant. He was educated in the public schools, New Hampshire Institute, St. Johnsbury Academy and Dartmouth College.

He engaged in the lumber and box making business in Alton, with a cousin, George Place, till 1902, when he went into business himself as a contractor and builder, and followed the same successfully through life. He took a strong interest in education and politics, and the general life of the community; serving many years upon the board of edu-

cation, and as a selectman. He was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1912, and represented his town in the Legislature of 1915-16, as a Democrat, serving upon the Committee on Education. He also served as Custodian of the Mails for the Legislature of 1923.

He was active in the Masonic order, and long a devoted member of Merry Meeting Grange, P. of H., a loyal supporter of the Baptist church of Alton, and faithful and true to all the duties of citizenship.

He married in 1900, Miss Alta H. Hill of Goodwin's Mills, Me., a lady of rare accomplishments and a devoted life companion, herself well known in public life, as a prominent club woman and Past President of the N. H. Federation, who survives him, with one daughter, Doris McDuffee, teacher of history and geometry at Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass.

## E. OSCAR PINKHAM

Born at Dover Point, May 21, 1870; died in Portsmouth, February 17, 1927.

Mr. Pinkham was engaged in brickmaking at Dover Point for many years; but later served for some time as a claim agent for the Boston & Maine Railroad, and for the last ten years was an employee of the N. H. Internal Revenue office at Portsmouth.

He was a Democrat in politics and had been a member of the Portsmouth City Council. In 1906 he represented the 22d District in the N. H. State Senate. He was a Mason, a member of the Royal Arcanum and the Piscataqua Pioneers, and active in the work of the Parent-Teachers Association. He leaves a widow, three sons and five daughters.

## CAPT. HORACE FRENCH

Born in Bedford, February 16, 1837; died at West Lebanon, February 13, 1927.

He was educated in the public



schools and at Kimball Union Academy, which latter institution he left to enlist in the 3d Vermont Regiment, for service in the Civil War, serving throughout the war; and suffered confinement for a time in southern prisons. He attained the rank of Captain, and was the last surviving officer of the regiment.

For many years after the war he was a traveling salesman, and subsequently conducted a wholesale stationery business, making his residence at West Lebanon, where he was long a deacon of the Congregational Church, and Postmaster for ten years or more.

He married Mary E. Gillette of Hartford, Vt., and had nine children of whom one son Samuel P. French with whom he resided survives.

#### CHARLES B. HIBBARD

Born in Laconia, December 25, 1855; died there February 20, 1927.

He was the son of the late Judge Ellery A., and Mary H. (Bell) Hibbard, prepared for college at Tilton and Philips Exeter Academies and graduated from Dartmouth in 1876. He studied law in his father's office, was admitted to the bar in 1879, practiced for a time in Worcester and Boston, Mass., and in 1887 returned to Laconia and formed a partnership with his father, continuing in practice after the decease of the later.

He was a Democrat in politics and in 1886 he was elected county solicitor for Belknap county, serving for two years.

In 1890 he was elected a member of the Board of Education, which position he held for a number of years. He was appointed state law reporter in 1895, being in charge of the work of editing and publishing the decisions of the Supreme Court of N. H. This position he resigned in 1899. He was a member of the State Bar association and the Belknap County Bar association. He was a past master of Mt. Lebanon

lodge A. F. and A. M. of Laconia and was also a member of Winnie-seogee lodge, I. O. O. F.

He married December 14, 1897, Miss Mary Eastman Gale of Laconia who survives together with one sister, Miss Laura B. Hibbard.

#### CHARLES J. AYER

Born in Haverhill, N. H., Nov. 2, 1858; died in Plymouth, January 1, 1927.

He was a son of Lyman and Mary (Pike) Ayer. In 1888 he married Lillian E. Crowley. They resided for some years in Haverhill, but removed to Plymouth in 1897. He was engaged through life in the insurance business, having built up the Ayer Insurance Agency, Inc., in Plymouth and the Ayer Co., of Boston, in which latter city he spent much time. He was also Treasurer and director of the Plymouth Electric Co., The Plymouth Company and the Cash Supp'y Co., all of Plymouth and the Cortland Grinding Wheels Corp., of Chester, Mass., and a director of the White Mountain Tel. & Tel. Co. He had represented Plymouth in the State Legislature and served two terms as commissioner for Grafton County. He was a member of Pemigewasset Chapter No. 13, R. A. M., St. Gerard Commandery of Littleton and the New Hampshire Consistory. Also a member of the Boston and Plymouth Chambers of Commerce, Lake Tarleton and the Plymouth Golf Club. Besides his widow, one son, Percival M., who was his associate in business, and two daughters, Mrs. W. J. Plant of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and Mrs. A. W. Pearson of New York survive.

#### GEORGE A. MAYO

Born at East Alstead, January 1, 1844, died there January 13, 1927.

He was the only child of Joel and Mary (Banks) Mayo, and was educated in the public schools and the Alstead, Marlow and Meriden Academies. He taught school success-

fully for several years; then commenced the study of law with Albert S. Wait of Newport, but was obliged to give it up on account of failing health, and return to farm life. He was superintending school committee or a member of the board of education for 34 years, and was a charter member of Prentice Hill Grange in which he held office many years. On May 11, 1871, he married Lizzie M. Kemp by whom he is survived. Politically he was an earnest Democrat. He was a descendant of Judge Nathaniel S. Prentice and a cousin of the late Gov. Nathaniel P. Banks of Massachusetts.

#### REV. CARTER E. CATE, D. D.

Born in Loudon, N. H., August 26, 1852; died in Providence, R. I., January 18, 1927.

He was the son of Benjamin and Abigail (Wells) Cate, and was educated at Tilton Seminary, and Wesleyan and Dartmouth Colleges, graduating from the latter in 1876. He studied theology at the Boston University Divinity School, and was ordained to the Methodist Episcopal ministry in 1878, holding his first pastorate at Lakeport, N. H. Subsequently he was located in Lowell and Haverhill, Mass., and Lewiston and Portland, Me., and was for some time pastor of the Roger Williams Free Baptist church in Providence. In 1910 and 1911 he traveled in Europe, and afterwards supplied for different churches to some extent.

He married Electa Ann Donovan of Lakeport in 1882, who survives with a daughter, Mrs. Raymond W. Gatchell of Edgewood, two sons, Benjamin Harold Cate and Arthur W. Cate and four grandchildren.

#### MOSES F. KNOWLTON

Born in Wendell (now Sunapee) July 24, 1845; died in the same town, January 19, 1927.

He was the son of Dennis G., and Elizabeth (Chase) Knowlton, was educated in the town schools and at

New London Academy, and spent his life in business in his native town, except for a short time in Stoneham, Mass., and a few years as proprietor of the Phenix hotel in Newport.

In politics he was an earnest Democrat, and served his town as a representative, and many years as a selectman. He was also for some time a deputy sheriff. He was an Odd Fellow, a director of the First National Bank of Newport, and was one of the owners and builders of the "Edmund Burke," the first steamer on Lake Sunapee, having taken great interest in the development of summer business at the lake.

He was a public spirited citizen and did much to promote the welfare and prosperity of his town, donating a fine town clock and contributing liberally in other directions. He was twice married, his last wife, who was Lucy Dickerson Heseltine, surviving him.

CHARLES C. STURTEVANT, a leading citizen of Keene, prominent in banking and community work circles, died at his home in that city, November 22, 1926.

He was born in Keene, June 7, 1874, son of John W. Sturtevant, and graduated from Dartmouth College, where he won Phi Beta Kappa honors, in 1891. He had been in the service of the Keene National and Cheshire County Savings Banks, and was trustee of the Elisha F. Lane estate, but was particularly interested in Community work in the north end of the city, centering at the George St. Chapel, where he had been superintendent for 27 years. He was unmarried and had made his home with his mother. Aside from other bequests, he left \$5,000 each to Dartmouth College, the Elliot Hospital and the George St., Chapel.

BENJAMIN D. PEASLEE, M. D., born in Weare, April 18, 1857, died in Hillsborough, November 9, 1926.

He was one of ten children seven

of whom attained mature life, and five of whom survive, among them Chief Justice Robert J. Peaslee and Mrs. Charles J. Hadley of Manchester, and Rev. Arthur Peaslee, an Episcopalian rector and prominent teacher of Newport, R. I.

Upon completing his medical studies Dr. Peaslee practiced first, for a time in Meredith, and later in Bradford, but on account of poor health, had to cease practice for a time, and go south. Returning north he practiced for a short time in Melrose, Mass., and later pursu-

ed special studies of the eye, ear and throat in New York. He located in Hillsborough in 1893, where he eventually made his home, and was actively engaged in practice, except when in Florida, in which state he was much interested and had a winter home. He was a prominent figure in the community life of Hillsborough and commanded the respect and affection of the people. He had been three times married, but left no living children. His last wife, who was Miss Ethel Gay of Hillsborough, survives.



## The Maple

By GERTRUDE W. MARSHALL

I like your smooth, green leaves,  
That rustle in the Summer breeze;  
I like your gorgeous colors in the Fall,  
Then you are the gayest tree of all;  
I like the maple log, hot and bright  
In the fireplace on a cold Winter's night;  
But I like best, your Spring-time treat  
Of maple syrup, so brown and sweet.

Groveton, N. H.



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

APRIL 1927

NO. 4.

## ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS

The present month marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Granite Monthly, the first issue of which appeared in April 1877, from the office of the Democratic Press, in Ham's Block, on Washington Street, in the city of Dover, the present editor, then publishing the Press, being the founder.

The first article in the Magazine was a biographical sketch of Benjamin F. Prescott of Epping, who had been chosen Governor of New Hampshire at the annual election in March previous, which was illustrated with a wood cut portrait of the subject, this being before half-tone engraving had come into use. Among other articles in this number was one on the Early Settlers of New Hampshire, by Prof. E. D. Sanborn of Dartmouth College, and a Historical sketch of Phillips Exeter Academy. There was also a story, entitled "Paying the Mortgage," by Mary Dwinell Chellis, a Newport writer.

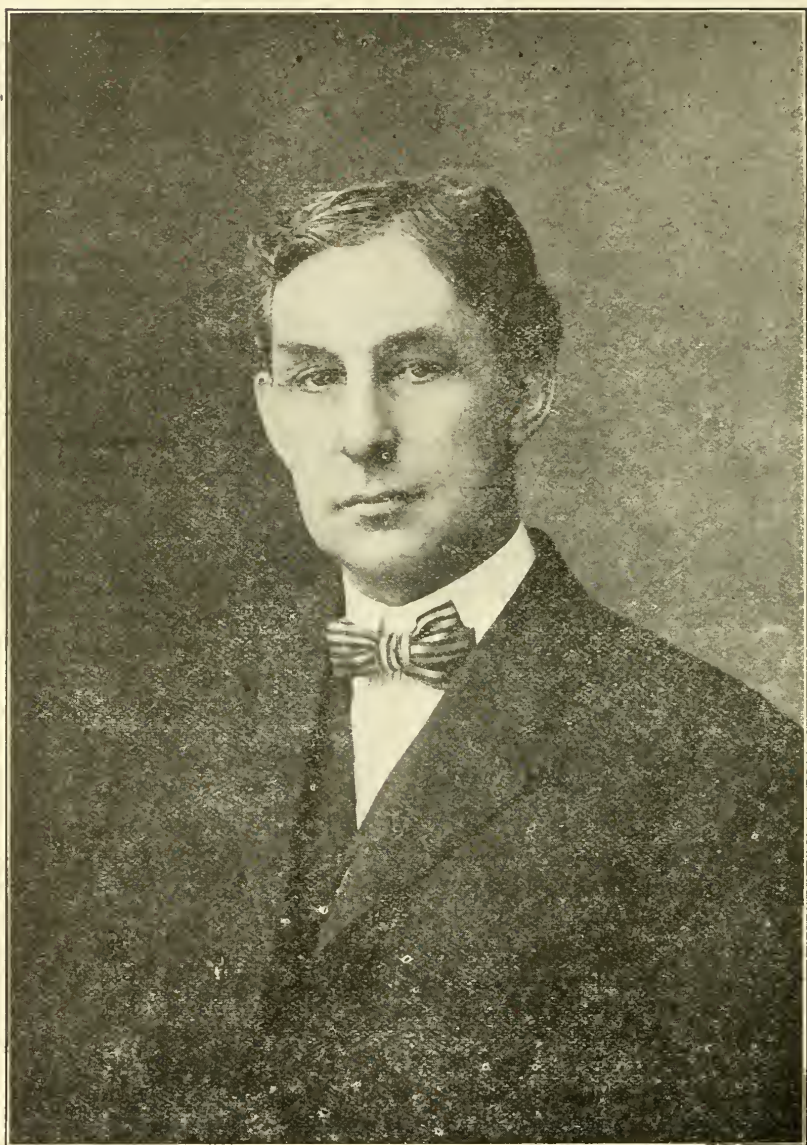
This number and the entire first volume of the Magazine, was set entirely by hand, by Edward J. Burnham, subsequently for many years one of the editors of the Manchester Union, who was then a compositor in the office of the Democratic Press.

Nearly opposite Ham's Block, on Washington Street, was the Morning Star building, in which that organ of the Free Baptist Church was published, with the Rev. I. D. Stewart manager, and George F. Mosher editor. In a corner room, on the lower floor of the building, Mr. Charles H. Horton had a book-binding establishment, where the binding of the magazine was done. One of the landmarks of the city, at that time, was the old corner drug store of Charles A. Tufts, at the corner of Washington Street and Central Avenue. Dr. Tufts, by the way, was the father of Edith Souther Tufts, long time connected with Wellesley College, and now Dean of Residence, at that institution.

There were then two newspapers published in Dover, aside from the Press—the Enquirer and Foster's Democrat, of which the latter is still issued. The leading lawyers were Daniel M. Christie (then about retiring), Joshua G. Hall, Samuel M. Wheeler, George F. (Frank) Hobbs and Daniel Hall. Drs. Ham, Pray and Wheeler were the leading physicians.

Among the names included in the first subscription list for the Granite Monthly, in Dover, was that of Charles S. Cartland, who was then a clerk in the Strafford National Bank and is now the President of that institution. His is the only name on the Dover list that has been there from the start; and there are very few in the state with a similar record.

Through various changes and vicissitudes the Granite Monthly has continued its existence for half a century, and now, still devoted to its original purpose, it greets its patrons in the Old Home State, and beyond its borders, with thanks for their support, and hope for the continuance of the same, wishing health and happiness for all, and continued progress and prosperity for New Hampshire.



WILLIAM A. STONE, N. H. PURCHASING AGENT

# Buying for the State

By LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

A Former Employee in the State Purchasing Department

---

One hundred pounds of prunes for breakfast! Imagine it, fair young housewife! You who find a single pound of this healthful and economical dried fruit, with its propensity to expand in cooking, cloying the appetite of yourself and your husband before it can be eaten, imagine serving a hundred pounds at a single breakfast, and this only a minor part of the menu! Yet a hundred weight of prunes are set a-soaking in a huge caldron at the New Hampshire State hospital as a small detail of breakfast, and other viands in proportion are served to the eighteen hundred or more people, patients and staff, who eat three meals a day there. Many towns and villages throughout the state number far less population than is housed behind its brick walls, and this is but one of five state institutions for which food supplies are purchased.

Housekeepers who find the task of buying provisions for the home difficult, husbands who worry when the bills for coal, lights and family clothing and the hundred and one items which make up the total of household expense come pouring in on the first day of the month, will be interested in the job of one man in the State Capitol at Concord—the state purchasing agent, William A. Stone. For whether it is prunes or prisms, a “freedom suit” and a new necktie for a paroled convict, new text books for the State Normal Schools or a

milch cow for the State Industrial School, it must be bought through the office of the state purchasing agent. It can literally be said that Mr. Stone personally oversees every purchase and it would take a mighty crafty vendor to best him in a deal.

The five institutions for which food supplies are purchased are the State Hospital and Prison at Concord, the Laconia State School, the State Industrial School in Manchester and the State Sanatorium for tubercular patients at Glenclyff. Food is also bought for the Normal Schools at Plymouth and Keene, besides all their supplies and equipment. Although food is the biggest item of expense in running these institutions it is by no means the only one. Heat, light, power, clothing, furnishings and repairs, a huge list of incidentals, these contribute to the reasons why the state purchasing agent fails to take a trip to Europe or spend his summers basking in the sun at shore or mountains.

Then there are the numerous state departments, twenty-four I believe. Of these the State Highway Department creates, perhaps, more business for the state purchasing department than any other as the cost of road building materials, all of which are purchased by Mr. Stone’s department, runs into huge sums every year.

But to get back to food. Last year the inmates of the State Hospital,



the State Industrial School, the Laconia State School and the State Sanatorium consumed about \$39,000 worth of meat. They ate \$13,866.67 worth of butter. They drank \$3,517.81 worth of coffee. The food bill alone for the State Hospital was \$109,158.82. For the Laconia State School it was \$18,147.57; for the State Prison, \$16,963.74; for the Sanatorium, \$15,898.08; for the Industrial School \$9,057.97. Heat, light and power cost \$113,713.10 last year. The coal bill at the State Hospital alone was \$38,084.44.

The purchasing agent's office is also a ticket agency. Mileage for the transportation of all state officials while in the pursuit of their state duties is furnished through this office as well as for transportation of members of the Legislature. At the last session the expense of transporting the solons to and from the Legislature and furnishing mileage to Legislative committees totaled approximately \$33,000. Every ticket and mileage was furnished through the purchasing agent's office and monthly reports rendered to the railroad.

Contracts for the greater part of the state's printing are let by the purchasing agent. The paper stock is bought separately and bids are secured for the printing. Paper is also furnished all state departments for typing, stencils and the regular office work.

The economic value of centralized purchasing is now universally recognized by competent authorities. Between thirty-five and forty states have adopted the plan and the result has shown large savings. Those states that do not have this system

of purchasing are falling into line, is evidenced by the measure that now before the Maine Legislature create such a department.

A state with a credit beyond question and that can make its purchases in large volume by concentration obtain its supplies at the lowest market prices. The purpose of this article, however, is not to present reasons that led to the adoption of such a system in New Hampshire but to inform the reader somewhat in detail of the duties performed by the state purchasing agent and responsibilities of his office.

In this connection I will quote what a high official of a company whose purchases amount to many millions a year thinks of a purchasing agent's responsibilities. Mr. Herbert B. Tenney, vice president of Charles H. Tenney & Company, a company that has organized and is operating a group of from twenty to thirty public service corporations, in an article recently published in a magazine said: "In speaking from the public utility view point the position of purchasing agent is as important as that of treasurer, and doubtless that is also true in other fields."

I think Mr. Tenney has placed the purchasing agent in the same position that a state purchasing agent should be recognized, as occupying that of an important business executive.

One of the important duties involving upon the state purchasing agent is that of awarding contracts for the construction of new state buildings or additions and improvements to old ones. The method by which this is accomplished follows

Bids for the construction of the buildings are invited by the purchasing agent after the plans and specifications are approved by the Governor and Council. When the award is made the purchasing agent is authorized to contract with the successful bidder and the custody of the contract and other documents pertaining thereto are placed on file in the purchasing agent's office.

The purchasing agent is required to keep a record of all liabilities assumed by the state against each building appropriation and to authorize no expenditures in excess thereof except in cases where additional means have been provided. A record of all payments is kept and the method employed in arranging for payments under the contracts is as follows: The contractor the first of each month furnishes the architect with an itemized statement of the amount of material delivered on the premises when the building is being erected; also the cost of the labor performed. This statement is verified by the architect and a certificate of the facts is furnished the purchasing agent. This certificate is used for a request for payments and is approved by the purchasing agent after being verified in accordance with the conditions of the contract. It is then passed to the state treasurer for payment.

The state purchasing agent was appointed by and under the direct authority of a central board of trustees for state institutions previous to the passage of Chapter 14, laws of 1919, which abolished this board and placed the appointment and control of the Purchasing Agent with the Governor and Council. It was

under the administration of Gov. John H. Bartlett that this board was abolished. Mr. Stone is serving his third three-year term, his last appointment having been made by Gov. John G. Winant and approved by his Council.

Perhaps Mr. Stone's own words in one of his previous annual reports may make clear to the public something of the nature of his duties. Said he: "Practically the only statutory requirements demanded of the purchasing agent are to make all purchases for state institutions and departments, with minor exceptions, by competitive bidding when it appears practical, considering the nature and amount of material and supplies to be purchased, and to purchase for county institutions whenever the commissioner of any county shall make requisition therefor. The law also provides that the Governor and Council shall require all officials and agents of the state having to do with the purchase of materials and supplies, to so co-operate with the purchasing agent that purchases of materials and supplies may be made most economically as to quality, quantity and time of purchase."

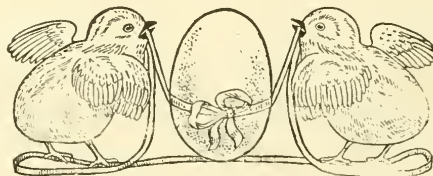
Mr. Stone contends, and his attitude has been endorsed by every governor since his appointment, that no hard and fast rule can be established as to when, how and where, in what amount or what quality he shall make his purchases. Says he, "If no discretion is left the purchasing agent, he would be acting merely as a messenger, agent or clerk," or, to use a familiar expression, "become a rubber stamp." Mr. Stone could never be likened to a rubber stamp. He stands firmly by his prerogatives.

"On the other hand," this official says, "it would be illogical to suppose that the purchasing agent should dictate to each institution or department just what it could or could not have. It must of necessity be largely a matter of common sense, a union of interests under joint control, with the Governor and Council holding the deciding vote." Mr. Stone illustrates this point by saying that it would be absurd for the purchasing agent to decide in buying oil for the highway department as to what degree of penetration the oil should possess, or the quantity that should be bought at one time. This is clearly the business of the State Highway Commissioner to decide. However, after receiving from the commissioner the specifications as to what is required it becomes the purchasing agent's business to submit such specifications to dealers for bids, to make the purchase and execute the contract, if one is required.

Mr. Stone is a man who, through shrewd common sense and years of business training knows not only how to drive a good bargain but is as conscientious regarding the expenditure of public funds as though they were his personal property. No one who knows, even remotely, the

manner in which he conducts the responsibilities of his office would associate that ugly word "graft" with him. To those of us who have been employed in his office it seemed at times as though he is even a bit over scrupulous, if one can say so. So careful is he lest it be said that he accepts gifts from business concerns or salesmen for the purpose of influencing him in the matter of purchasing, I have known him to dictate polite letters refusing cigars or other holiday gifts which he returned to the business houses or tradesmen. Is this a mere gesture? I do not think so. One of his staff ever for a moment considered it such. His stand in this matter leaves him entirely "free and loose" to buy wherever he can obtain the best bargains and no one has a "string on him."

He is a Fundamentalist in religion and a Republican in politics. For many years previous to his appointment to his present position he was connected with one of the leading Capital City banks. He never seeks praise, in fact, he avoids it whenever possible, but I know he will forgive me if I, in the words of St. Paul, declare that he is "a man who walks honestly in the work whereunto he has been appointed."





# Colonel John Wentworth and His Salmon Falls House

By ANNIE WENTWORTH BAER

In a leather covered note-book with a quaint brass clasp, bearing the date, May the 2nd, 1721, I read: "John (4) Wentworth was the son of Benjamin (3) Wentworth, Benjamin (3) Wentworth was the son of Ezekiel (2) Wentworth." Now, Ezekiel (2), was the fourth son, also the fourth child, of Elder William (1), the immigrant ancestor of the Wentworths in America. Ezekiel (2) was born, it is believed, as early as 1651. He lived in what is known as Salmon Falls, and a lineal descendant is still living on the same acres. Ezekiel (2) was a representative in the Legislature from Dover, in 1711, and it is believed that he died the latter part of that year, or very early in 1712. This is gathered from the Journal of the House; "6 May 1712. Upon the death of Mr. Ezekiel Wentworth, Capt. Timothy Gerrish was chosen Representative from the town of Dover." Ezekiel (2) had a wife Elizabeth, (possibly Elizabeth Knight) and this couple had John (3), Paul (3), Benjamin (3), Gershom (3), Tamsen (3) and Elizabeth (3). Benjamin (3), the father of the subject of this paper was born about 1691. He married in 1717 Elizabeth, daughter of John Leighton of Kittery, Maine, who was for several years Sheriff of York County, then embracing the whole State. In 1716 Benjamin (3) was chosen constable. He was "Sargeant" in 1717, and "Captain" when

he died in 1725. He was elected Representative in 1724, when he was sworn and admitted. The Legislature was prorogued 8 January 1725 to 11 April, 1725. The Journal says

"Tuesday, 14th April 1725

Whereas Captain Benjamin (3) Wentworth, late one of the Representatives of the town of Dover, lately deceased, ordered that the speaker issue his warrant." This is as near the date of his death as can be ascertained.

The home of Capt. Benjamin (3) was on the New Hampshire side of Quamphegan, on the east side of the road on the hill known as "Somersworth Hill." Capt. Benjamin (3) built a barn here, but the house was built long before by some of the former owners. The children of Benjamin (3) and Elizabeth Wentworth were: John (4), born 30, March 1719 and three daughters, Elizabeth (4) Abigail (4) and Mary (4). John (4) in whom we are interested, was left fatherless at the age of six years. His uncle, Col. Paul, took a great interest in his nephew, educated him and made him his chief heir in his will. John (4), married 9, Dec. 1742 Joanna, daughter of Judge Nicholas and Sarah (Clark) Gilman of Exeter N. H. Joanna was a granddaughter of Counsellor John Gilman.

In the note-book before mentioned I found the date of this marriage written in Col. John's own hand, I

believe, also the record of his children's births. Paul (5) born Oct. 3, 1743, John (5) was born in 1745, Benjamin (5), named for his paternal grandfather, was born March 26th, 1750. Two weeks later, April 8, Joanna Wentworth died. The account of her death is written in the note-book, and is surrounded by a heavy black line.

Oct. 16, 1750, Col. John (4), married 2nd Abigail, daughter of Thomas and Love (Bunker) Millet of Dover, N. H. July 30, 1751 a son was born to this couple, and he was named Thomas (5) Millet. In the winter of 1753 dire sickness and death came into Col. John's (4) family. In the note-book, bordered by heavy black lines we read: "Nicholas Wentworth, son of John Wentworth, departed this life Feb. 1st, 1753 about nine o'clock at night with the throat distemper, aged two years and twenty-one days."

A week later, Benjamin, son of John Wentworth, departed this life Feb. 8th 1753 about seven o'clock at night, with the throat distemper, aged five years, three months, and sixteen days." Then under this is written: "These two boys both in one graves." Under the same black lines I read: Thomas Millet Wentworth, son of John Wentworth, departed this life Feb. 9, 1756, with throat distemper, about six in the morning, aged 18 months, wanting one day.

Feb. 19 of this same year another son was born to John and Abigail Wentworth, and he was named Thomas (5) Millet. Eight children in all came to this couple; three boys dying in infancy. July 15, 1767, Abigail died leaving a child not yet three years old. Recorded in the old

book we read: "John Wentworth and Elizabeth Cole married June 1, 1767. Elizabeth was the daughter of Col. Thomas Wallingford, and the widow of Capt. Amos Cole. Two children were born to John and Elizabeth on July 11, 1776 about nine o'clock at night, Elizabeth died aged about nine years. This tells the story of Col. John's life in his home, and it seems one of sunshine and shadow.

In 1747-48 Col. Paul Wentworth, uncle of Col. John, made his will. The first "item" in this instrument reads thus: "I give and bequeath unto my nephew John Wentworth, son of my beloved brother Benjamin Wentworth, deceased, all my homestead, that is to say, all the lands lying on both sides of the highway that passes from Salmon Falls to the Meeting House in the aforesaid Parish (Strawersworth) with all the buildings standing on said land as my dwelling house, with all the appurtenances, privileges and commodities belonging to my said homestead which contain about 120 acres of land to him, his heirs and assigns forever." He also gave him 109 acres of land at Indian Hill, and another parcel of woodland "lying at the head of Burwick brook near by Salmon Falls river."

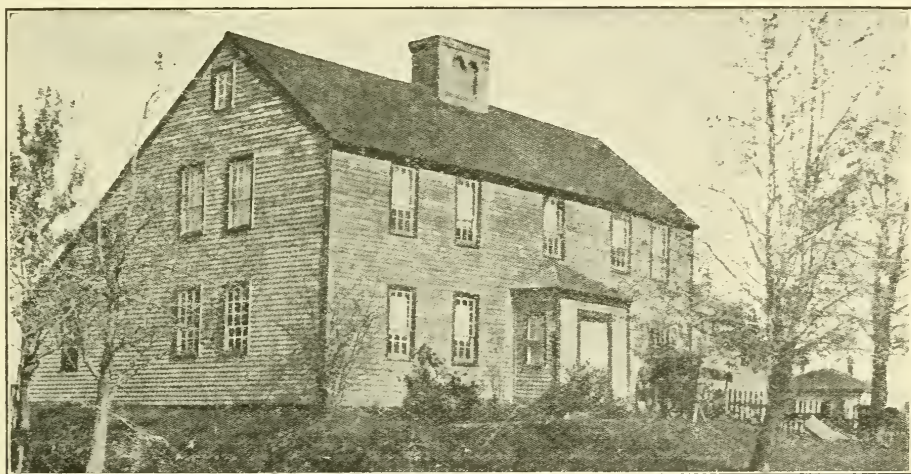
Col. Paul, gave in his will £100 pounds, old tenor to be improved by his executors that I shall name hereafter, for the bringing up of Paul Wentworth, son to my aid nephew John, to good learning that he may be capable of serving God and his country. This namesake of Col. Paul's, the first born of Col. John and Joanna (Gilman) Wentworth, received a collegiate education, and his brother, John (5), Jr., received

advantages of this fund and graduated at Harvard College, and was a member of the first Congregational Church in Dover, and of the Continental Congress, and faithfully served God and his country. He was the grandfather of "Long John" so called, the author of the Wentworth Books. As a matter of interest to Dover folk I will give this item in Col. Paul's will. "I give and bequeath to my niece Mary, daughter of my beloved brother Benjamin

6, 1762, became a famous teacher, and was known as "Master Wallingford." He was the great grandfather of Judge Robert Pike.

Col. Paul (3), gave his nephew John, one-fourth of all his estate left after the legacies were complied with, and also made him an executor with the Rev. James Pike and Gershom Wentworth, a brother of Col. Paul (3).

Col. Paul was born in 1678. He was one of the wealthiest men of his



The Wentworth House at Salmon Falls, Built in 1701

Wentworth, deceased, 200 pounds old tenor, and also the furniture of the northwest corner chamber in my dwelling house, that is to say, the bed in said chamber with all the furniture belonging to it. And also one dozen of black chairs that are in the same chamber together with one table and a looking glass in said chamber, and also the use of said chamber so long as she shall continue in a single state." Mary was born July 29, 1725, after her father's death early in that year. She married in May, 1749, Ebenezer Wallingford, son of Col. Thomas Wallingford. Their son, Amos, born March

time, and a leading man in both Church and State. He was "Ensign" Paul in 1716 and 1717, "Captain" Paul in 1727 and Colonel Paul many years before his death. He was one of the selectmen of Dover fourteen years, and one of its Representatives from 1732 to 1738. He married the 24th of May 1704, Abra Brown of Salisbury, Mass. It is supposed that he lived for a short time in Massachusetts and then came to his old home in Dover (now Rollinsford.)

He built the Wentworth House, still standing in Salmon Falls, early in 1700. Some say 1701, and I know of no one who can dispute this date,



but that was three years before he was married, but perhaps he was obsessed by the matrimonial desire, and had a white oak frame cut in the primeval forest for the house we write about today. This timber was hewed, and framed according to a generous schedule. The house is fully fifty feet long, two story in front with a long roof at the back. The wide front door, swinging on its long wrought-iron hinges opens to the south. This is in a porch nearly twelve feet square, lighted by two narrow windows of eight panes of glass. The porch has a hip-roof reaching to the second story. On the left of the wide door is the west room, or parlor, which is twenty feet by twenty. Five great windows, containing fifteen panes of eight by ten glass formerly lighted this room; two south, two west and one north. This window must have opened into a back room after the lean-to was added to the main house. The stiles, rails and bars of the old windows were massive. Lumber was abundant, and frail woodwork had no place in that day. The panelled shutters are in one piece, and push into the wall. Deep, low window seats, wide, bevelled box casings, and a narrow panel under the seat make much woodwork about the five windows. The heavy floor timbers of the second story are visible in the room below. They, with the wide beam running across the ceiling, are cased in with planed boards, and finished on the edges with a fine bead. The cornice is indented, and the carpenter of those days must have used the saw, chisel and mallet many days to have made enough for this great room. The fireplace must be nearly

ten feet across, with a mantel to correspond. Across the square entry is the east, or living room. This is eighteen by twenty feet. Here we have the same generous fireplace and high mantel, a large cupboard in the northeast corner; four large windows, with swinging shutters, wide panels almost everywhere. The corner cupboard is a study.

Fluted casings run from the floor to the ceiling; a heavy moulding with ornaments finish the top. There are two doors, or one cut in two crosswise. The upper door has a round arching frame, with a keystone in the middle of the moulding. There are nine panes of glass in this upper door, the bottom door is panelled. From the square entry the stairs go up. There are three steps, and then a wide square stair, where we make a turn, and so on to the entry above. The stair rail and banisters are after the style of long ago. The north west chamber, the one Col. Paul gave his niece Mary, has been divided into three rooms, one a dark room. The chimney came in this dark room, and the panelling over the chimney is among the best pieces of this kind of work I have ever seen. Here, we have the real pumpkin pine, the very heart of the giant trees of centuries ago. Some of the panels are small and others are large. The upper half of one door is one great panel. The old time handwork has never been painted save by Time's brush, and the reddish brown color is rich indeed. The dividing of these great rooms came to pass when the families grew large and more sleeping rooms were needed.

The kitchen is under the long room and is twelve feet by twenty. The

is a wide fireplace, and large brick oven, behind the modern cook stove in use now. I believe that this fireplace saw the finish of Col. John's negro Tom. Master Tate says:

"Somersworth, Tuesday, January ye 17, 1775. Col. John Wentworth's negro Tom fell in ye fire and burnt to death." In the northeast corner leading out of the kitchen is a fair sized bedroom. This was one degree better than the earlier fashion of having the bed in the kitchen, and this was always the bedroom of the Master and Mistress of the house. On the west side was a small bedroom and the dresser-room. There are nine doors in this quaint dim kitchen, lighted by two small windows, close under the low eaves of the long roof.

The edges of the doors opening into the west bedroom and the dresser-room are worn in shallow scallops from the pressure of many hands in the two centuries gone by. All the woodwork is painted red ochre color. It takes twelve and one-fourth thousands of shingles to cover the long roof, and the last carpenter to do the work said. "It is like shingling a pasture to shingle this roof." The chimney stands on a huge stone wall built in the cellar, and it must be about ten feet square inside the house; it measures four feet by six feet above the roof. "Uncle Paul," an uncle of the present owner, told me years ago, (he died in 1887) that he had always been told that a case bottle of Santa Cruz rum was built into this chimney for luck, a custom of the old times. In the east room stands a tall clock; the wood is black from age. The face is brass, very

handsome. Time has not changed this I trow. It has the name, Henry Stocker, and London engraved thereon. It tells correctly the time of day, also the day of the month. It seems as if the cordial hospitality of the many Wentworth families living in this house had descended to James E. the latest owner, now deceased. He possessed the old time friendliness that goes to the door with his guest, and sometimes walks a little way as one starts homeward. This is a remnant of old testament times, and the custom has died slowly in country places. He gave one a warm invitation to come again and bring your friends to see the house.

He loved the memory of his ancestors, and the old house was his shrine. He was nearing the four-score mark, and hoped to spend the rest of his days where he has lived all his long life, and be buried with his people. The history of the notebook is somewhat obscure. Thomas Millet, Col. John's (4) son, went to Lebanon, Maine when quite young to superintend a farm for his father. This was in South Lebanon. Here the Rev. Isaac Hasey was preaching, and keeping his now famous diaries. Mr. Hasey had a daughter, Rebecca, and Thomas Millet fell in love with her, and it must have been mutual, for they were married Jan. 26, 1789. I believe Lebanon was to Somersworth, what Barrington was to Portsmouth and early Dover; a place to send the overflow of sons. Thomas Millet lived in South Lebanon many years, and finally bought the three hundred acre farm above Lebanon Centre, almost to the Acton line. This farm included some of the

ponds at Milton on the west, and Mt. Towwow on the east.

The note-book must have come to Thomas Sen., for Hasey records the date of his marriage, and his death are written therein, and then it came to Thomas Millet his son, who lived single on the grand old farm for years. His death is recorded in this book, and through a granddaughter of Thomas Sen. the book came to me.

Col. John (4), was chosen one of the Selectmen of Dover in 1747 as "Capt. John." and was frequently re-elected while Somersworth continued to be a part of Dover. In 1749 he was chosen Representative to the Legislature from Dover. He first represented Somersworth, Oct. 21, 1755, was also in the Legislature in 1767, and annually thereafter. He was Speaker of the House in 1771, and was continued in office during the existence of the Provincial government.

Upon the organization of Strafford County, 1776, he was made Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and held the place till the Provincial government ended. Under the Revolutionary government he was chosen one of the Judges of the Superior Court, 17, Jan. 1776, and served until his death. By some historians he has been called a lawyer. This was a mistake. Judge John never studied law, nor even had an academical education. He was one of the State Counsellors from 21, Dec. 1775 until his death. He was Colonel of the 2nd New Hampshire regiment when the review took place by Gov. John Wentworth, at which Rev. Jeremy Belknap preached a noted sermon on Military Duty. He was

lieutenant-colonel under Col. John Gage as early as 1767.

The Provincial Legislature was in session at Portsmouth, N. H., May 1774 and voted, "That the Hon. John Wentworth, Esq., of the House and six other men, named by a committee of this House to correspond as occasion may require, with the committees that are or may be appointed in our sister colonies, and exhibit to this House an account of such their proceedings when required." Col. John (4) was in the Speaker's chair when Gov. John Wentworth sent the message to dissolve the General Assembly of this Province, June 8, 1774. By order of the members of the Assembly so abruptly dissolved, Col. John issued the following circular: "Whereas the colonies in general upon this continent think it highly expedient and necessary, in the present critical and alarming situation of their public affairs, that **Delegates** should be appointed, by and in behalf of each, to join a general **Congress**, proposed to meet at Philadelphia, the first day of December next, to devise and consider what measures will be most advisable to be taken and pursued for all the colonies for the establishment of their **Rights and Liberties** upon a just and solid foundation, and for the restoration of union and harmony between the mother country and the colonies, and whereas the members of the late House of Representatives for this Province met to deliberate on this subject, and unanimously of the opinion that it is expedient and necessary for the Province to join said **Congress** for the above purpose, and recommend it to the towns in this provin



respectively to choose and empower one or more persons, in their behalf, to meet at Exeter on the 21st day of this instant, at ten of the o'clock in the forenoon, to join in the choice of **Delegates** to the General Congress. In order to effect the desired end it is necessary that each town, as soon as may be, contribute their proportion of the expense of sending; By desire of the meeting.

John Wentworth, Chairman

Portsmouth, N. H., July 6, 1744.

P. S. Considering the distressing situation of our public affairs, Thursday, the 14th inst., is recommended to be kept as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer throughout this Province."

This, the first Revolutionary Congress in New Hampshire, met at the appointed time, and Col. John (4) Wentworth was chosen chairman, and as such signed the credentials of Gen. John Sullivan and Nathaniel Folsom as delegates to the first Continental Congress in Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774. The first Congress having recommended another to be held May 10, 1775, Col. John (4) issued a circular recommending it to the respective towns in the government to appoint deputies on their behalf to meet at Exeter on Wednesday, the 25th day of January 1775, for the choice of delegates to represent this Province at such intended Congress.

That convention organized at the appointed time, and made Col. John (4) Wentworth President, Gen. John Sullivan and Gov. John Langdon were elected delegates to the Continental Congress, to be held at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. At this convention, suitable committees were

chosen, and an address to the inhabitants of the Province of New Hampshire was given, which was signed, J. Wentworth President. This address was published in the New Hampshire Gazette (Portsmouth) Feb. 3rd, 1775. It is too long to give the entire address in the paper, but I have ventured to make an abstract of it.

He begins: "When we consider the unhappy condition to which you and your American bretheren are reduced:" He mentioned their being deprived of any share of their own government for ten months; speaks of the means adopted by the British Ministry for enslaving them; recounts the horrors of war even if the colonies are victorious, and says:" If the mother country is successful, the colonies are sure to have the chains of slavery rivetted upon them." He strongly recommends peace and harmony among the colonies, and urges them to yield due obedience to the Magistrate within the government, and to carefully support the laws thereof, and to strictly adhere to the association of the Continental Congress. He asks them to abstain from the use of East India tea, and strongly recommends that the officers of the several regiments strictly comply with the laws of the Province regulating the militia.

He dwells at length on the sad condition of the town of Boston, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and asks the people to keep themselves in readiness to support them in their just opposition whenever necessity may require; and lastly: "We earnestly entreat you at this time of tribulation and distress, when your enemies are urging you

to despair, when every scene around you is full of gloom and horror, that, in imitation of your pious forefathers, with contrition of spirit and penitence of heart, you implore the Divine Being, who alone is able to deliver you from your present unhappy and distressing situation, to espouse your righteous cause, secure your liberties, and fix them on a firm and lasting basis; and we fervently beseech Him to restore to you and your American bretheren that peace and tranquility so ardently sought for by every true friend to liberty and mankind.

By order of the convention,

John Wentworth, Pres.

After the battle of Lexington there was a Convention called at Exeter to deliberate upon the crisis. It met April 21, 1755, two days after the battle. They raised a committee who went to Concord, Massachusetts, to consult with the Congress there; and then they adjourned to Tuesday the 25th inst. Col. Wentworth was President of the Convention. It met according to adjournment, and Col. Wentworth, not being able to attend, sent the following letter:

"Somersworth, April 25, 1775  
Tuesday, 6 o'clock

Gentlemen:

My health is such, it is impracticable for me to be at Exeter this day. I was very ill able to attend last week. Hope you will agree on some method to prevent the soldiers' being mustered on every false alarm, otherwise we shall soon be distressed for want of provisions. It was surprising to see the number that collected when I came from Exeter, at

New Market, Durham, Dover, Somersworth etc.; some of whom came to Dover, twenty miles or more. You must know the consequences if not prevented. I heartily wish the Divine direction and blessing may attend your consultations and determinations; and, after assuring you that I am engaged in the same cause with you, am your sincere friend, and most obedient and humble servant.

John Wentworth

To the Gentlemen of Congress assembled at Exeter, N. H."

The Convention had a session the 2nd of May. Dr. Matthew Thornton, being President pro tempore. adjourned on the 4th of May, as the Provincial Assembly met at Portsmouth on that day. At this meeting Col. John (4) Wentworth was unanimously chosen Speaker, and his name sent up to Gov. John Wentworth for confirmation, and was confirmed. At the request of the members of the Legislature, who wished time to consult their constituents, the Governor adjourned them soon after organization to June 12, 1775.

The Legislature met on that day and Gov. John Wentworth, adjourned it to July 11th. It then re-assembled, and he addressed from Fort William and Mary, where he had gone for protection, and adjourned it to Tuesday, the 28th of September 1775. His last official communication to the Legislature of New Hampshire was dated Isle of Shoals, September 1775, proroguing it to the next April. On Jan. 5, 1776, the State Congress at Exeter resolved to form a Government "to continue during the present unhappy and unnatural contest with Great Britain," and assigned as

reason therefor. "The sudden and abrupt departure of his Excellency John Wentworth, Esq., our late Governor, and several of the Council, leaving us destitute of legislation."

It was at this first session under the independent government, that Col. John (4) Wentworth of Somersworth, was elected Counsellor, and one of the Judges of the Superior Court, which offices he held until the day of his death.

The last date at which he was present at the Council Board was March 22, 1781, and he died May 17, 1781, at 11 o'clock, p. m. He was buried at 4 o'clock, p. m., May 21, 1781 in the family burial-ground at Salmon Falls, where so many of his family had been buried. He did not live to see acknowledged the independence of his country, for which he had so faithfully labored.

---

## SPRING RAIN

By Lilian Sue Keech

The wind is blowing on the hills  
All gusty wet and cold.  
But I can smell the lilac buds  
Down in the dripping wold.

Blow Boreas, o'er New England woods,  
And chant a paen of Spring.  
All in a msity, scented veil  
Her offerings she'll bring.

Of violets and primrose sweet,  
And fairy daffodill.  
She'll whistle down the wind, and birds  
Come flying at her will.

827 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.



# The White Hyacinth at Easter

By VERA BENNET ROBLEE

---

White hyacinth we hail thee  
As Easter's fairest flower,  
We greet thee as the symbol  
Of the Resurrection hour.

The lilies of eastern gardens  
Were red as the blood that flowed  
Down from the cross of Calvary  
To the dust of the public road.  
The lilies of white are stately  
But they stand aloof and proud,  
Our Savior was meek and lowly,  
He humbly walked with the crowd.

Then hail the white hyacinth,  
Modest and sweet.  
Fair flower of Easter  
Your beauty we greet.

White as the wings of Angels  
Hovering the sepulchre stone,  
Sweet as the smell of spices  
Where Mary stood weeping alone.  
Spotless as linen clothes lying  
Where Jesus cast them aside.  
Pure as the sinless Nazarene  
With the pierced and bleeding side.

White hyacinth we hail thee  
As Easter's fairest flower.  
We greet thee as the symbol  
Of the Resurrection hour.

# Reminiscences -- Clocks

By WALTER E. BURTT

---

It has been suggested to me and I have been urged several times by my friends to write something for publication. Well, not being very imaginative, I must confine myself to what little I know about watches, or particularly, clocks; and it must necessarily be more or less personal.

A few years after the close of the Civil War, my father, the late Thomas F. Burtt, being in the jewelry business at that time in the old city of Portsmouth, N. H., and I attending the Grammar School, in 1872, father seemed to think I should help him in his store. At that time, all children of school age were obliged to go to the public school six days in the week. We had Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon off, but I had to go to Sunday School the seventh day. And when I wasn't in school during the week, I had to be in his store, learning certain things to do that are still fresh in my memory, such as melting old gold and silver in a crucible, pouring the metal into a mould, then rolling it through the rolling mills, to the required thickness, so as to make into jewelry, particularly finger rings. Father made many, many such rings. He had a large lathe that he used in making his jewelry, ferrules, pipes, napkin rings, etc. At times, I had to turn the big wheel with my foot,—how it did tire me, it did seem as though my legs would never get rested again. Father used to get tired out too—I never will forget it.

At his decease that old lathe came

to me, and the remembrances of it too. As I did not care for it, I gave it to my son, who, when he wants to use it, moves a little lever and how it goes—like a bootlegger's automobile. No leg weariness now. The rolling mills can now be turned by electric power also.

Just after the close of the Civil War, a silver dollar was worth two of our paper dollars. Several times I have known my father to pay two dollars (paper money) for one silver dollar. As late as 1873 many watch chains were made of three-cent, five-cent and ten-cent silver pieces linked together. Silver case watches with patent lever, cylinder escapement and English Cap lever movements. Bull's eye watches, some with tortoise shell cases, English verge watches, large Jurgensen watches with the key hole through the dial and watches that would strike the hour. Some watch cases were made of a composition metal. They looked pretty for a while. Some cases were what was called Oreide gold. These were handsome and would keep their color always. Then there were the green and white gold watch cases with highly ornamented dials, some with dark colored dials, I often wonder why any person should buy them. A near sighted person could not tell the time by this watch.

There was the watch with the Duplex movement. They were not satisfactory time keepers, however. The old Waterbury long wind had duplex escapement and a main spring

9 feet long. The movement turned round and round inside the case; in that, the watch was unique. They were first put on the market about 1880. They were good time keepers, and sold for \$2.50 at retail.

I remember one day while father was at dinner, a man came in the store to buy a lot of silverware for a friend of his, who was soon to be married. He selected a large lot. After reckoning up, he paid what I charged him and he went off happy. So was I, because of the quantity I had sold him, but when father returned, I with much pleasure told him of the large amount of silverware the man bought. After looking over the account, father looked at me, smiled and said "You made him a present of a set of forks." It was all right, because he had bought so much.

In 1874, father began teaching me how to take clocks apart, clean them, oil and put them together again, right, (particularly the striking side.)

At the age of thirteen years father went to live and work for his uncle, the late Daniel Pratt, Sr., of Reading, Mass., who manufactured the wooden movement clocks that bear his name, and are scattered all over New England.

I have the first clock that my father made for himself, in 1852, when he became 21 years of age. It is of Williard pattern and it still keeps correct time, and will probably, for many years to come.

In 1875-6-7 I was employed by the Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass. An employee getting three dollars a

day at that time, was getting fabulous wages.

In 1879 I was again in my father's store assisting him in making Hall's clocks; his training with his uncle came to his aid, as he also made the cases. He excelled in his cabinet and metal work. My sister has one he made in the latter part of his life. She painted the moon on the dials.

My brother has a chime clock father made in 1880. There are fifteen chime-bells, two bells; a small one on which it strikes the half hour, and the hour on the large bell. The cases are nearly seven feet in height. There are three weights. It plays four chimes, (to our soldiers.

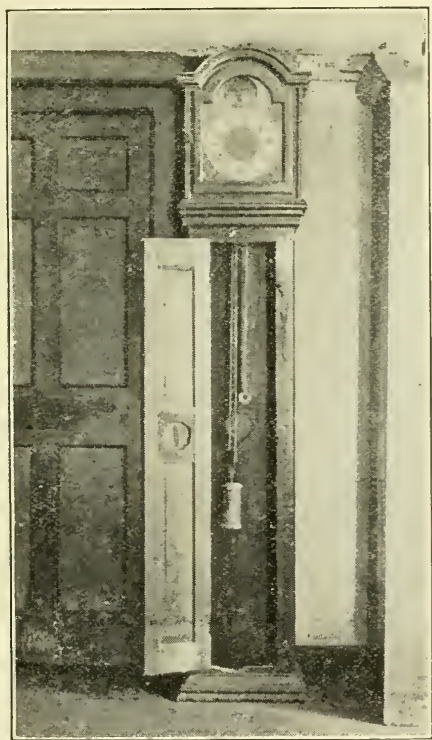
By moving a lever on the dial, it will play one chime. By moving it again, it plays two chimes. If moved again, it plays three chimes, and again, it plays four chimes. By moving another lever, it would play all of them together. This clock was valued at \$800.00 twenty years ago. See "History of Stoneham, Mass."

Up among the hills of New Hampshire, on a farm, stands a fine two-story house, substantially built and together with the large barn, shines like a beacon in its coat of white, and the grounds about the buildings, and in the buildings, everything is kept in apple-pie order. The view is unsurpassed, as one can see with the naked eye to the north, hills and mountains, in the far distance. To the east, may be seen hills and further on, the ocean. To the south may be seen hills and far beyond to another state. To the west more hills and mountains.

In this ancient, but well-kept house, is an old, old clock, standing like a Patriarch,—seven generations



have come since the old clock first ticked off the passing of time. Five of the seven generations have passed on, how many more will come and go, before the old clock stops, never to go again, is a question none can tell, but we do know the old clock has lulled to sleep the babe in the cradle and then lulled the same to everlasting sleep in their old age, for five out of the seven generations. It has witnessed the delights of child-



hood, the joys of the young men and women in early married life and the sorrow of the old at their parting, as they journeyed to the worlds unknown,—believing all is well, and the old clock goes “tick-tock, tick-tock.”

This is a picture of the old clock, with the door open, showing the one weight, and the braided rope line, to pull down when you wind up the

weight. This one weight runs time and striking.

The movement is made wholly of iron, and stands on four iron legs that rest on a board that goes across just above where the bonnet or hood rests. The dial is brass, ornamented, with a silver circle on which the hours are cut in, and filled with black wax. At the top of the dial is a round polished brass plate with the following engraved upon it:

“Made by David Blasdell,  
in Amesbury. MDCCLVI.”

My thoughts have been, how many men have repaired this old clock since it was made in 1756? How did they look; were they young, middle aged or old men, and was it difficult for them to put it together right? No answer and no way of finding out. I have repaired this old clock for nearly forty years. Years ago, after cleaning, it kept time for twelve years, before I cleaned it again.

The oil I use, costs me today seventy cents a bottle, holding only a tablespoon full only. I bought this oil for nearly forty years for only twenty-five cents a bottle.

I have repaired several clocks similar to this one.

Some makes of Grandpa, (Hanging clocks) have the days of the week and the changes of the moon. Others have a ship sailing just above the twelve.

And the old clock says, “Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.”

About two years ago, while in watch and clock repairer's place of business, I noticed he had an old clock ticking. It was a weight movement. At first glance, I noticed the clock was running backward. I said nothing, thinking he might be ex-

perimenting. About a year later, I called again and as soon as he saw me, his eyes flashed and he said, "I have had a club laid up for you for a year." I said, "What for?" "Why," he said, "When you were here a year ago, you saw my clock was running backward and you said nothing about it to me." I told him I thought he knew what he was about, that he had a reason for doing as he did.—We had a good laugh, and are still good friends and always will be.

A few years ago, a friend of mine, who is an auctioneer, and is a very popular and well-known man, said to me, "See here, I see your name in all kinds of clocks wherever I go. You have repaired more clocks than any other man." Yes, that's partly true, I have been in all the New England States, except Connecticut. They don't need any clock repairers there, because they make clocks and wooden nutmegs galore. I repair all kinds of clocks, except lead clocks and today there are a lot of them sold, but my specialty is the old Grandpa Clocks and French Clocks. I repaired my first electric clock in 1887.

It is my belief that I know where there is one ship's Chronometer. It lies on the bottom of the Ocean. Sunk when the three-masted schooner, "John C. Long" that used to bring coal to Exeter, foundered at sea, I having repaired the clock just before it sailed. Do not think for one moment that I think I know it all, because it is not so. Often I do think of what Emerson said, "Every man I meet is my master in some point, in that, I learn of him."

Occasionally, I am called to Portsmouth, to repair old clocks. Very re-

cently it was said to me, "If you should come to Portsmouth you would have all the clock work you could do." I have passed too many mile stones, to make such a change as I can get there in a few minutes from Exeter, where I have been nearly forty years. I do clock and watch work for persons who have had me do their watch and clock work for upwards of forty years. Have been told I had a life job on the old clock, and have been asked, "What shall we do when you have passed on?" I tell them they will have to get some one else to repair their clocks for them. I wrote instructions, "How to clean and oil your own clocks, in 1920."

An old lawyer here in Exeter once said in answer to the question, "How do you keep your practice?" "I keep in with the younger generation of my older clients."

After working at the watch and clock business for nearly thirty years, a man of my acquaintance (about my age) who had been in the junk business and other kinds of business, came into my store one day after an absence of three months and said to me, "I have been going to Boston taking lessons in watch making and I know as much about watches as you do!" I was greatly surprised and thought to myself "What a dull scholar I have been! This man has learned as much in three months as it has taken me thirty years to learn, and I do not know it all yet."

This man entered the jewelry business but did not remain in it long. He left town and married a rich woman for his second wife. The largest jewelers in Boston are greatly

troubled because the older watch and clock repairers are passing away, and there are none to take their places, and the graduates of the Horological Schools know so little and demand such high wages.

Late last spring a small French clock, (made in Paris) was sent to me from a suburb of Boston, for repairs. I cleaned and put it in first class condition and sent it to the owner, (whom I have never seen.) My charge for repairs was \$6.00, and it was promptly sent to me by mail. Recently I received word from the owner to the clock that it was going beautifully and that the jewelers in Boston said it would cost \$15.00 to repair it.

It is some time since, I was first asked to come to Boston to repair the "Old Tall Clock." I expect to go there soon, as there is an elegant tall clock that the owner (whom I have never met), wishes to have repaired. The charges in Boston for cleaning a Hall Clock are \$25.00. My charges are less.

Many are the English Hall Clocks I have repaired, that were made in Birmingham, England. Some by Osborn.

### **"The Passing of the Old Time Clock Repairer."**

Like the Country Doctor, who was at the beck and call of everybody at all times, so the Clock Repairer was likewise subject to their call, but unlike the Doctor's patients, who died and were laid away forever, the clock man's patients, (clocks) when repaired, by a competent workman, tick merrily on.

The traveling clock man was and is now a necessary person, but there are none today, to take their place,

owing to changed conditions. The young men rush to the cities and seek other employment where they may work eight hours a day for big wages. He enters the employ of a city or town jeweler to learn the trade (?), but, he does not have, or see, a hundredth part of the makes of clocks that are used in the world, so he absolutely cannot learn the mechanism of all kinds of clocks, as they are not taken to the jewelers for repairs.

The clock repaired by the jeweler may be cleaned and repaired O. K., but when set up in the home, may be out of order, and will not keep time, owing to what may have happened between the time it is taken from the store till it is set up at home.

That is one and not the only reason why it is absolutely necessary that the experienced clock man should repair your clock in your own home.

Today, the auto makes it easy for everybody, good honest persons as well as crooks, and there are a lot of the latter. A good appearing stranger from the city may call in a good-looking auto at your home, and ask to repair the "Old Clock." Perhaps he knows as much about the clock as he does about farming. You allow him to repair the clock. He puts on oil, (advertised, good for clocks (?), charges a big price and off he goes to the next victim. By night he is hundreds of miles away and the clock stops, never to go again, until you have an honest man call and fix it right.

And the old clock keeps saying, "Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock." Exeter, N. H.



# An Historic Lock and Key Old Haverhill Bank and Bankers

By KATHERINE C. MEADER

---

A few months ago I received a letter from Mr. James Foster, a lifelong and intimate friend of my father's, saying that he had in his possession the key to the vault of the first bank established in Haverhill, and knowing that I was interested in "the days of old" he asked me if I could give him any information in regard to that bank, as to where it was situated, when it was organized etc.

Of course I was interested at once and curious to know how that old lock and key came into his hands.

I find that Coos Bank, the first bank in Haverhill, and indeed in the whole North Country, was chartered in 1803. This same year banks were established at Dover, Portsmouth and Exeter, but none further north excepting at Haverhill.

That a bank should be incorporated here was an indication of the growing wealth and importance of the towns along the Connecticut River, and also of the importance of Haverhill as a business center. That importance was of course increased by the fact that Haverhill was the County seat.

Gen. John Montgomery was chosen the first President of Coos Bank and was the largest stockholder, owning in 1805 one hundred shares, assessed for taxation at \$75 per share.

Among the incorporators named in the charter were Peter Carleton, Moor Russel, Daniel Smith and Tim-

othy Rix, Jr. Among the directors were two noted lawyers of the day, one was Mr. Abiathar Britton of Oxford, a man of considerable wealth and of unimpeachable character, and the other was Mr. Moses P. Payson of Bath, a brilliant young advocate, well and favorably known at Haverhill as the first Principal of the Academy and a student of that celebrated attorney, Alden Sprague.

The bank itself was merely a couple of rooms in the fine mansion house at the south end of the commons, for a long time the residence of the Hon. Joseph Bell, later occupied by David Merrill, and now the home of Mr. Fred W. Page.

The cashier, Mr. George Woodward, lived in the house, and the valuable securities, books, etc., were kept in a fireproof vault, furnished with a gigantic lock and key of the most primitive construction.

When the War of 1812 broke out Gen. Montgomery was called away by his military duties and Mr. Payson was elected President in his place. Soon afterward the Bank became involved in financial difficulties, due in a great measure to the over-issuance of notes in violation of the conditions of the charter, which limited the amount to be issued to not more than \$100,000 and in 1820 its affairs were placed in the hands of a receiver. Mr. John Nelson carried out this trust with great credit to himself and the satisfaction of all

concerned and in 1822 a new charter was granted under the name of The Grafton Bank, Mr. Payson still being retained as President, which position he held until his death in 1828.

Associated with him in the Directorate were Mills Alcott, Abiathar Britton, Ephraim Kingsbury, Joseph Bell, Ezra Bartlett, and Richard Gookin, while John L. Bunce came up from Hartford where he had been engaged in the banking business for some years, to take the place of cashier. This position he filled until 1839, when he resigned and Mr. John A. Page was elected cashier in his place. The original Coos Benk was given up entirely and a new building, known for many years as the Bank House, was erected nearly opposite on the west side of the street, for the business of the bank and the residence of the cashier. Mr. Bunce had a fine garden on the slope of land, back of the Bank House, and here in 1826 he raised that mammoth cucumber whose enormous size gave rise to the celebrated "cucumber story" as told in all earnestness, by Mr. John A. Reding, to a group of laughing incredulous colleagues, while he was in Congress some years afterward.

Grafton Bank carried on business until about 1850, its last President being Mills Alcott and the cashier John A. Paige. Among the Directors were A. C. Britton, Ezra Bartlett, William V. Hutchins, Abel K. Merrill and James Bell.

This bank too, failed and a beginning in winding up its affairs was made in 1845, when William H. Cummings of Lisbon was appointed agent to sell real estate and no less than 36 conveyances are recorded as made

by him during that year. In October the Bank House was conveyed to John L. Rix and afterward occupied by him as a residence.

After this date Haverhill was without a bank for nearly half a century, when the Bank at Woodsville was organized in 1899. Although a bank was incorporated in 1846 and a charter granted for a Savings Bank in 1879 neither bank ever organized for business.

The old Bank House was destroyed in the disastrous fire of 1909, and its site is now occupied by the beautiful home of Mrs. Rogers.

Mr. Arthur Livermore, in his delightful "Reminiscences of Haverhill", gives the following sketch which may be of interest: "On Wednesdays about noon, with great regularity, two forms came into this village from opposite directions and drove to Towle's Tavern. The one was Mr. Britton of Orford, who had been driven up to attend the meeting of the directors of Grafton Bank. He was a tall well formed gentleman rather formal in his manners, extremely fastidious as to his personal appearance and very reserved in regard to business matters. Until within a short time before his death in 1822 at the age of 77 years he always wore his abundant hair in an old fashioned queue.

His manner was gay, his humor at once kindly and cynical and there was nothing about him that should have repelled anybody, yet he was never a candidate for popular suffrage, nor held any public office whatever but that of Justice of the Peace. He was however, a man of the strictest integrity and amassed

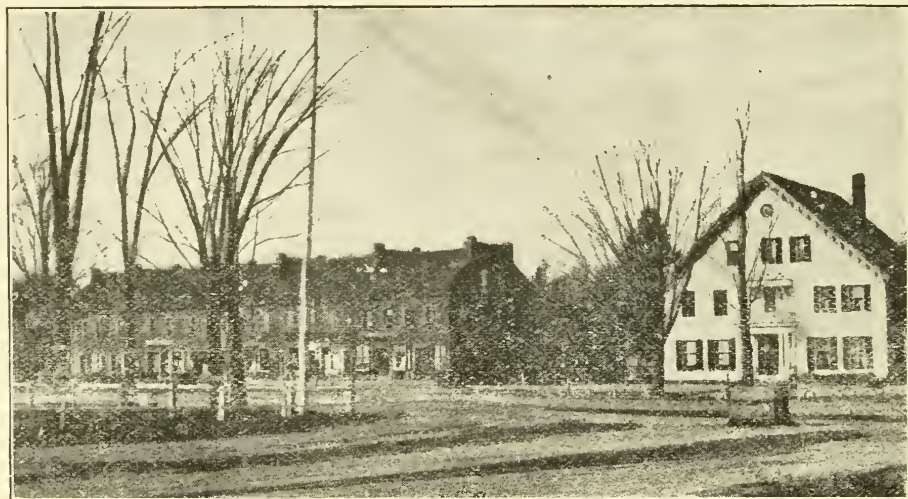
a considerable fortune, which he left to his children safely invested."

"A somewhat differently constituted man was Squire Payson, who for a like purpose, with equal punctuality, drove into the village from an opposite direction on the same day.

He left his home in Bath at about ten in the morning and halted at the halfway house, Morse's Tavern at Horse Meadow, for repose of himself

is the President of that Board. Mr. Payson's unfailing courtesy, tact and common sense made him an ideal presiding officer and he usually filled that place in whatever society he found himself. He was always the Moderator of the Bath Town Meeting and was the President of the Senate of New Hampshire during the many years he sat in that chamber.

When the old Coos Bank House passed into private ownership Mr.



View in Haverhill. Old Brick Block. Old Bank Building at extreme left.  
(Burned in 1909.)

and beast—and a mere taste of mine host's excellent rum, (for such was the liquor he preferred.) He was affable and talkative by nature and the drop tasted made him the more so, and by the time he was ready to proceed another drop was required.

Driving into the village he knows everybody and the comprehensive sweep of his courteous bow embraces everything visible within the boundaries of the commons, and he finds the rum at Mr. Towles, good, as he had found it oft before. It is the day of the stated meeting of Board of Directors of Grafton Bank and he

Payson himself removed the cumbersome lock from the door of the "strong room" and carried it to Bath where he was then building an elegant home for himself. This lock was used on a vault in his cellar. Whether the vault was designed for the safe-keeping of valuables or for the storage of wine I am not able to say.

Father Sutherland in speaking of the Payson family with whom he was very intimate, says "Till the erection of that house Mr. Payson was considered a remarkably prudent and economical man but everybody won



dered at his extravagance in erecting that splendid monument of folly. Even his wife was never reconciled to it. His former residence was sufficiently capacious and suitable for any family and to spend \$13,000 in building a house, as it turned out, not to live in but to die in, seemed to all but himself consummate folly."

His amiable disposition, his even temper and his hospitable manners made him, with one unhappy exception, the most agreeable of men.

The principle of total abstinence was almost unknown in his day and being fond of gay company, himself the gayest of the gay, his sun set behind a cloud when but a little beyond the midday of life. In fact after the family moved into the new house misfortune seemed to hover over them.

Mr. Payson, his sister, his wife and two children died within a few short years. The whole family was wiped out with the exception of one son who graduated from Dartmouth in 1829 and studied law with Hon. Joseph Bell of Haverhill. He practiced law in Bath for a few years, but after his father's death he left town and the home passed into other hands. He died in New York City, of consumption, in the spring of 1854, at the age of forty-seven.

About the time of the Civil War

Mr. D. K. Jackman, who had made a fortune in speculation, became the owner of the Payson Mansion, which he remodelled to some extent. The massive unweildly lock and key were removed from the vault and replaced by more modern appliances.

Some years afterward Mr. Jackman, knowing Mr. Foster's fondness for articles of historic interest, presented him with this old lock. When I was in Bath recently Mr. Foster showed me this with great pride as well as other interesting treasures among them the original powerful lock and key to the old Brick Store which his father owned and carried on for nearly half a century.

This old landmark was built in 1824 by Mr. William V. Hutchinson who kept here a general store and was for many years Postmaster and Town Clerk as well.

Mr. Foster told me he intended to present these locks to the Historic Society at Concord as none of his immediate family cared to keep them.

It seems a pity that such relics of the past cannot be kept and exhibited amid their early environment and I sincerely hope that the Key Coos Bank may sometime be brought back to Coos.



# Blue Chiffon

By MARY J. KERNS

---

Gale Dennin had passed through the filing room on his way to his father's office every morning for six months, and every morning for the past six months he had looked forward to a certain girl's pleasant smile and cheery good morning. And in fact he was deeply disappointed if she failed to take notice of him, as she sometimes did when she was real busy.

Gale thought that a day would be unbearable if it was not commenced by first seeing Loretta Neal.

After a while he became so bold as to exchange a few words with her.

Loretta was a girl well worth any man's attention. Her dark violet eyes, curtained with long black lashes, crowned with black curly bobbed hair, made a picture which was firmly engraved on Gale's heart. He was certain that her rose-bud mouth had never been spoiled with kisses. He was certain, too, that she had never engaged in common petting parties.

One morning in early September the breath of fall was in the air. That breath of air that gets into your blood and gives you an urgent desire to be with the one you love. This particular morning Gale stopped beside Loretta's desk and engaged in a longer conversation than was his custom.

Loretta's heart quickened a beat. Her beautiful eyes looked up into his for a moment, then dropped shyly. She commenced marking at random with her pencil on her desk, while Gale began in his rich mellow voice:

"Loretta-er-Miss Neal," he acted Loretta thought, just like a big bashful, adorable school boy. But Loretta loved for him to act that way.

After a swift, ardent glance into her eyes, he plunged direct into the question he wished to ask her:

"Miss Neal, I want you to meet my mother and sister. Will you come with me out to The Pines this evening for dinner?"

"The Pines" was what the Dennin's vast country home was called.

This question almost took Loretta's breath away. She raised her head with a decided jerk. Could it really be true that Gale Dennin, rich man's son was inviting her, clerk in his father's filing room, out to meet his mother and sister?

She looked so astonished that Gale was afraid she would refuse. He caught both her hands in his arms and asked pleadingly:

"Miss Neal, do say you will go."

Loretta's heart had gone out to this manly chap long ago. And she was a super-human will power which aided her in not accepting his kind invitation too eagerly.

"Yes, Mr. Dennin, I'd be delighted to go," she consented timidly.

After Gale had gone this thought kept rushing through her mind: "what shall I wear, what shall I wear?"

Only last week she had ripped up her only evening gown in order to make it over in a more modern style and it was not near completion. But she must find some way out. She

wanted so much to be in Mr. Dennin's company, just this one time.

Fortunately she got permission to leave the office at noon. She was eager to get home to her mother. Her mother would know what to do about it, as mothers always do. And Loretta's indulgent mother was no exception to the rule.

Mrs. Neal knew it would be a great disappointment for Loretta to miss this engagement. She did not want her to miss it. She worried over the situation for two hours.

Finally a way became clear to her scheming brain. "Loretta dear," she said encouragingly, "I have a plan which I will disclose to you when you have rested for a while. Now run along up to your room and lie down a while, and don't worry your pretty head any longer over a dress."

One need not be told that Loretta could not be content to lie there very long. She wanted to be up and doing something to obtain a dress to wear on this important occasion.

When she came down stairs, wide-eyed and impatient, her mother disclosed her plan: "I was out on the west side this morning and the Glee Club were having a rummage sale. There was the dearest blue chiffon dress in the window for only five dollars. I'm sure that it is just your size. And Mr. Dennin would never know that it had ever belonged to some one else.

"But mother, why should I be resting and wasting all this time. The dress might even be sold this moment."

Never mind dear, I've thought of that too, so I called the president of

the club and had her save it for you."

"Oh mother, how kind and sweet of you! What ever would I do without you?"

Mrs. Neal took her in her arms and caressed her as she did when she was a baby at her breast.

"But money!" Loretta cried. "where will I get the money. You remember mother, it took all my last pay to get my eyes fitted to glasses."

"I have thought of that too. I am going to give you the money I had laid away for your birthday present. I was going to buy you a new dress with it any way."

So it was settled, Loretta was to have the dress. But she worried over the way over on the subway for fear the dress would be gone in spite of the fact that the president had promised to save it for her.

However she saw it hanging in the window when she crossed the street. She readily recognized it from her mother's description. And indeed it was a beauty.

It was just the right shade of blue to bring out the violet color in her eyes, and it fitted her perfectly.

If Loretta had been half hour earlier she would have seen Gale with his sister and a girl friend passing that same shop. Then too, she would have heard Gale's sister say, "Maude there is your old blue chiffon in the window, and it is marked for sale."

And she would also have seen Gale leave the girls at the corner and enter his uncle's office just across the street.

Gale was leisurely smoking by the open window of the same office when he happened to see Loretta go in.



the little shop, go to the window and take down the same blue chiffon dress.

That incident worried Gale. Could Loretta have bought it? And if so, who for? He had forgotten the dress until now. Now it seemed to be a burden on his mind.

But as the time approached for him to call for her he forgot all about the chiffon dress in his eagerness to be near her. Nevertheless it was brought vividly back to his mind when Loretta greeted him on her veranda wearing the same dress.

He knew at once that he could never take her in front of his sister and Maude wearing that dress. He knew that Maude was just catty enough to humiliate her by referring to the dress in some form. And he would not have Loretta's feelings hurt, not if it was in his power to prevent it.

He wanted to protect her, cherish her as some rare flower. He must save her this humiliating episode.

She really looked darling in the dress, Gale thought. Much better than Maude could ever have hoped to look.

When they were comfortably seated in his roadster he took the wheel, then leaned very near and said in rather a persuading tone:

"I want to show you some of the beautiful country. It is indeed beau-

tiful this time of year. We have oceans of time before dinner."

"Oh, I'd love to see it," Loretta heartily consented.

He knew that he only had gas enough to drive ten or fifteen miles out. But he headed direct for the open country.

They were, as luck would have it, near a road-side tea room when the car suddenly came to a dead stop. He knew without getting out to investigate what was wrong.

"Why couldn't we eat our dinner here," he suggested as he helped her to alight, "then go for a walk down this lover's lane?"

"That would be delightful," she consented enthusiastically.

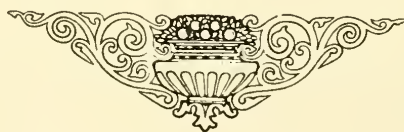
Dinner over, they started on their lover's walk towards the setting of the sun.

The gathering twilight, the voices of the night, lent an air of perfect enchantment around them. They were walking in a world all their own.

Before she was aware of what was happening he had gathered her in his arms, and was tenderly whispering, "Loretta darling, I love you. Won't you marry me?"

Her soft white arms stole up and around his neck as she softly whispered the wonderful "yes."

Now, thought Gale, I can buy her all the first class chiffon dresses that her little heart can desire.



# “Great Stone Face”

By HESTER BARBOUR NEWHEY

---

Hawthorne has called you “Great Stone Face,”  
But none knows time, nor origin, nor place  
Of birth, of looming wall of rock  
Your countenance seared and seamed by many rains.  
Traditions all bound 'round with chains  
Of circumstance,  
Where you, by chance,  
Are silent sentinel of the storms.  
One day obscured by cloud,  
Next standing clear and proud.  
Kissed by the sunlight.  
Soothed by gentle breeze.  
Braving the challenge of the storm,  
Unmoved by autumn's falling leaves.  
What gather you of wisdom, there alone,  
Upon your lofty throne?  
Had you power to speak, your giant voice  
Strange tales might tell.  
Now mystery surrounds you,  
And I prefer it so.  
And, though I may not your secrets know,  
I look into your face  
And see the quiet grace,  
And peacefulness and calmness  
Written there.  
And it teaches me a lesson.  
And I wonder where  
My care  
Has flown.  
Looking at you, O monstrous face of stone,  
Has made me see  
The futility  
Of strife and stress.  
Hampden Highlands, Me.

## New Hampshire Necrology

---

### JOHN H. TWOMBLY, M.D.

Born in Dover, October 17, 1848; died at the Masonic Home in Manchester, March 2, 1927.

He was a son of John and Charlotte (Drew) Twombly, and eighth in descent from Ralph Twombly, English emigrant, who had a grant of land in Dover about 1650. His father was an active business man of Dover, and his mother was a lined descendant of John Drew, an early settler at Dover Neck and an officer in the Indian wars.

He fitted for college at Gilmanton Academy, graduated from Dartmouth in 1868 and from the Harvard Medical School in 1870. He practiced medicine for a time in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was for some years Assistant physician in the Kalamazoo, Mich., Insane Assylum, after which he returned east and was located in practice in Newmarket. He married, July 11, 1876, Miss Frances W. Plummer of Milton. He was prominent in Masonry, being affiliated with New Market and Dover Masonic bodies, and was the oldest living eminent commander of St. Paul's Commandery, R. D. of Dover.

### ALANSON C. HAINES

Born in Newmarket, June 12, 1843; died there February 17, 1927.

He was a son of Washington and Abigail (Folsom) Haines, was educated in the public schools and Pembroke Academy. He was the first man from Newmarket to enlist in the War of the Rebellion and was assigned to Co. D, Fifteenth N. H. Volunteer Infantry, August 30, 1862. He was mustered out August 13, 1863, and on July 14, 1864, he went to Lawrence, and again enlisted, being assigned to Co. K, Sixth Infantry Massachusetts Volunteers, and was appointed corporal. His term having expired, he was mustered out Oct. 27, 1864.

He was engaged in clerical work for a private firm for a time, but accepted a position in the Newmarket National Bank in 1883, of which he became cashier in 1892, continuing till 1918, when he retired.

Mr. Haines was a charter member of George A. Gay Post, No. 18, G. A. R., of which he was a past commander, and he was also a Past Department Commander of New Hampshire. In 1870 he was appointed assistant assessor in the U. S. internal revenue service, which position he filled until the abolishment of the office. He had filled the office of selectman of the town, and was a member of the legislature of 1901. He was the oldest member of Rising Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and was also a Knight Templar and 32d degree Mason.

In 1868 he married Olivia Haley, who died in August, 1885. In November, 1886, he married Clara Wiswall, daughter of Thomas H. and Hannah Wiswall, who survives him, as does one daughter, Mrs. Walter Webb, of Detroit, Mich.

### DR. A. S. ANNIS

Born in Littleton, December 29, 1856; died at Milton, February 23, 1927.

He was a son of Amasa S. and Mercy W. (Palmer) Annis; was educated in the schools of Manchester, the Peterboro High School and Tilton Seminary, after which he taught for several years in the Jaffrey and Peterboro High Schools, and at Harvard, Mass. He then entered Boston University Medical School, taking two years study in one. Later he attended the Hahnemann Medical School in Chicago and received his degree of M. D., in 1891.

He practiced medicine in Chicago for three years and removed to Rochester, in 1894, several years ago retiring from his business and enter-



ing the grocery business in Milton.

For many years he was chairman of the board of trustees of the Rochester Unitarian church. He is survived by a son, Burnham Annis of Holyoke, Mass., a daughter, Mrs. Janette E. Vashon of Rochester, and a sister, Mrs. Charles Lawson of Milton.

### JOHN B. STEVENS

Born in Dover, May 29, 1855; died in that city, March 1, 1927.

He was a son of John B. and Susan (Rowell) Stevens, and was educated in the Dover Schools, and at Berwick and Franklin Academies, and New Hampton Institute. He was chosen City Clerk of Dover in 1864, serving for 30 years, when he was succeeded by the present clerk, Fred E. Quimby. He also served as City Treasurer in 1865, and as a member of the Board of Water Commissioners from 1898 to 1907, and served also as a member of the School Board. He was at one time a member of the N. H. House of Representatives, serving as chairman of the Committee on Education. After his retirement he engaged extensively in historical research, and wrote much for publication upon Dover history.

His wife, who was Miss Lydia Kimball, preceded him in her departure just ten days. He is survived by two sons, Col. Frank B. Stevens of Newtonville, Mass., and Hermon W. Stevens, Belmont, Mass., a grandson, Frank B. Stevens, Jr., of Evanston, Ill., and a granddaughter, Mrs. Leslie Moore of Newtonville.

### MRS. JOHN McLANE

Born in Milofrd. October 9, 1855; died in Goffstown, February 7, 1926.

She was the daughter of Eben B. and Lydia S. Tuck, and married John McLane of Milford, March 10, 1880; becoming the "first lady of the State," upon her husband's accession to the governorship in January 1905, in which office he served two years.

She was a communicant and active worker in the Episcopal church. She was active in the local and state

organizations of Daughters of the American Revolution and at one time was State Regent of the D. A. R. of New Hampshire. She was a charter member of the Milford Woman's club and its second president. She is survived by three of her four children: Clinton A. of Goffstown, with whom she resided at the time of her death; Mrs. John A. Clark of New Canaan, Conn., and John R. McLane of Manchester. Her youngest son, Charles A. McLane, died in 1910 and her husband's death occurred in April 1911. Nine grandchildren also survive.

### HENRY C. BROWN

Born in Hopkinton, September 30, 1849; died in Concord, March 12, 1927.

He was the son of George and Rosetta (Currier) Brown, and was educated in the Hopkinton public schools and Contoocook and Colby Academies. He located in Concord upon attaining his majority, where he was engaged in business through life. He was the senior partner of the clothing firm of Brown & Currier for some years, later of Brown & Batchelder, a leading Concord firm in that line.

He had served in the Concord City government. was for 9 years a member of the Board of Education, and a Representative in the Legislature in 1909-10. He was a trustee of the Loan & Trust Savings Bank of Concord, and its President from 1913 to 1925. He had been a Deacon of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church for more than 40 years. In November 25, 1872, he was married to Miss Sarah B. Sweatt of Webster, who with their two daughters, Mrs. Eleanor Abbott Tilton, wife of John C. Tilton, and Miss Grace Currier Brown, both of Concord survive. He is also survived by one granddaughter, Jean Louise Tilton of Concord; one sister, Mrs. Carrie B. Perkins, and two nephews, Russell B. and Walter F. Perkins of Wakefield, Mass.

## MRS. WALTER SARGENT

Born in Salisbury, N. H., June 1, 1844; died in Warner, March 13, 1927.

Fannie A. Fellows was the daughter of Deacon Richard Fellows of Salisbury. After a good education, she taught school for some time, but on March 11, 1869 she married James S. Shaw of Salisbury, who died in 1879. On October 3, 1877, she became the wife of the late Walter Sargent of Warner, who also died three years ago. For nearly 50 years she was the mistress of the well known Sargent house at Elm Farm on Tory Hill in Warner, where was dispensed a gracious hospitality to a host of friends. She was long an earnest worker in the order of Patrons of Husbandry, was the oldest surviving member of Warner Grange and had been an officer in the Merrimack County Pomona Grange of which her husband was the first secretary. She was also one of the founders of the Tory Hill Woman's Club of Warner, and an active member of the same. She was a Christian Scientist and a member of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Boston.

She is survived by two sons, Frank

H., head of the money department of the American Express Office in Boston, and George H., the well known writer, of Warner, also of brother, George E. Fellows of Salisbury.

## CHARLES W. STEVENS

Born in Cavendish, Vt., Nov. 1, 1844; died in Nashua, N. H., March 26, 1927.

He was a son of John L. and Sarah (Emerson) Stevens who removed to Nashua in his early youth, where he was educated, and continued to reside through life. He engaged in the granite and construction business, and executed many important building contracts.

He was Quartermaster of Co. First N. H. Cavalry in the Civil War and Quartermaster General on the staff of Gov. David H. Goodell. He was a Congregationalist and a Republican; served in the House of Representatives, and as a State Senator in 1895-6, and served as a Director of the Soldiers Home at Nashua, from 1889 till death.

He married, June 28, 1868, Miss Lizzie Butterfield, by whom he survived, with one son, Everett Stevens of Nashua.

---

## Tragedy

By OLIVE A. BROWN

A giant pine, midst trees of lesser growth,  
Reared its arms heavenward and beckoned to the sun.  
Strong, proud, and stately,—a king among its kind,  
O, the pity of it that its span of years was run.

The callous-hearted woodsmen scanned it with reckoning eye;  
To them it held no meaning save in terms of cord and feet.  
Then the shining saw blade bit it like a thing in vivious mood,  
And the monarch of the forest had plainly met defeat.

For awhile it never tottered, but bravely held its own,  
While the woodsmen sawed and wedged and sawed again.  
Then it slowly swayed in weakness, pitched and fell with thunderous roar,  
As its beauty crushed and crumpled to the echoing refrain.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

MAY 1927

NO. 5.

## A Unique New England Industry

There are very few manufacturing industries in New Hampshire that have been in continuous operation for a period of over seventy years, and in the entire United States the number of business enterprises that have carried on for that length of time without cessation could be counted in a very few figures. It is, therefore, rather interesting to New Hampshire people to note that the flour mills at Penacook, which are situated on the Contoocook River near its junction with the Merrimack, are not only one of the state's very oldest industries, but are otherwise unique in that there is no other plant of similar sort in New Hampshire, or in New England, which is competing directly and successfully with the great western flour mills in a line of business which has always belonged peculiarly to the west.

The flour mills at Penacook, which have a 24 hour capacity of 500 barrels of various commercial grades of flour, and which are combined with feed mills, are operated by Stratton & Co., a New Hampshire corporation.

The flour mill was first built in 1857 by C. & J. C. Gage of Boscawen. While the flour mill was still new, and within two years after the time it was built, it was sold to John H. Pearson & Co. of Concord, who operated the mills and kept a ware-

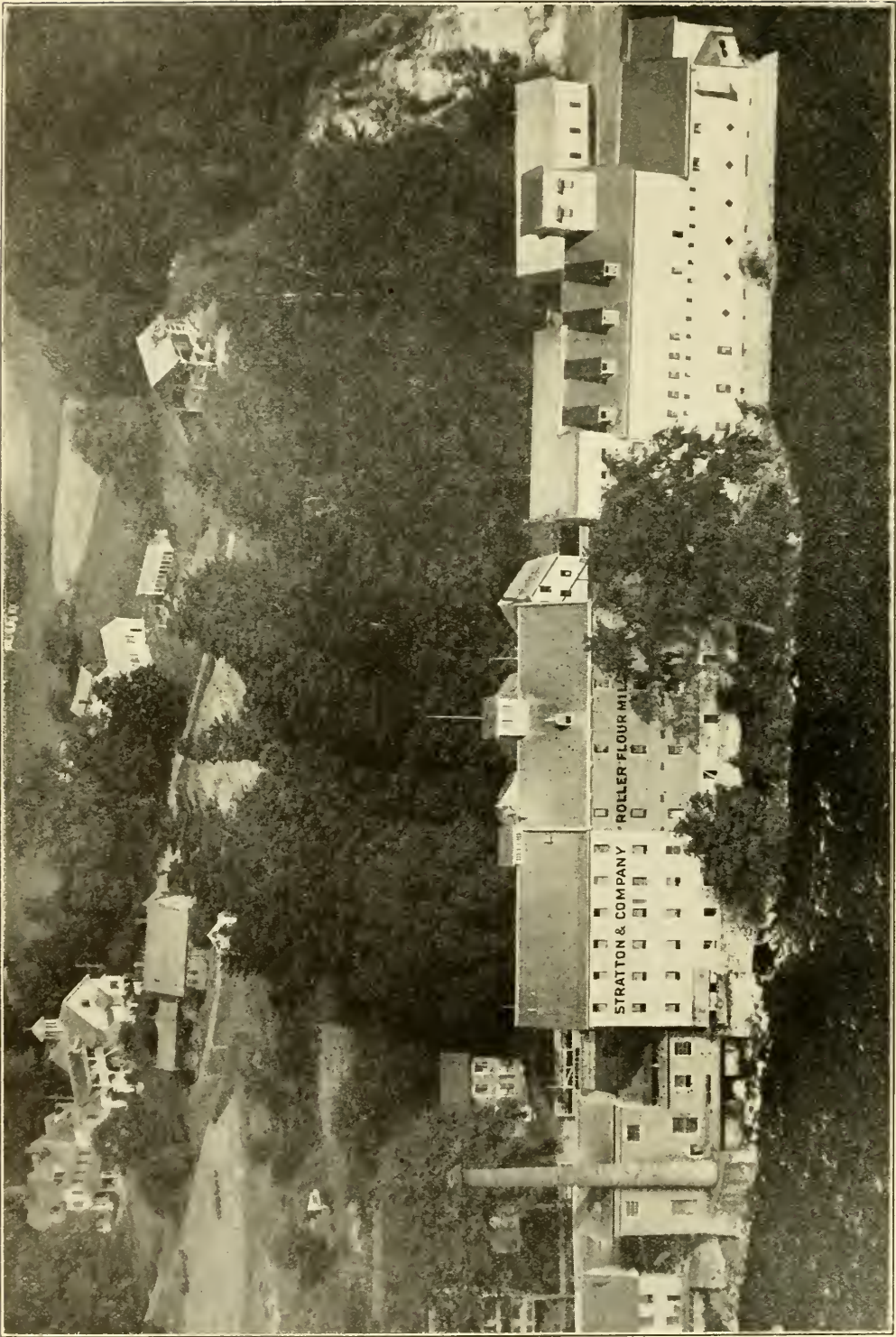
house in Railroad Square. In 1867 the Pearsons sold out to Barron, Dodge & Co., who carried on the flour business for about four years until 1871, when the firm of Whitcher & Stratton was formed, a business concern well remembered by the older residents of Concord and Boscawen.

Upon the retirement of Whitcher some years later, Henry C. Merrill of Manchester joined George L. Stratton and William K. MacFarland, and the mills were re-built and modernized and the business was carried on under the name of Stratton, Merrill & Co. John H. Blanchard of Concord was a partner for a time, but he retired in 1885, and John Walter Johnston of Manchester entered the partnership, which was changed over into a corporation in 1913.

Under the direction of Messrs Stratton, MacFarland and Johnston the flour business was built up to large proportions and business was secured throughout New England spreading the fame of Stratton's flour far and wide, until today the name is a household word wherever flour is used, and is a standard of quality in the trade.

The three partners, portraits of whom are shown herewith, have probably enjoyed as wide an acquaintance in the mercantile life of New Hampshire as any men who







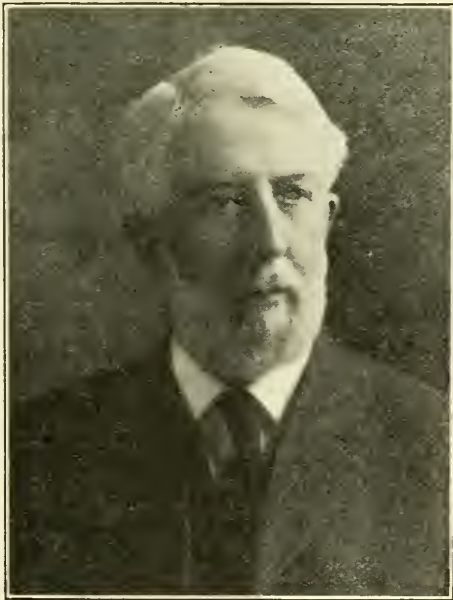

---

 GEORGE L. STRATTON
 

---

have ever done business in this state. And while all of them have now

---




---

 WILLIAM K. McFARLAND
 

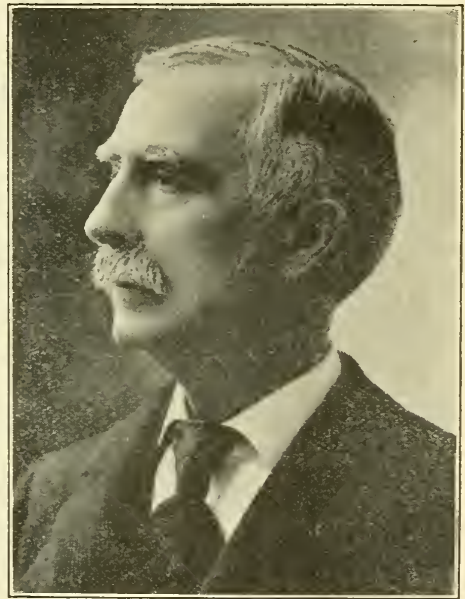
---

passed away the mills still continue with reputation and output undiminished, and apparently, there

seems to be no reason why they should cease for another seventy years.

Although the Stratton mill is small when compared with the great flour mills of the west, still it consumes an amount of grain which is often surprising to persons who are not familiar with the wheat business. A 500 barrel mill, like the Stratton mill, will grind in 24 hours 2,500 bushel of wheat. This represents

---




---

 JOHN WALTER JOHNSTON
 

---

the wheat from probably 160 acres of an average yield.

At the time of the war New Hampshire people were urged to plant as much wheat as they could, although generally there is none raised in this state. A number of persons planted varying sized pieces and there was some question raised as to what could be done with the crop. Some amateur wheat farmers believed that there would be so large a surplus that there would be no way of



caring for it. The Stratton Co. agreed to buy all the wheat that was raised in this state and it was thought by some that they had taken on rather a large contract. As a matter of fact, all the wheat that was raised in New Hampshire at that time was ground at the Stratton mills in less than one day's run.

The great bulk of the wheat

wheat is planted in the spring and harvested in September. By far the larger part of the wheat raised in this country is winter wheat, and it makes a very superior sort of flour.

The flour milling business has changed entirely in its method within comparatively recent years from the old fashioned grinding of stones to the modern machinery



Offices and Warehouse of Stratton & Co., Depot Square, Concord, N. H.

ground at Penacook is from Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, with considerable from New York state, these being the states that grow the highest grades of winter wheat. Winter wheat is wheat that is planted in the fall and sprouts a few inches high, then lies under the snow through the winter and grows rapidly again in the spring, until it is ready to harvest in July. Spring

whereby the wheat kernel is separated into its various parts and several different commercial grades of flour are worked out from the same lot of wheat. In order to compete in the flour trade, it is necessary to make special runs of flour for different purposes. Stratton & Company's mill can make five grades of flour at the same time from one lot of wheat, all these grades being distinct and



different. The mill will grind three of them and the other two are obtained by blending.

In order to compete in the markets for business there must be flour for bread making, another kind for pastry and pie bakers, flour of a very soft and white texture for cake bakeries, another sort for cracker bakers, doughnut making, and so on with each style of cookery. To produce flour from any particular shipment of wheat, which will fulfill these requirements, is an art as

exact and skillful as one will find in any sort of manufacturing business in the world. That the Penacook mills should have succeeded over so long a period of years in competing with the rest of the United States in this line is indeed a tribute to the methods and the skill with which this business is conducted. Visitors at the mill are always welcome and the processes that may be seen there never fail to interest those who inspect the plant.

---

## Keepsake House

By OLIVE G. RUNNER

I know the dearest little house  
Beside a winding lane,  
Where apple trees, set close about,  
Nod at the window pane;

Where lilacs guard the old front door  
With latch-string hanging out,  
And songs of thrush and oriole  
Come lilting all about.

The little house is weathered brown,  
And the worn and battered door  
Bears marks of snows and rain and sun  
Of a hundred years or more.

Within, the wide and ample hearth,  
The great crane hanging low  
Breathes old-time hospitality  
That will not let me go.

It calls insistently in May,  
However far I roam,  
For lilac time is homing time  
And Keepsake House is home.

Hartford, Conn.



HON. JOHN BARTLETT MESERVE

# A Privateersman of the Revolution

By JOHN BARTLETT MESERVE

---

The wilderness of ancient New England, with its perils, became a sanctuary. Its broad expanses gave play to the imaginations of men, who strove to conceive a condition of living in which the palpable errors of existing forms in Europe, might be avoided. In America, all of the conditions, ecclesiastical, social and political, were favorable for the full unfolding of the theories, implicit in the independent doctrine which was then engrossing the affairs of England. The Colonists were securely beyond the range of restraint of bishops; the inhospitable character of the land and of its aboriginal inhabitants rendered inevitable a high degree of social cohesion and economic equality; and the remoteness and preoccupation of the royal government prevented any effective control from England, over the political institutions that developed. There resulted that aggregation of communities, democratic in institution and independent in both ecclesiastical and secular organization, which constituted Colonial New England.

Early in the colonial life of the Colonies, they began to develop a commercial independence and from the New England shipyards came fleets of merchant vessels which were to invade every port in the world. Interference and regulation by the British government irked the restless colonists and it was not a stretch of the imagination to realize that a separation from the mother country would sooner or later transpire.

Events hastened toward the Revolution. The spirit of the Republic was begotten in the sorrows of early settlement and born amid the travail of the struggling colonial days; it was christened without the walls of Louisburg in 1745; rocked in the cradle of the Revolution and finally confirmed in its complete fruition at Appomatox.

The long tedious years of the War for Independence challenged the vitality and resources of the colonies. It seemed a hopeless task which the American Colonies had undertaken, without a single vessel of war, to oppose the magnificent navy of Great

---

John Bartlett Meserve was born in DeKalb County, Indiana, Nov. 17, 1869, son of True Whitcher and Atline (Stearns) Meserve. His parents removed to Kansas in his infancy, where he was educated in the public schools. He read law at Abilene, Kansas in the office of former Senator Burton; was admitted to the bar in May 1895, and immediately commenced practice in Florence, Fremont Co., Colorado. He served in the Colorado Legislature in 1903, and removed to Tulsa, Oklahoma in March 1906; was president of the board of Free holders that framed the present charter of the city, in 1908; was assistant U. S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Oklahoma, from 1908 to 1913; Municipal Counselor for Tulsa, 1915—1917; Assistant Attorney for the U. S. Shipping Board at Washington, 1923 to 1925, then returning to Tulsa, where he has since been in general practice. On December 28, 1898 he married Miss Myrtle Broughton, daughter of William H. Broughton of Abilene, Kansas. They have one daughter, Mrs. Glenn A. Campbell, and two grand-daughters, Mary Jane and Naomi Glenn. Mr. Meserve is a member of the Episcopal Church, the Masonic orders, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of the Colonial Wars, and served on the local Council of Defense in the World War.



Britain. The British navy, at that time, consisted of no less than three hundred and fifty-six vessels; one hundred and forty of them being ships-of-the-line,—that is, great floating forts mounting 74 guns and more. The inhabitants of the thirteen colonies, in 1776, numbered less than one-half of the present population of the city of New York, but there were probably as many native born sailors following the deep sea, as there are today. This situation arose from the fact that all of our large centers of population were on the sea coast; highways and roads were few and in very indifferent condition and it was by the sea that the colonies kept in touch with each other and, by the waterways, that they carried on their commerce. At that time it took little or no training to transform a merchant sailor into a man-of-wars-man. There was no complicated machinery to learn; the ropes and orders were the same; and the guns on a merchant vessel—ships sailing in foreign waters were all armed in those days—were the same as those upon a vessel in the government service, only smaller. It was this easy adaptability of the American merchant sailor that accomplished much to save the cause of the colonies. At the inception Britain attempted to blockade the American ports, against which the weak government had no navy with which to oppose. Measures were devised when Congress authorized the arming of privately owned vessels, which it commissioned to prey upon the commerce and shipping of Great Britain. These "privateers" slipped to sea from almost every harbor and well did they account themselves.

To read of their adventures is stirring to the blood. In Homeric deeds have they written a chapter in the history of the nation. But for the yeoman service, the story might have been different.

A fearless privateersman of the Revolution, was Captain William Collins Meserve, the only son and child of Captain John Meserve and Sarah Mills, his wife, who was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire on November 8, 1753. His father, Captain John Meserve, had sailed from Portsmouth, in January 1760 upon a ship which never came again. He was shipwrecked and lost at sea in the waters of the North Atlantic. Captain William Collins Meserve was the grandson of Colonel Nathaniel Meserve, the hero of the siege of Louisbourg in 1745\*. (Granite Monthly, Vol. LIX, pp. 22 et seq.) He was in the direct line of descent from Greogire Messervy, who was living in the Isle of Jersey in 1495. The Captain was raised by a widowed mother and apparently few restraints were thrown about his early years. His childhood home was contiguous to the wharves of old Portsmouth, and his earliest associations were with the sailors and seamen who frequented the shores. At the age of fourteen years, he ran away from home and went to sea, and this life he was destined to follow for thirty years.

Vice was bold in those days and while manners were courtly, the ways were coarse. Life upon the open sea was free from restraint, save the sailor's captain's word. Good fists and

---

\* The writer is a thrice great grandson of Colonel Nathaniel Meserve and a great grandson of Captain William Collins Meserve.

prowess to use them adjusted differences between sailors. Each man was the judge and executioner of the things which concerned him, and to the young sea lad, the law of the "survival of the fittest" early impressed itself. He was but a young sea lad when the stirring scenes were being enacted which led to the Revolution. When the war came he had become a sea captain and had enjoyed a career of hardihood and adventure at an age when "piracy" was yet in flower. He had touched at, and was familiar with, the colonial ports from Portsmouth to Havana. His earliest sea ventures were upon crafts owned by the Prince Brothers of Boston.

The hardy sailors of New England had sailed the seven seas, and the shops of old Portsmouth displayed quaint wares and products, brought from every clime. The War of the Revolution attracted these hardy and fearless seamen to the service of the colonies. They became privateersmen and sailed forth to dispute with Britain, the mastery of the sea, and were most destructive of the navy and commercial shipping of England.

England's commercial shipping made rich prizes, highly attractive to the American privateersman. During the Revolution, a situation bordering upon piracy was engendered. Zealous commanders interpreted their instructions as indicated by Chief Justice Marshall, who, in his *Life of Washington* at this period says:

"Though general letters of reprisal were not immediately granted by Congress to their Continental Cruisers, a measure of equal efficacy, but

less hostile in appearance, was adopted. Their ships of war were authorized to capture all vessels employed in giving assistance to the enemy in any manner whatsoever; and the forms used were such that no capture could be made which might not be construed to come within it."

Thus the character of privateering which was practiced was not only fatal to British shipping, but became quite lucrative to commanders and crews.

Says Jamison in "Privateering and Piracy in the Colonial Period," 1923, at page 9 of the preface:

"But wide as is the legal distinction between the authorized warfare of the privateer and the unauthorized violence of the pirate, in practice, it was difficult to keep the privateer and his crew, far from the eye of authority, within the bounds of legal conduct, or prevent him from branching out his operations into piracy, especially if a mere privateering cruise were proving unprofitable. Privateering was open to many abuses and it was not without good reason that the leading powers of Europe in 1856, by the Declaration of Paris, agreed to its abandonment."

These hardy privateersmen rendered great and most effective service during the Revolution. The American people have been taught for generations that our Independence was achieved almost entirely through the efforts of the land forces. Comparisons will prove a surprise. We all know that Washington took one thousand prisoners at Trenton; Gates made some eight thousand prisoners at Saratoga, and the American and French captured about seven thousand at Yorktown. It is not generally known that in the same period, fully sixteen thousand prisoners were

taken by our sea forces. (History of American Privateers," by Maclay.)

Commissions to privateersmen were not issued without discrimination. Fitness and integrity were judged with care before sanctions of the government were extended. In addition to the rigid rules of war, sealed undertakings were exacted from the commanders, which contained conditions of striking interest.

During the Revolution, Captain Meserve entered the service of his country as a privateersman, enlisting from Boston. ("Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution," Vol. X, at page 695.) The first record of his service as a privateersman is found in Massachusetts Archives CLXIX, 229, in the office of the Secretary of State at Boston, which is a petition identifying him as a First Lieutenant under Captain Nathaniel Thayer, upon the brigantine SATISFACTION. This petition was dated April 1st, 1778. It appears that after having served in this capacity for five months, he was commissioned Commander of the schooner GENERAL LINCOLN. This record is found in Massachusetts Archives CLXVIII, 122, at Boston and consists of a petition signed by one Job Prince under date of August 31, 1778, addressed to the Council of the State of Massachusetts, petitioning for the appointment of the captain as Commander of the schooner GENERAL LINCOLN.

The GENERAL LINCOLN was a schooner of about sixty tons, mounting ten carriage guns, four cohorns and two swivels, and manned by a crew of forty-five men. Serving under Captain Meserve were, Joshua

Pillsbury, First Lieutenant; John Tucker, Second Lieutenant and John Casneau, Master. The petition recites:

"Said schooner is intended to cruise against the enemies of the United States." Attached to the petition is an Order of Council, dated August 31, 1778, directing that the commission be issued.

In the office of the Secretary of State at Boston, are the originals of two bonds, signed by the Captain with sureties, which are of interest. These bonds are dated at Boston on August 31, 1778. One bond ("Massachusetts Archives, Armed Vessels Bonds, V, 331) is in the sum of Five Thousand Dollars. Henry Laurens Esquire and other Members of the Continental Congress are named as obligees and the bond is conditioned

"To make capture of vessels and cargoes belonging to the crown and subjects of Great Britain, shall not exceed or transgress the Powers and Authorities which shall be contained in said commission, but shall in all things observe and conduct himself and govern his crew, by and according to the same; and shall make Reparation for all Damages sustained by any Misconduct or Unwarrantable Proceedings of himself or the Officers or Crew of the said schooner."

The other bond (Massachusetts Archives Armed Vessels, Bonds 332,) is in the sum of Four Thousand Pounds; names the Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as obligee and contains the following conditions which are of striking interest and suggestive:

"Commander of the Armed Vessel called the GENERAL LINCOLN shall well and truly put on shore and



deliver to the Commissary of Prisoners in some of the United States, all Prisoners by him captured and shall not carry out with him any Person in Pay of this State or any Officer or Soldier belonging to the Continental Army."

Obviously, this latter bond reflects the purpose by Congress to safeguard the care and disposition of any British subjects which might fall into the hands of this quasi independent arm of the government. It is also manifest that Congress proposed that all privateering operations should be wholly independent from the regular landed and naval forces of the colonies. Congress, evidently, was not unmindful of the hardy character of the grim patriots it had called to and commissioned under the colors.

The American Privateersman, in the War of the Revolution, was a character of intrepidity and courage, who had won his spurs in maritime commerce amid the continuous menace of piracy upon the open sea. He had sailed in an armed vessel and was not unused to open conflict with these vultures of the ocean. He was grim, determined and relentless in dealing with these adversaries. The old sea captains of New England asked no quarter and gave none in return. The white flag never went up. He dealt with a foe who feared no restraint of law and who disposed of the vanquished at the yardarm or the plank. He measured his reprisals by the same law. Few pirates were brought into port in chains by the fearless old sea captains of old New England. Such was the fibre of the bold, fearless, independent characters whom Congress commissioned as privateersmen and sent

forth to answer Britain's challenge upon the sea. They answer the query of why it became difficult for Britain to provision her army in America, and why the merchant marine of Great Britain was sent scurrying from the sea and terror invaded every port in England. They were America's answer to the savage edict of the North ministry of November 20, 1775, outlawing the colonies and directing that their seamen be hanged.

Congress was keenly alive to the service of these patriots, but with wise precaution, by strict regulation and the exaction of a bond of the character given by Captain Meserve, brought their operation within the dignity of legalized warfare. It is difficult for us, at this age, to properly visualise the necessities of the situation, as Congress saw them. Be it said to his eternal credit, that it was an unsullied and untarnished commission which the bold privateersman of the Revolution, surrendered back to his country, when our independence was won. He came of an heroic age and in the dawning hours of the Republic rendered an heroic service.

The career of Captain Meserve as a privateersman was prolific of thrilling incidents, and in after years, he related many encounters with British armed Merchantmen. His experience ultimately ended in his capture by the British and nearly cost him his life. He had intercepted successfully, a number of British trading vessels and, acting through misinformation or ignorance that New York was in the possession of the British, sailed into that harbor to discharge prisoners. He and his

crew were promptly detained and made prisoners and, after a brief detention in New York, were sent to Halifax for incarceration and subjected to much inhuman treatment. Efforts were made by the British officers, by offers of bribes and then by threats, to induce him to desert the cause of the colonies and join the British colors. The sturdy young patriot defiantly refused to abandon his country. An attempt was made, thereafter, to poison him and the members of his crew, by giving them poisoned ale to drink. A humane officer with whom the Captain had become acquainted, gave him a warning shake of the head ere he had imbibed the poisoned glass and thus his tragic ending was averted. He became quite ill from this experience, but recovered and in due time returned to Portsmouth. Many of the members of his crew succumbed. The Captain lost much of his hair.

History attaches much infamy to Great Britain in her treatment of colonial prisoners during the Revolution. Some were taken to English prisons; others were deported to and abandoned upon the unfrequented shores of Africa, without hopes of ever seeing home or America again, while thousands were crowded upon prison ships. Many perished from ill use, starvation and exposure. It is of record that many were poisoned by design. ("American Prisoners of the Revolution," by Danske Dandridge.)

At the conclusion of his military service, and in 1782, Captain Meserve married Deborah, a daughter of Captain John Bartlett and Elizabeth Hodgdon, his wife of Portsmouth. Captain John Bartlett was likewise a

sea captain and died in 1775. His name has become a patronymic in the family.

The sea experiences of Captain Meserve extended over a period of thirty years. They were years fraught with the perils and hardships incident to a sea captain's life of that rugged period. He had descended from an ancestry of mariners and it was but quite natural that he should follow the sea. He was of a jovial, convivial character, and too fond of the dangers and hardships of the sea as a consequence. His wife wearied of his long absences from home and besought him to abandon the sea. The Captain was unsympathetic at first, but it seems that along late in 1796, there came a day when the old skipper came into port, after a despairing absence, a much despirited man. There had been a shipwreck of his vessel somewhere, and in some manner, and all was lost. This was his own ship. How he reached home it is not preserved to us to know. Some say he was over-matched in a contest with pirates, but escaped and lay ill for months at a port in France. At any rate, his long career upon the sea was at an end. During his absence, the home at Portsmouth had burned and yielding sympathetically to the insistence of his wife, the decision to remove to Goshen, New Hampshire, was made. The old Province Road connecting the Merrimack River at Penacook, with the Connecticut River at Old Fort Number Four, now Charlestown, crossed at Goshen and gave to that settlement, some importance. Many soldiers of the Revolution from Portsmouth and Kittery, settled along the "Great Road," as it was called a

that time. A farm of one hundred and fifty acres was purchased at Goshen, from John Lane on December 31, 1796 and thither the old Captain removed with his family, early in 1797. The farm skirts the Sunapees, and has never been credited as one of the best, although the land is quite level and was easy of cultivation. Here, the Captain settled down to a farmer's life and was engaged largely in raising hops. That he was able to adjust himself to the quietitude of this life, is worthy of remark. The old farm is now abandoned for its use as such, although the fast decaying remnants of his ancient farm house still linger.

Naturally, the scenes of his earlier years were his engrossing themes in after years. Like Goldsmith's broken soldier, "he could talk the night away." His sea experiences contributed a fund of actual adventures of hardship and daring from which he drew. On a return voyage from Havana, the yellow fever broke out among his crew, from which all died save he and his mate. He told of mutinous crews brought into subjection by the use of his own good fists or cat-o-nine tails. He related of fights with Spanish and Algerian corsairs. His privateering experiences were ever engrossing themes. The range of his sea activities may be judged from the following, taken from a "Sketch of Goshen" by Walter R. Nelson, at page 46:

"Seven bushels of Spanish Silver had Captain William Meserve when he retired from a long and active sea life, to a farm in North Goshen. At least he is reported to have recovered that amount from an old Spanish wreck, and at his death in 1824, sev-

eral quarts of the old pieces were still left."

Many corsairs flying the Spanish flag infested the seas during those days and not a few acts of piracy were committed beneath the Castilian colors. The Spanish wreck above adverted to, may not have been a derelict when the old Captain first visioned it upon the high seas, but manifestly, in the honors, he did not retire second best in any encounter which may have resulted. But much which was done in those days must be attributed to the imperfect civilization of the times and the grim necessities to which the old sea faring men were driven.

There was much of the romantic and not a little of pathos in the old captain's life. Of early home training and its influence, he appears to have had little or none and we can vision him as a young lad, without restraint, running the streets of Portsmouth—the old town's proverbial "bad boy." The formative days of his character were spent at sea, amidst elements which were wild and among associates who were wilder still. We can feature the native courage and ability of his race, early asserting themselves when, as a young man, he became a sea captain. The days of his apprenticeship upon the seas were days when piracy was rife and danger lurked in the offing. Doubtless, he could and did fight with his fists when backed against the rail of his ship by a mutinous crew and was as relentless with mutineers as the times required. In dealing with piracy he probably recognized the law of the sea. The expletives of his vocabulary, perhaps were sufficiently expressive, when occasion seemed to



demand, but that he was the soul of courage and honor, all sources of information agree. He led a hard life, among calloused men and amid the uncontrolable elements of the sea. He was twenty-nine years of age when he married Deborah Bartlett. To this truly sweet character, as she sat at her spinning wheel, in the Colonial days of the long ago, the sturdy young captain fresh from the service of his country, whispered the old, old story of man's love for woman. She was a noble Christian character and her influence brought into the captain's life a glimpse of the higher virtues.- One of the marked impulses of the old captain's life was the tender affection which he bore for her. Her influence with him was paramount. He went to church with her and stood at the font in old Queen's Chapel Church in Portsmouth, when his children were baptized. Whether he ever affiliated with any church, it is not preserved to us to know, but we cannot note therein any departure from the habits of other men. His moral character was unblemished and the highest fidelity characterized the fulfillment of his every engagement. Who can look into the silent soul and see the hope and confidence and joy that may come from out of the chaos of strife and doubt of the years?

Let us measure this grim old ancestor by the times in which he lived, the service in which he was engaged and the associations which that service necessarily entailed, giving account to the apparent lack of home life and its influence to which he was entitled. He was the product of that mysterious jungle that grows just without the garden wall where civil-

ization conveniently throws its weeds and its vices. Perhaps it may be said, that he was born and reared upon the very outskirts of opportunity, but that under the discipline of adversity, developed a touch of genius. Ere his earthly service closed, the fine soul of his ancestry had asserted itself; subsequent events dealt sympathetically with him and through open doors, fate led him forth into the clear sunlight and beyond the eclipse of his early life. He became one of the most highly respected and loved pioneers of western New Hampshire.

In the spring of 1824, the snows of winter were slowly melting about the Sunapees, but as yet, only the initial marks of the approaching season were beginning to evidence themselves. Another bleak winter of New England was passing as the grim old privateersman was lingering within the shadow. He was paused for the Great Adventure. The "clear call" for the last voyage had come. Mystic hands unreefed the sails of his phantom barque, as he left the shores of time, guided as of yore, by the stars. Of his course, he had no chart; to what Sunny Isles he may, at last have come, we cannot know; but this we firmly feel that a life of rugged courage, fidelity and homely virtue must end in a forward. Every sense compels the belief; all creation reasons it and the loves of a man threading every fiber, burdening his joys and filling his soul, give the one and only answer for the sweetest words in all human speech are lipped by faith.

Captain Meserve died at Goshen, New Hampshire on March 28, 1830 and his wife died there on March

1831. Both are buried in the North Goshen Cemetery some four miles northeast of Goshen.

The Captain had seven children:

Susan, born Sept. 14, 1784, married Walter Lear and died March 6, 1858.

\* John Bartlett, born Nov. 3, 1786, married Mary Thatcher on March 27, 1808 and died Dec. 21, 1865.

Charles Hanson, born Jan. 8, 1790, married Mary Young in 1813 and died Nov. 27, 1880.

William Collins, born May 26, 1792..

Samuel Marshal, baptized Oct. 8, 1795 and buried Nov. 13, 1796.

Samuel, born Oct. 26, 1798, married Eunice Willey on May 16, 1821 and died Sept. 10, 1872.

Hannah Gunnison, born April 20, 1801, married Calvin Thatcher on Sept. 25, 1823 and died May 12, 1887.

The living descendants of the old Captain are scattered variously from Vermont to the Pacific coast, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Manifestly in the heart of each there will ever abide a sense of gratitude and tender respect toward the memory of the humanely disposed British officer at Halifax, who so opportunely warned the old Captain and averted his premature death.

With the passing of the old Captain, the story of his descendants shifts from the ancestral commonwealth of New Hampshire, to the storied west. But to them, hallowed in memory is the old Granite State, which had been the abiding place of

hundred and fifty years. (1673-1824.) Into the stirring scenes of the members of the family for one its early life, their forbears have written the impress of sterling character. Within its historic confines, they cast life's burdens down and sank to rest in dreamless sleep. Toward this cradle commonwealth, so rich in ancestral associations, fondly does the heart pulsate with sentiments of "back home."

The old state is peopled by the purest Anglo-Saxon citizenship, practically all descendants of the sturdy pioneers of the golden years of yesterday. She is nature's masterpiece, where beauty charms and bids one linger; wonderful in her scenic glory, where White Mountain peaks tower into the chill upper reaches of a sapphire sky, to catch the first kiss of the morning sunlight; where tall trees lean to each other in friendly embrace; where myriad crystal lakes mirror the crag, the hemlock and the pine; where picturesque mountain streams rush o'er mountain rapids to break in foam upon the rocks, then glide away through fertile vales and undulating plains to mingle with the sea.

"As the fingers of the sunbeam  
Lift the drapery of night,  
Soundlessly its forms are shaping  
'Neath the touches of the light,  
And with eloquence unuttered  
Speak they to the listening heart,  
As the traveler softly enters  
Nature's gallery of art."

Hagaman.

---

\* The writer's grandfather.



# Memorial Day

By CLYDE ROBE MEREDITH

There comes a day into my mind,  
Out from the long ago—  
The brightest, fairest, happiest day  
That I shall ever know.  
A gentle shower had passed at dawn  
And purified the air,  
And washed each dainty woodland flower  
And made it still more fair.  
The sun arose and kissed the dew  
From each fair, upturned face.  
The zephyrs lingered as if loath  
To leave the lovely place.  
With gladsome steps, a maiden, sweet,  
Came to this fairy scene,  
With parted lips and glowing eyes,  
And knelt down on the green.  
“Dear flowers, I need you all,” she said,  
To deck a hero’s grave;  
As bright and innocent as yours,  
Dear flowers, the life he gave.  
“He died our country to redeem  
From out the foeman’s hand.  
His true heart’s blood, he gave it all  
To save, once more, our land.”  
And then she took each forest gem  
With touch of reverent love,  
And ivy, green, and fashioned, thence,  
The figure of a dove.  
She laid the peaceful emblem, then,  
Upon her hero’s grave,  
And asked the Holy Prince of Peace  
To bless the flowers she gave.  
I have forgotten all save this:  
That hero’s quiet grave,  
The perfect morning, and the flowers  
That loving maiden gave.

603 E. 30th Street, Waverly,  
Baltimore, Md.



# The McClary Family of Epsom

COMPILED BY GILBERT H. KNOWLES

---

Leaving the heroic life of Major Andrew McClary, sketched in a previous issue of this magazine, let us go back to Esquire John, who came to Epsom with his brother in 1738. Tradition has it that John McClary was born in Ireland and at the age of seven came to America with his parents. Major Andrew was born in Londonderry before the family moved to Epsom.

Esq. John was a typical Scotchman, methodical, level-headed, shrewd, and thrifty. He was for over forty years a leading citizen and office holder in his town. He represented Epsom, Allenstown, and Chichester at the annual meetings held in Exeter, and he was a conspicuous member of the first Convention held for the purpose of organizing a Colonial government. He was a leader in establishing the State Government, and took an active part in State affairs for twenty years. John McClary served in the Council, and was several times a member of the State Senate, of which body he was once the President.

Esq. John had married an Irish girl from Nottingham. They had several children one of whom, Michael, had a remarkable career, not rived even by that of his uncle, the Major. In 1741 Esq. John, with the help of his parents, erected the McClary mansion. He lived within its walls for sixty years and his son, Gen. Michael McClary, made it his

home for 72 years. Esq. John lived to be 81 years of age.

## GENERAL MICHAEL McCLARY

Michael, son of Esq. John, was born in Epsom in 1753. As a youth he was smart and active and received a good education for those times. At the breaking out of the Revolution, when twenty-three years of age, he joined the army and was appointed an Ensign in Stark's Regiment. "He served four years in the army, taking part in some of the most decisive engagements of the war and suffered with his men, some of the severest privations and fatigues."

On returning from the army, Mr. McClary at once took a prominent position in social and political life, which he held for half a century. He took part, as did his father, in the organization of the State Government, and being well versed in military affairs, and of good executive ability, he was appointed Adjutant General for the State of New Hampshire. He organized that department and held the office twenty-one consecutive years. In 1796 he was elected Senator, and was a member of that body seven years. Such was his popularity that the votes in Epsom were unanimously in his favor, and nearly so in the adjoining towns. He was U. S. Marshal for a long time, which, during the last war with England, with a large amount of privateering prosecuted at Portsmouth, was a very responsible office. Gen.

McClary was tendered the nomination as candidate for Governor, but this he declined to accept.

"Though well known throughout the State and respected by leading citizens everywhere, his popularity, power and influence in his native town was most remarkable. He seemed to control the affairs of Epsom with almost universal consent." He was kept almost constantly in office for over fifty years, and was decidedly the most influential man who ever lived in town. An old Federalist once said: "If I had a family of children who would obey me as well as the people of Epsom do Gen. McClary, I should be a happy man."

"Though once a Federalist, Gen. McClary cast his lot with the Democratic party and carried the town with him almost unanimously; one year only a single Federal vote was thrown."

"Gen. McClary also did much business as justice of the peace and Probate Judge. Most of the court business for this vicinity was done at Epsom, and most cases of litigation were brought before the General for trial."

At the close of the Revolutionary war nearly all of the leading American and French commissioned officers, including both Washington and LaFayette, combined to form the Society of Cincinnati. The purpose was to cement the friendship and to perpetuate the memories incident to the war. Each officer was entitled to but one successor. Gen. McClary took part in organizing the N. H. Branch of this Society and was its Treasurer for twenty-five years. "This honorable body of Revolutionary officers met annually on the

Fourth of July." Three or four of the annual meetings were held at the home of Gen. McClary, and probably called together more noted men than ever assembled on any other occasion in the Suncook Valley. Like many of the other officers of the Revolution, Gen. McClary was a zealous Mason. While in the army he had met in secret conclave such men as Washington, Lafayette and Sullivan.

"Gen. McClary was tall, commanding, well proportioned, and prepossessing. He made a fine appearance as a military officer, either on foot or in the saddle. He was remarkably affable and engaging in his manners, interesting in conversation, graceful in his movements, convivial in his habits, generous, hospitable and public spirited. His position, means, and hospitality rendered him exceedingly popular. It is hinted that he was fond of power and in the face of opposition sometimes displayed certain traits not recorded among the Christian graces. His acquaintance and correspondence was remarkably extensive, embracing many of the most distinguished men of the country."

In 1779 the General married the daughter of Dr. Dearborn of North Hampton. Miss Dearborn was an interesting, intelligent, and accomplished lady and the marriage was a happy one. "They entertained company with style and grace, and around their festive board have been many happy meetings of the prominent men of the times." They had five children.

"The oldest son, John, was of great personal beauty and accomplished. He was Representative State Senator and was early appointed

ed to a clerkship at Washington. He was killed by a falling building when but thirty-six years old." The second son, Andrew, had a roving disposition. He married in 1813 at Concord, N. H. Shortly afterward he sailed for Calcutta and was lost at sea. Gen. McClary and his wife both lived to a good old age. The



HON. CHARLES M. STEELE

sad fate of their sons fell with crushing and disastrous effect upon the parents during the last years of their lives. The General died in 1825 and was buried with his ancestors in the old cemetery at Epsom.

Gen. McClary had three daughters. The oldest, Nancy Dearborn, married Samuel Lord of Portsmouth. Mary, the youngest, married Robert Parker and settled in Fitzwilliam. The second daughter, Elizabeth Harvey, married Johathan Steele, a lawyer,

who came from Peterboro and settled with his wife at the McClary homestead. Lawyer Steele was the grandfather of Hon. Charles M. Steele who at this time represents Epsom in the General Court. Mr. Steele like his forbears, is a man of keen mental ability and has rendered valuable service to his town and State.

The McClary mansion is one of the finest old landmarks still extant in New Hampshire. Within its walls were concocted many of the schemes influencing the early history of the state. The Manchester Union in its issue of May 13th, 1893 printed the following:

"The venerable mansion has a history more genuinely interesting than often attaches to buildings of even legendary fame. In it great men have been born and lived; in its dining hall famous men have sat at the board; in its chambers distinguished statesmen, jurors and heroes have slept; before the wide fireplace in the reception room have gathered the wit and beauty of a time when men were strong and women fair and wine was red. No wonder that the echoes of long lost and forgotten music are said to return at night when darkness and silence reign. Alone in the great guest chamber one might fancy he had for companions the shades of Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, General Sullivan and other distinguished men who have in other days slept within its walls."

The mansion is now the property of Mrs. Helen Barstow, another direct descendant of Gen. Michael McClary.



# A New Hampshire Doctor in the Tennessee Mountains

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR

---

Dr. Hoyt-Stevens was the first Concord born woman to locate in New Hampshire as a physician. She was married to George Washington Stevens, June, 1907. He passed away in April, 1916, after nine happy years that they had enjoyed together. During the great war she offered her services across seas, but, being past age limit, was not accepted. In May 1917 she accepted an invitation from a former college classmate, Lillian Wycloff Johnson Ph. D., to visit and to help in her work among the mountain whites at Monteagle, Tenn. At first she answered some calls to the sick, and accompanied Dr. Johnson and government workers who were sent there to instruct the people on "Conservation." She supplemented their lectures in the school houses, on the mountain and in the valley, by Personal and Home Hygiene talks.

Early in July she was discovered by a summer Hotel Manager away up in Bersheba, the Charles Egbert Craddock section of the Cumberland Mountains, twelve miles from any railroad or any physician.

The usual season's guests from Nashville and Memphis had not begun to come, because most of the families had children and were awaiting the manager's announcement of a Hotel Physician. Dr. Hoyt-Stevens was urged to fill the position; since there were two physicians at Monteagle and none at

Bersheba she decided to act for the latter, hotel guests, cottagers, and the mountain whites, who could get to her office at the hotel, or could send some sort of a conveyance for distant calls.

One hot day in her second week of duty, there came to the hotel, report that down in the Valley, way up in the Gulch, far away from any neighbors, there was a family in dire distress—three adults in bed and one of them dying. Three physicians, twelve miles distant, in different directions, had been phoned to come and had refused.

Dr. Stevens offered to give her services if any one could be found to get her there. The manager and the guests, who knew the country, said "Impossible! for a woman from the North, unused to the bridle and the mountain trail," and it was said that no wagon could stand the strain of the mountain road roughness; that it was three miles farther round than the trail, and it could not be done in an afternoon. Nevertheless the man who had brought the report to the hotel, and evidently knew the sick family and what he was talking about, succeeded in finding a man just out from jail, who consented to sacrifice his wagon, his horse and his own time for five dollars. One of the guests offered to meet that charge, and later paid for a new wheel to his wagon besides. The doctor and the man started soon after

er the noon meal, but alas too late for the trip as it should have been made. Two break-downs on the mountain required delay for wiring up the wagon shafts, one after the other, in order to proceed.

Once in the valley three-fourths of an hour further delay was necessary at a blacksmith's shop; during that wait the neighbors from all about gathered and finding themselves blessed by the presence of a physician a real clinic was held and medicine cases considerably diminished as to contents. On leaving the blacksmith they started for "the end of nowhere" never found before this day. Their course lay over miles of loose cobble stones, the dry bed of a narrow river. In the valley at 5 p. m., the sun was rapidly declining and the doctor knew there were miles yet ahead; she remarked to the driver "It looks as though we shall be obliged to remain the night through for we can never drive back over these roads after dark; there is no moon tonight." The man's reply indicated that under no circumstances did he propose remaining through the night. Later two fordings of a stream, where cobble stones were the size of men's heads and water up to the wheel hubs were made. Dr. Stevens began to feel desperate, and said emphatically "Well if we are to return tonight we must make the re-crossings of this stream before dark." Within sight of the shack they were met by two boys who requested that their driving up to the house should be as noiseless as possible because a sister in the house was dying. When the driver halted beside the door rock, which served as a rocky door step, the doc-

tor sprang on to the veranda and in to the house, without ceremony. She looked at the three adults in 'one room, each in a bed alone (at night others in the family would sleep beside them). She placed her thermometer with one, and began pulse taking and the asking of questions. She found that each was in some stage of malarial typhoid; the girl reported as dying, was passing her crisis and conditions did not look favorable to her living through it, but she did. The other young woman had the bright, circumscribed rose spots on each cheek, bespeaking pneumonia with her typhoid. The mother, for several years "bed ridden" from her condition of age—the menopause—had also malarial typhoid. Two smaller children, who were up and about, were also in need of medical care; one with sore throat and enormous tonsils, the other with strumous glands in the neck, etc. A married sister, doing cooking for the family, was of very bad color and had swollen legs. The doctor counted out tablets and set the driver at work also because there were 30 tablets needed for each of the six patients, making 180 in all—told him to keep his eyes open on everything about to tell her on their way back, and to find out what he could as to the source of their drinking water; this he did while she was busy instructing the father and husband, the only one to act as nurse. She made a creolin solution and with whisk broom demonstrated house disinfection; gave directions for chloride of lime and burial of dejections, which heretofore had been thrown promiscuously about the grounds, explained disinfection of the udder before

milking, etc. The cows grazing peacefully about the grounds, came and gazed questionly with her friendly eyes in at a door of the bed chamber, and stood there while the directions were being given. These mountain homes consist of only one room and a "lean-to" for a kitchen, they have not so much as the primitive pole for localizing their out accommodation. This shack had three doors, but no windows to their room.

Dr. Stevens says, in recalling this experience that she never thought and acted so rapidly in a limited time before in her life; diagnosis and instructions were certainly "snap shot." The husband proved a good nurse for he had nearly lost his own life three years before in a relapse of typhoid from eating, before he should have; so with experience behind him he was truly guarded (when the patients clamored for solid eats,) against their getting food other than the liquids prescribed. The man walked five miles up the mountain every other day to make his report to Dr. Stevens and receive his instruction by which he pulled each of the typhoids through. The younger sick children alternated coming up the mountain with their father for office treatment, and were much benefited. The mother after two years confinement to the bed was gotten on to her feet and began a more normal life.

The guests in the hotel paid for all medicines which the doctor did not give them from her own supply. They bought cloth and made garments for various members of the family, and succeeded in getting the family on to the mountain top to live, where others of their kind were liv-

ing the year round; they found the man work in the coal mines and the girls service among the cottagers and all this by the end of September.

### The Doctor's Return Up The Mountain

They left "the house in the gulch" shortly before or about dusk, made the two fordings of the stream which they could yet see but shortly after the second fording the wagon ran against a rock and crash! down went the wagon, every spoke in the forward wheel on her side was "broken to smithereens" and the doctor waded lunged out into the bushes, her closed umbrella in hand, shooting like an arrow ahead of her. She was up in a flash, on her feet assuring the driver that she was unhurt, and directing that he should unhitch and go on with the horse, leaving the wagon. The wagon was left, and night closed in on them at once with pitchy darkness.

The driver knew that two miles farther on there was a shack and a phone, where one of the native authorities of the country lived—Chief of Police for that district.

The doctor led the way over comfortable stones of the dry river bed, lunging this way and that, in her hasty strides to avoid holding her feet loose on a poisonous snake should she happen to step on one; it was only her second week in the high mountains and she hadn't learned the habits of snakes as to night wanderings, but she had heard that copper heads and rattle snakes were very numerous and very poisonous.

The only method for keeping the path was to look up at the skyline between the tree tops. Strange to say that, although many times



threatened, her footing was not once really lost as her feet hastily struck and often turned upon the cobble stones, the while that her face was turned skyward. Having covered the two miles stretch of river bed road and located the shack by a light in the side window, though unable to see a way to it from the road, they stood still and "hoo-hoed." In response to the voice outside calling, the owner opened his door, letting a stream of light over the path to the house on the hillside. The pedestrians were invited in and given audience; the driver stated their predicament; the two men went outside and took council together leaving the doctor alone to count beds by the light of a kerosene lamp; there were two double ones, with snow white spreads and this was their only room excepting the "lean-to" which served as a kitchen. The absence of women in the home was later accounted for by the host, saying that they had gone up to the Centre to attend revival meetings that were being held there. While without, the men had exchanged harness for saddle and returning to the doctor informed her that the only way for reaching the mountain top that night was over the mountain trail; so the great white farm horse, "Dan," was led to a fence, a chair placed beside it, and the doctor assisted to mount astride the clumsy steed and away up the mountain side they started, the driver ahead as guide, carrying the borrowed lantern, the two medical bags and his loaded handled whip. "Dan" and the doctor followed up the roof pitch ascent, she practically "belly bump," as the children say in sled coasting, on the horses neck, cling-

ing ferociously to it.

Eventually at a turn in the trail the guide came to a stand still; the doctor asked if he had lost the way? he replied "no" "but he had been told that about at this turn a big boulder had recently fallen across the main path and he was trying to determine whether this was or was not the correct turn for beginning the detour. He decided that it was and proceeded, replying to the question "Are you sure you are right?" with an emphatic "yes." The way led along precipitous edges and was crossed by fallen tree trunks of size. After a fifteen or twenty minute climb, the guide stopped short exclaiming "no this is not the right way we shall have to go back!" "Go back!" the doctor exclaimed. "How can I?" A panoramic picture floated before her imaginative vision—stranded for all night in the mountain forest, mid serpents and perhaps wild animals. Should she dismount to descend on foot to the path where they had left the direct trail? Once off the horse, he stood so high, she knew that she could not mount again there in the forest without aid of fence or chair. A jail bird was her guide; she concluded to hang to the saddle, gave him her bridle lines and told him to lead the horse. This he did very carefully while she clutched with frantic grasp the front and the rear part of the saddle, straightening her body and throwing it backward.

The proper path was eventually recovered; the boulder circumnavigated, and mountain top gained; even then there was another mile to travel before reaching the hotel. As they emerged from the forest and the doctor was told that they had

gained the main road she sang in her heart over and over again "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

The first person they met on the road was a black man with a lantern who proved to be Edward, the doctor's table boy in the dining room, who hailed them joyfully, announcing that he had left the doctor's dinner in the hot oven for her and that some one would be there to serve it—welcome news! As they came in sight of the lights and heard the dance music at the hotel, she felt in spirit for dancing herself, but stiffness of legs from sitting in the saddle so long, say nothing of the bruised knee occasioned by the plunge from wagon on to rocks,

might have temporarily crippled her had she tried. The hotel manager and the friend who had proposed that "the trip would kill her" were in waiting on the veranda, the equestrian drove up to its highest end. They assisted her to dismount and as soon as she had control of her legs she was escorted to the dining room, where a delicious appetising Southern dinner was waiting for her.

The next day Dr. Hoyt-Steve was pronounced by the guest who knew the country best as a "good sport" all the more so, not being a horse woman of the Southland. She graciously accepted the compliment but did not confess her 57 years and apparently no one guessed that

---

## On Heaven's Sea

BY EUGENIE du MAURIER MEREDITH

O, mystical sea, your murmuring waves  
Lap daily our mortal strand;  
On peaceful billows you bear away  
Our souls to a fairer land.

We sail like boats on the turning tide,  
Farther and farther from sight,  
To heaven's fair shore before the stroke  
Of the dark descending night.

On, on, we sail enchanted sea!  
Glad ships you bear afar  
Away from the haunts of loneliness  
That human frailties mar.

Baltimore, Md.

# The Coming of the Child

BY MAUDE GORDON ROBY

---

Once upon a time, two Angels, as they were scattering sunshine on the Earth far beneath them, saw a white house by the side of the road.

"What a dear house!" "Let us look in through the window," cried the tall angel to her companion.

So they flew down and looked in. Immediately they began to be sorrowful, for there were no children in the house and it was very, very still.

For as everyone knows a house without children is as empty and forlorn as a garden without flowers. And the angels said among themselves: "This will never do, there must be a child here."

Then they flew back to the Heavenly Mansion and called to the radiant angel, who met them:

"We have seen a white house by the side of the road, away down on the Earth today, and there are no children in it! Mother-Angel, can we carry one of our beautiful babies for a gift this very night down on a moon-beam? May we?"

The angel thus addressed, smiled in the wonderful way that mothers have, and the radiance was so brilliant a baby in a cradle nearby reached out her hands to the warmth. Noticing this she lifted her tenderly and held her on her breast, looking long into her face—then she said solemnly:

"Little One, the blue of the sky is in your eyes. Keep them pure as they are today. The gold of the sunshine plays in your hair. The blush

of the rose hides in your cheek, and your heart oh, your heart, my child shall ever be as loyal and as true as my own. Go, Little One, and carry Love and Happiness to the Man and Woman, who live in the house by the side of the road!"

With that she kissed her and placed her in the arms of the tall angel, who had asked for the mission. Then she bade them hasten away.

"Carry her with love," admonished the angel," and give her not only into the heart of the mother, but to the heart of the father as well. Tell him to guard her carefully, for she is a gift from God."

"And when her work is accomplished, we shall return and demand her again. She has a great work to do, for she goes to express God in the world."

"We shall continue to watch over her, even as it has been foretold by the ancient prophets, who said: "Their angels do always behold the face of their Father, which is in Heaven," for her name shall be called "Joy". And it was so"

They bowed their heads and sang all of the way as they flew down, down, down along the golden moon-beam that led to the house by the side of the road.

"Hullo!" called the man, when he heard a strange fluttering sound, like wings outside his door. "Hullo!" who is here tonight?"

"It is the angels!" "Let us in,



for we are bringing a gift to you and the woman in the house by the side of the road.

"Come in!" eagerly requested the man. "Come in, come in!" So they flew in as he opened the door. And although it was cool, the man left it standing wide open. Somehow he feared to close it!

"Won't you be seated?" and he pulled out two chairs from the wall.

"Oh, no!" We cannot remain in any house, you know. Tell us please, where to lay your gift." And as they said this, they turned to the woman, who sat beside the man. Now the woman had been listening intently to all that the angels had said.

As she gazed up into their faces, they saw the great Mother-Love shining in her eyes; and they knew the child would be safe in her care.

"Oh, isn't she a darling one to be a Mother?" carolled the angels. "Surely we made no mistake in bringing our baby to the house by the side of the road."

And they laid the child in the arms of the waiting mother who bowed

her head in thanksgiving as she received the gift. The man bowed his head also. And when they lifted their faces, behold they were alone for the angels had vanished from their sight, and only a golden moon beam lay on the floor, where the angels had been standing.

The man arose as one who awakens from a dream, yet looking around he saw of a truth he was wide awake.

"The night air is cold for the child!" the woman shyly smiled into his face.

The man bent down and kissed her reverently on her forehead, gazing wonderingly at the tiny form that seemed so much at home upon her heart.

"The night air is cold for the child!" softly repeated the woman.

The man hastened to the door. Looking up at the stars he beheld a path of glory that crossed the Heavens and coming to Earth led over HIS THRESHOLD—EVEN TO THE CHILD!

He bolted the door for the night!

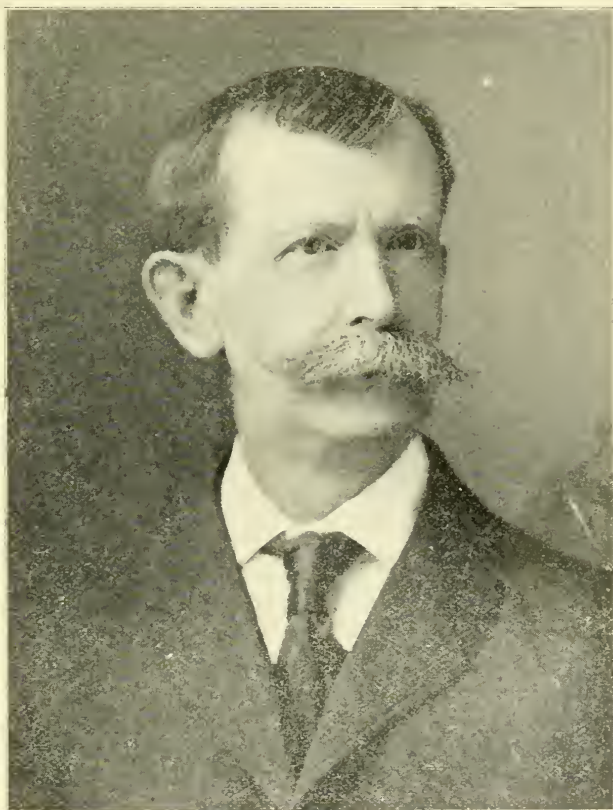


## An Eminent Son of New Hampshire

---

One of Sullivan County's most eminent natives, and New Hampshire's worthiest sons, who had stood in the front rank in the dental profession in New England for nearly half a century, departed this life after a long illness, at his home, 102 Touro St., Newport, R. I., on Sunday,

and Lydia Lucretia (Hunt) Brackett. His father was a farmer, but well educated and a man of more than ordinary intelligence, while his mother was a woman of strong mental endowment. Their home was in the southwestern part of the town, in what was known as the "Dodge Hol-



CHARLES A. BRACKETT, D. M. D.

March 20, in the person of Dr. Charles A. Brackett.

The distinguished professional career of Dr. Brackett renders appropriate something more than a mere formal notice of his departure. He was born in Lempster, N. H., January 2, 1850, the son of Joseph

low" district, and there he attended the district school in summer and winter, until he was ten years of age, when the family removed to the Derry Hill district in the town of Acworth. It may properly be noted that two other eminent dentists were born and reared in the same

district in Lempster—Dr. Ozias M. George, late of Bellows Falls, Vt., and Dr. Levi W. Taylor of Hartford, Conn.

After the removal to Acworth he attended the district school there, and various terms of select school, at South Acworth and elsewhere. Of a delicate physical constitution and afflicted with lameness from childhood, he was unfitted for farm work or any form of hard manual labor; and, early in life, decided to engage in the dental profession, and in 1870 he commenced the study of the same in the office of Dr. Taylor (then at Holyoke, Mass.,) subsequently completing the course of study in the Dental Department of Harvard University, graduating, D. M. D., in 1873.

Immediately after graduating he located in practice in Newport, R. I., where he continued with much success through life, his practice being largely with the wealthy and aristocratic residents of that popular resort. Meanwhile he held connection with the Harvard Dental faculty for half a century. Commencing as Instructor in Dental Therapeutics in 1874, he held that position till 1886; was Assistant Professor from 1880 to 1883; Professor of Dental Pathology and Therapeutics from 1883 to 1890, and Professor of Dental Pathology from 1890 to 1923, when he retired as Professor Emeritus. His interest in the institution was deep and abiding, and was manifested not merely by continued service, but by liberal contribution toward the establishment of the new dental laboratory in connection therewith.

Dr. Brackett was for ten years, chairman of the Rhode Island Board

of Registration in Dentistry; was delegate to the International Medical Congress, in London, in 1881; to the Ninth International Medical Congress, in Washington, in 1887, and the World's Columbian Dental Congress, in Chicago, in 1893.

Aside from his professional work Dr. Brackett was actively interested in the public and business affairs of the city of his residence. He was a member of the corporation of the Newport hospital, trustee of the People's Free Public Library; director and Vice President of the Acquisition National Bank, of the Newport and Fall River Street Railway Co. and a director of the Newport Trust Co. He was also Chairman of the Committee, which drafted the new city charter of Newport, and a member of the City Council serving under said charter.

He was a member and Ex-President of the American Academy of Dental Science, and of the First District Dental Society of New York; also a member of the Massachusetts and New Hampshire Dental Societies; and of the Harvard Clubs of Rhode Island and Boston. In politics he was a Republican and in religion a Unitarian.

On February 3, 1886, Dr. Brackett was united in marriage with Miss Mary Irish Spencer of Newport, who survives.

Through a long and lucrative practice, and judicious investment, Dr. Brackett accumulated a substantial fortune, and by the terms of his will left a large sum to Harvard University, for the promotion of Dental Research, as well as handsome amounts to other worthy institutions, aside



from generous benefactions to friends and servants.

Dr. Brackett was a loyal son of the old Granite State, and his visits to the scenes of his childhood and youth,

in "Old Home Week," in years past, brought pleasure and enjoyment to his many friends, no less than to himself.

---

## New Hampshire Necrology

---

### WALTER M. PARKER

Born in Manchester, July 18, 1850; died there March 25, 1927.

He was the son of Nathan and Charlotte (Riddle) Parker, his father being the president of the Manchester National Bank, which he was instrumental in founding. After graduating at Dartmouth College in 1871, he entered the bank, and there continued through life, himself becoming president in 1894. He was a successful financier, and achieved the distinction of being the largest individual tax payer in Manchester. He was a director in many corporations and prominent in Masonry. He was a Republican in politics, but not an office seeker, though he served one term in the Legislature, and was a delegate in the Convention that nominated Hughes for president.

### JOHN HERBERT

Born in Wentworth, N. H., Nov. 3, 1849; died in Winchester, Mass., March 27, 1927.

He was the son of Samuel and Lydia M. (Darling) Herbert, his father being a prominent lawyer in Rumney, N. H., for many years. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1871; was principal of Appleton Academy at New Ipswich for three years; later studied law with his father, was admitted to the bar in

1875, and commenced practice in Boston, at first as a partner with the late Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh, U. S. Senator from N. H., and later alone, continuing till death. In politics he was a Republican till 1912, when he became a Progressive and was the candidate of that party for Congress in the 9th Mass. District, his home being then in Somerville. He had been President of the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Congregational Club of Boston, the Municipal lawyer of Somerville, and was connected with many other organizations. He leaves a widow and two sons.

### JOHN W. PLUMMER

Born in Hebron, N. H., September 1, 1871; died at the Deaconess Hospital in Boston, April 27, 1927.

He was the son of Philip and Eliza J. (Ferris) Plummer, and was educated in the public schools of Concord, where he was engaged for some years in mercantile business. He was a Republican in politics, and had served as a member and president of the old Common Council in Concord. In 1891 he was appointed Deputy State Treasurer. In 1915 he was elected State Treasurer, which office he held till 1923. Of late he had been connected with the Merrill Oldham Investment Co., of Boston. He was a Knight Templar Mason and a

Christian Scientist. On January 22, 1895, he married Etta F. Sleeper, who survives, with a daughter.

### FRANK M. BECKFORD

Born in Salem, N. H., October 11, 1851; died in Laconia, April 25, 1927.

Judge Beckford was educated at Tilton and New Hampton. After leaving school he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, for a time, in Haverhill and Boston, Mass. Later he was a manufacturer of woolen goods in Bristol, where he also entered upon the study of law, which he continued in Laconia, after removing there in 1884. He studied in the office of the late Col. Thomas J. Whipple, whose partner he became after his admission to the bar, continuing practice alone, after Col. Whipple's death. He was an ardent Republican and active party worker, served two terms as Solicitor for Belknap County, and was Judge of the Laconia Municipal Court from 1892 to 1895. He was a member of the I. O. O. F., and specially prominent in the Knights of Pythias. He leaves a widow and one son, Mr. Henry L. Beckford, of Boston.

### DR. EDWARD S. SULLIVAN

Edward Scanlan Sullivan, M. D., born in Concord, January 25, 1892; died in that city, April 9, 1927.

He was the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. D. E. Sullivan, and was educated in the public schools, at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard University, graduating from the latter, A. B., in 1914. He then pursued the study of Medicine, graduating from the Harvard Medical School in 1918. Following his graduation he was on duty in the Boston City Hospital, and was a member of the Enlisted Medical Reserves in the World War.

For some years past he had been established in Concord in the practice of his profession, and had already won a high reputation for success and devotion. He was a mem-

ber of the American Legion, the N. England Alumni Association, Harvard Club of Boston, the N. and American Medical Association and the Wonolancet Club of Concord.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Jessica Brown of Boston; his parents, one brother, Paul W. Sullivan of Concord, three uncles, Daniel W., Eugene and Thomas Sullivan, and an aunt, Elizabeth Sullivan, all of Concord.

### CYRUS E. ROBINSON

Born at East Concord, June 1865; died there, April 16, 1927.

He was the son of Cyrus and Mary Frances (Eastman) Robinson, was reared and educated in Concord, and succeeded his father as manager of the Samuel Eastman Company, manufacturer of fire department supplies. He was prominent in local politics, a Democrat, and had been three times elected from his ward to the House of Representatives, being a member of the Legislature of 1922.

He was a Mason and Odd Fellow, a member of the N. H. Historical Society, and of the International Fire Chiefs Association, having long been connected with the Old Fire Engine Co. No. 2, of East Concord.

His wife, who was the daughter of the late Rev. Anthony C. Harwood, survives, with one son, George Robinson of East Concord, one grandson and one granddaughter, also three sisters and a brother.

### REV. FRANK W. WHIPPEN

Born in Lynn, Mass., June 1856; died at Kingston, N. H., April 26, 1927.

Mr. Whippen graduated from Tufts College in 1878, and from its divinity school in 1881. He held pastorates in the Universalist Churches at Putney, Vt., and Scranton, Pa., before going to Kingston, where he held the pastorate for more than 20 years and was afterwards pastor emeritus. He was for six years Superintendent of Universalist Churches in New

Hampshire, and long a member of the Kingston School board, and a trustee of the Nichols Memorial Library. In politics he was a Republican and served two terms as Representative from Kingston in the N. H. Legislature from 1913 to 1916. He was an Odd Fellow and Past Grand of Columbian Lodge, No. 85.

August 26, 1885, he married Miranda S. Swan of Shelburne Falls, Mass., who survives, with three sons and two daughters.

#### COL. CLEMENT J. WOODWARD

Born in Roxbury, September 7, 1850; died in Keene, May 8, 1927.

He was the son of Josiah N. and Sarah J. (Newcomb) Woodward. He removed with his parents to Keene in early life, and entered the employ of the New Hampshire Sentinel in 1869, when 14 years of age, and six years later bought an interest in the paper with which he continued

through life. In 1892, when the concern was incorporated as the Sentinel Publishing Co., he became business manager, and later became president and treasurer.

Politically he was a Republican, and had served in the Keene City Council and in both branches of the State Legislature. He was a member of the staff of Gov. John McLane, with the rank of Colonel. He was the first president of the Keene Board of Trade, and was a director of the Keene National Bank for 25 years, and for some time president. He married first Caroline Frances Hirsch of Keene, who died December 22, 1897. His second wife was Alice Isabell Perry of Keene whom he married in 1910 and who died July 9, 1926. By his first marriage he had one son, Paul Jameson, a curator in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. He was a 32nd degree Mason, a Shriner and a member of the First Congregational church.

---

## Offerings

By HARRY ELMORE HURD

Were I a ship I would load my hold  
 With loot of gleaming Spanish gold,  
 Through grape-blue seas my bow would plow  
 With helm held true to a starry row;  
 Were I a bird I would spin a song  
 And bind your heart with a lyric thong;  
 Were I the sun I would prophesy  
 A gladsome life and a smiling sky;  
 Were I the Lord of all the earth  
 I would give it to you who gave me birth;  
 Instead, I freight my poet-art  
 With jewel-love from a thankful heart.



# The Prize Story Contest

---

At the beginning of the year the Granite Monthly announced that would give some small prizes—\$15, \$10 and \$5—for the first, second and third best short stories, submitted before May 1, all to be the property of the Magazine whether winning a prize or not.

It may be frankly stated that the publishers had two objects in view making this offer—first, the encouragement of young writers in their efforts for success; second, the acquisition of a supply of stories for publication for which, under existing circumstances, they could not afford to pay the customary rates, the Magazine itself enjoying no greater financial returns than are sufficient to pay the actual cost of publication.

Eighteen stories have been submitted, in all, the same by writers from eight or ten different states, some, evidently, by writers of more or less experience. The same have been submitted for judgment upon their respective merits, to a gentleman of experience, well known to the literary world, both as a writer and a critic.—Mr. Francis Dana of Burkehaven, who, after careful consideration has made the following awards:

First prize to Kenneth Andler of Atlanta, Ga., for a story entitled "Mother of America."

Second prize to Arthur W. Nelson, of Mill Village, N. H., for a story entitled "The Wilderness Menace."

Third prize to Lily Green, of Piermont, N. H., for a story entitled "The Isolated Idea." This story appeared in the February number of the Granite Monthly.

Half a dozen other stories were characterized by the judge as having merit along different lines, so that there was some hesitation on his part in awarding the second and third prizes, but, upon full consideration, he was led to the decisions rendered.

"Mother of America," the first prize story, will appear in the June issue and the second—"The Wilderness Menace"—in a subsequent number. Others will appear, one by one, in succeeding issues, and the readers of the magazine can themselves pass upon their respective merits.

While referring to the subject of stories we take pleasure in announcing that we have recently received one, as a contribution, from that no less eminent writer, Frances Parkinson Keyes, whose first published production appeared in the Granite Monthly, which will be presented to our readers some time during the year.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

JUNE 1927

NO. 6.

## New Hampshire Women

BY H. H. METCALF

---

[The following was prepared to be delivered as a lecture at the opening meeting of the Newport Woman's Club, last autumn, but unavoidable circumstances prevented its delivery. The writer believes it worth while to present it to the readers of the Granite Monthly at this time.]

From early youth I have been a firm believer in the doctrine of equal rights, privileges and duties for men and women, and was, for years before its final triumph, an earnest advocate of the cause of "woman suffrage."

I was the first man in New Hampshire to introduce an equal suffrage resolution in a political State Convention and subjected myself to no small measure of derision in so doing. I had frequent discussions with George H. Moses, a determined opponent of the cause, who insisted that women were not qualified to vote, and could not be "handled" if enfranchised, meaning, of course, that they could not readily be subjected to machine control as the men generally were. I am of the opinion that he has since changed his mind, to some extent, since he seems able to "handle" a considerable proportion of them quite readily. In fact he designated one of them to be president of the state convention of

his party, holden the other day in the city of Concord.

I have attended more state conventions of the two great parties in this State, in the last half century than any other man, living or dead, and I do not hesitate to say that no presiding officer, in any of those conventions, acquitted himself more creditably, in his opening address, or discharged the routine duties of the position more efficiently than did Dr. Zatae L. Straw in the New Hampshire Republican State Convention of 1926, being the first woman in the state to hold such a position, and the first in the entire country, so far as I am aware.

But while to no small extent women have manifested a willingness to be led by politicians, or to follow the party machine, I am thoroughly convinced, notwithstanding the claim of the opponents of woman suffrage that they are not qualified for the intelligent exercise of their rights as voters, that the women of New Hampshire, on the whole, are better prepared than the men for the proper performance of the duties of citizenship.

Let me point to the fact that there

are in this state, today, 149 Women's Clubs combined in the State Federation, with nearly 14,000 members, all holding regular meetings, in which they are perfecting themselves in the knowledge of parliamentary procedure and the proper manner of transacting business, as well as studying social and economic questions, as evidence sustaining that position, especially as when set off against the fact that there are not, and never have been, similar organizations among the men of the State; though, of late, what are known as Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs have been organized among them to some extent; but with limited and selected membership, while their activities seem to be confined in the main to gastronomic operations and social hilarity; though they are undoubtedly instrumental in furthering many good causes in their respective communities.

Let me point to the father fact that there are 36 Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution organized in the state, with a membership of nearly 2500; while the Sons of the American Revolution have simply one State Society, with a beggarly membership of about 200, and a single Chapter, both nearly moribund and barely keeping up an organized existence, as evidence of a larger measure of patriotic spirit among the women than the men of the state.

Three quarters of a century ago the natives of New Hampshire in and around Boston, of the male persuasion, in honor of their native state, organized a society known as the "Sons of New Hampshire." Their first public meeting was held

in the assembly hall in the then Fitchburg depot, the largest hall in the city at that time, on the 7th of November, 1849, at which the mortal Daniel Webster was the speaker of the day, although many others were heard. It was attended about 1200 men, mostly from Boston and vicinity, though many guests from among those still resident in the state were present. This was a great occasion, but nothing like ever occurred again, and but a future meeting of the organization of any account was ever held. The organization practically perished from the face of the earth, and attempt to revive it, or establish successor, engineered by Gov. Frank W. Rollins, half a century later, resulted in nothing permanent, or even temporarily effective.

On the other hand, the New Hampshire born women, in and around "The Hub," about the time of this second abortive male attempt came together and organized "New Hampshire's Daughters," and with the co-operation of many of the sisters still resident in the state have successfully continued the organization to the present day, with a large membership and regular meetings at which the honor and welfare of the Old Home State are ever held in the front, and various objects pertinent to its progress are materially promoted.

I early resolved that I would never either seek or accept membership in any fraternal organization that did not admit women on equal terms with men. I believe that Masonic and Odd Fellowship have been and are productive of much good to their respective membership; but women



are admitted to neither, except in side lines, in which the men also selfishly claim membership.

The only fraternal organization to which I belong is the Grange, in which women have been from the start, members on perfect equality with men; though there, as in the Christian Church, they are more numerous than men, and perform a far larger share of the valuable work of the organization.

while, of the 20 Pomona Granges, 19 have women Lecturers.

In view of these facts, and the further important fact that there is in the State a "League of Women Voters," non partisan in character to which all women who so desire may belong, devoted to the study of important public questions and the duties of citizenship in the broadest and highest sense; while no such organization ever has existed among



ARMENIA S. WHITE

There are in New Hampshire 265 subordinate Granges, with nearly 30,000 members, of whom three-fifths are women, and 20 Pomona, or County and district Granges. In these subordinate Granges, the Lecturers, who have charge of the educational work, the most important branch of Grange activity, are largely women, or 235 of them out of 265;

the men, and there seems no probability that any ever will, there would seem to be no tangible ground for the contention that woman in New Hampshire is not as well qualified to vote or hold office, and to pass upon all questions affecting the honor and welfare of the state or the nation, as is her brother man.

The people of New Hampshire, re

ardless of sex, for generations past, have been proud of the record which the sons of the state have made, in all important lines of activity, at home and throughout the country, and that pride is held today in no less measure than in the past. We glory in the fact that New Hampshire has furnished a President of the United States, and a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the nation; that within her borders, also, was born,

foremost in the great struggle whose triumphant conclusion placed the United States of America upon the world's map as an independent nation; and we shall never cease to honor the names and the deeds of Stark and Sullivan and Reid and Poor, and Scammell, who on the field and Weare and Langdon and Bartlett and Whipple and Thornton in the forum, with their patriotic cooperation were instrumental in the accomplishment of that glorious result.



LILIAN C. STREETER

reared and educated the great exponent and defender of the Constitution, to whose ability and devotion we are indebted, more than to the influence of any other man, for the indestructible union of sovereign States making up our Federal Republic.

We are proud in the knowledge that New Hampshire's sons were

While we are proudly mindful of the fact that in all the wars of the Republic, from the Revolution down to the present time, New Hampshire has furnished her full quota of competent officers and able-bodied men to defend the flag wherever it has been unfurled, do not forget that from the days of John Langdon, who presided in the first American Senate, down to the present time, our representatives, in either branch of Congress, have compared favorably with those of any other state in ability and influence.

We are also mindful of the marked leadership of New Hampshire boys in all great industrial enterprises of the nation; in manufacturing, railroad building and electric development, as well as in finance, education, and charitable, benevolent and religious work. We have furnished Cabinet ministers for the Federal government, in goodly numbers and of conspicuous ability; Governors, Senators, Congressmen and Judges for other states; presidents of colleges, ministers of the gospel, doctors of medicine, all of commanding ability and the highest rank, demonstrating the value of New Hampshire's contribution to the

progress and development of the nation.

But what about the women of the State and the contributions which they have made?

Until recent date the doors to public service and official life have been locked and barred against woman, and opened only with her political enfranchisement, so that there have been only recently rare instances of woman's prominence in that regard, such as the case of a Democratic woman Justice of the Supreme Court in Ohio, and a Republican Secretary of State in New York, both of whom are serving with conspicuous ability.

The avenues to professional attainment and service, were long practically closed to women, and tardily and reluctantly opened in some measure at last, especially as regards law and the ministry, public sentiment largely turning against their appearance in these capacities, though they have been more favored as to entrance into the medical profession in which they have already gained high rank in many cases; and New Hampshire women have not been behind their sisters of other states in this line of service.

Dr. Martha J. Flanders, native of Concord, had a long and successful career in the practice of medicine, commencing 65 years ago in that city and continuing for many years later in Lynn, Mass. Dr. Emily A. Bruce, native of Wolfeboro, ornamented the profession for many years in Boston, and Dr. Anna B. Cole, born in Whitefield, was alike successful in Somerville. There are today seventeen female members of the N. H. Medical Society in good standing, of whom, the first woman

to be admitted to any Medical Society in the United States, was Dr. Mary S. Danforth of Manchester, born in Derry, May 18, 1850; graduated from the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia in 1875; commenced practicing in Manchester in 1876 and admitted to the N. H. Medical Society in 1878. Others of note among these seventeen women members of the Medical Society are Drs.



MARY I. WOOD

Ellen A. Wallace of Manchester, president of the trustees of the Memorial Hospital at Concord; Marion L. Bugbee of Concord; physician in charge of said hospital; Ella Blaylock Atherton of Nashua; Alice M. Chesley of Exeter and Inez Ford Nason of Dover, all prominent in their profession, as well as in various lines of organized public activity.

While the law has not as yet offer-



ed opportunity or attractions to New Hampshire women to any great extent, Marilla M. Ricker of Dover, born in New Durham in 1840, after spending some years of study abroad, took up the study of law in Washington, was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia in 1882, taking the examination with 18 men all of whom she out ranked; was appointed Commissioner in Chancery by the Supreme Court of the District in 1884; admitted to the N. H. bar in 1890, and to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1891. Miss Agnes W McLaughlin, a native of Groveton, and for a time in practice in Berlin, was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1917, the first woman admitted upon examination, but is now located in New York City. Miss J. Blanche Newhall of Concord, now and for some time past connected with the office of the Attorney General, was admitted two years ago, as was Miss Margaret Shehan of Manchester, in June last. Another woman lawyer, member of the N. H. Bar Association, though neither a native nor permanent resident of the state, is Miss Marion L. Cottle, who has a summer residence and office at North Conway, with offices also, in Boston and New York. She is also a member of the bar of the U. S. Supreme Court, and a lecturer on law in various institutions.

One marked instance of the success of a New Hampshire born woman at the bar, may be noted in the case of Ella F. Knowles, native of Northwood, who studied with Burnham & Brown of Manchester, and after admission located in Montana, where she attained a high measure

of success, and became Assistant Attorney General of the State.

Although no New Hampshire woman has yet attained great distinction in the ministry, there have been several, of different denominations who have done good work both in the pulpit and in pastoral service for which latter work woman is specially fitted.

In education, in philanthropic and reform service, in literature, music and art, New Hampshire women have given a good account of themselves, and have been surpassed by their sisters in no other state.

Especial honor is due to the native and service of Armenia S. White of Concord. Active and prominent for nearly half a century in the Anti Slavery, temperance and equal suffrage causes, she was conspicuous in all, but her activities in the latter commanded more attention than in the other lines; though she was for nearly 40 years president of the N. H. Women's Christian Temperance Union. As a suffrage advocate she was a compeer and co-worker with Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone Blackwell and Mary A. Livermore; and if not so ready in speech as some of these, her untiring work and generous financial aid contributed as much to the final triumph of the cause, which came just after decease at the age of nearly 100 years, as did the service of any other of its active champions.

In the domain of education, that in which there is no more important field of human activity, New Hampshire women have been particularly conspicuous. While the people of New Hampshire, generally, should be proud of the fact that sons of the state have done great work as pre

idents and faculty members in many colleges and universities throughout the land, and in other important educational capacities, they should be equally proud, and, the people of Newport, especially so, that a daughter of the state, and of this town Helen Peabody, youngest of 13 children of Ammi Peabody, born May 6, 1826, educated at Kimball Union Academy and Mount Holyoke Seminary, under Mary Lyon, was the first president of the first distinctive Woman's College in the country—Western College at Oxford, Ohio, which position she filled with distinguished success for 40 years, though invited and urged to become president of Wellesley, when that first Woman's College in New England, founded by Henry C. Durant, a New Hampshire native, came into existence. She declined this invitation, feeling it her duty to carry through to success the work she had already undertaken; but recommended for the position another New Hampshire woman by whom it was accepted—Ada C. Howard, a native of Temple, and also a graduate of the Mt. Holyoke school, where many another New Hampshire woman had been educated, of which Julia E. Ward, a native of Plymouth, was the head for many years, after Mary Lyon's death, and which itself assumed the rank of a college in later years.

Especially should we note the brilliant career of Lydia Fowler Wadleigh, native of the town of Sutton, whose great work for many years as principal of the girls' high school in the City of New York, was duly recognized in the naming for her of the elegant new girls' high school build-

ing—the "Wadleigh School." She it was, also, let it be remembered through whose persistent efforts the New York Normal College for Girls was finally established.

Again let us not forget that while a New Hampshire man—John L. Pierce, native of Chesterfield, was the first State Superintendent of Schools in the country, holding that office in the State of Michigan, whose great University he was largely instrumental in founding, it was a New Hampshire woman, Luella M. Wil-



ALTA H. McDUFFEE

son (born Little) native of Lyman, who was the first City superintendent of schools in the country, holding that office in Des Moines, Iowa, for several years, from 1884.

In literature New Hampshire women have long been in the forefront. Sarah Josepha Hale (nee Buell) born and reared in Newport, is universally regarded as a leading pioneer in this field of effort. Left with a fam-

ily of children, practically unprovided for, by the early death of her husband, and finding a business venture as a milliner, not sufficiently profitable, she turned her attention to writing, in which as a girl she had shown much talent and ability. After contributing to various publications, and editing for a time a Woman's Magazine in Boston, she became editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," published by Louis A. Godey of Philadelphia, long the leading woman's magazine of the country, which position she held for 40 years, besides writing numerous volumes of fiction and poetry and making many valuable compilations.

Whether or no "Mary's Little Lamb" was a living actuality or a mere myth, and whether or no Mrs. Hale was the original author of the little poem by which said lamb was immortalized, which some jealous minded Massachusetts people, seem inclined to dispute, there is no question of the fact that this gifted daughter of Newport, N. H., exercised a stronger and more wholesome influence upon American literature, especially as it affected the interest of woman, than any other woman of her day, or of any day. Moreover her interest in public affairs, and the honor and welfare of the nation, was unsurpassed; and the extent of her influence in this direction is evidenced by the admitted fact that it was through her persistent appeal that National Thanksgiving Day was instituted by President Grant.

It is needless to dwell upon the work of New Hampshire women, resident or native born whose contribution have enriched the literature of the last half century. The names

and the productions of Constance Fennimon Woolson, Annie D. Robinson (Marion Douglas), Kate Sargent, Alice Brown, Mary Farley Sargent, Eleanor Hodgeman Porter, and a host of other fascinating writers whose fiction are familiar to most people, while the bold and stirring verse of Edna Dean Proctor, New Hampshire's "poet laureate," and the tenderly touching lines of Celia Thaxter, "sweet singer of the sea," have been and long will be read and admired by thousands of people throughout the State and far beyond its borders.

In the realm of music, also, New Hampshire women have not been behind their brother men, in achievement. If John W. Hutchinson, Walter Kittredge, Henry C. Barnard, John W. Conant, Samuel W. Coffin, Harry Brooks Day, Henri G. Blaisdell and Nelson P. Coffin (beloved son of Newport) have contributed a good measure to the development of musical art and science, in one line or another, Marion McGregor (Newport's talented daughter) Martha Dana Shepard, Laura Wentworth Fowler, Ellen Beal Morey, Emily Grant Wilkinson, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Amy Marcy Beach, Edith Benneker and Mary Shaw Raynes have done equally good work in their respective lines.

Even in missionary work, carrying the gospel of eternal love, as proclaimed by the Nazarene prophets nearly two thousand years ago, to the benighted peoples of distant lands our women have served long and faithfully, as witness the noble and tireless work of Malvina Chapman Rowell of Newport, in Hawaii or the Sandwich Islands; of Melinda



Rankin of Littleton in Mexico; of Mary L. Danforth of Colebrook in Japan, and Mabel Hartford of Dover in China.

Many examples of the efficient service of New Hampshire women in other lines might be given, but these may suffice for the present occasion, though I should not fail to mention the names of Mary I. Wood, Caroline R. Wendell, Lilian C. Street-er, Alta M. McDuffee, Susan C. Bancroft, Clara D. Fellows, Alice S. Har-ri-man, Mary P. Remick, Norma C. Snow, and Dorothy Branch Jackson, who, with many others of like ability and devotion, have been active in recent days in social, educational or philanthropic work, or the brave, self-sacrificing daughters of the State, who, like Harriet P. Dame in Civil War days, were ministering angels to the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals and on the battlefields of Europe in the great World War.

As I draw to a close I may be permitted to quote the final paragraph of the little volume entitled "New Hampshire in History" which I ventured to publish a few years since.

"After all it is not to the men and women born in the State whose names are written large in the record of human achievement that credit is mainly due and honor should be most largely paid. To the mothers of these men and women, and of thousands more at home and abroad, who in lofty station or lowly lot have done their duty faithfully and well; to the home-makers and the home-keepers of the State, from the log-cabin days of the pioneers in their stern struggles with nature on the one hand, and with savage enemies

on the other, down to the present era of comfort and luxury, have cheered men on in their daily toil, given them new hope and courage, ambition and faith, kept the "home fires" brightly burning, around which, as in a haven of rest, husbands and sons have gathered in sweet content after the hard days of toil; who have instilled in the minds of their children the lessons of truth and duty, virtue and sobriety, of faith in God and love for their country and their fellowmen throughout the world—to these uncrowned queens of our New Hampshire homes are due all honor and praise for New Hampshire's glorious part in the history of the nation and the progress of the world!"

Finally one word more. Now that woman is clothed with equal rights and is charged with equal responsibility with man in the conduct of public affairs, she should be provided with equal educational advantages. Great progress has been made in this direction in the last few years, but much remains to be done, especially in New Hampshire, before the object is fully attained. While both colleges in our sister state of Vermont are open to women on the same terms as men, and a distinctive woman's college is about being established in Bennington in that state; and while Massachusetts has seven different colleges for women alone, and the great Boston University, with a larger enrollment than any other New England institution, is also open to women, there is but one institution of higher learning in New Hampshire to which women are admitted — the State University whose facilities are as yet necessar-

ily limited, though materially to be increased as the years go by. Old Dartmouth bars its doors to women, even those of our own state, while reaching out for young men from all parts of the earth, who flock to its shrine in numbers far beyond its capacity, so high is its reputation for sound scholarship and high attainment.

Scores of New Hampshire girls of necessity if not from choice, go outside the state yearly for college training, and many more are forced by circumstances to forego the same who might secure its benefits were there a college accessible for them in their own state. This condition should not be permitted to continue. There should be a thoroughly organized, fully equipped, and well endowed woman's college in New Hampshire, to the end that the young women of the state may have equal opportunity with the men to prepare themselves for the duties of citizenship, and effective service in all the walks of life. Such an institution might appropriately be located in Concord or Laconia, or perhaps at Tilton or New London, in each of

which latter places there is now a educational plant that might conveniently be transformed into the basis for a woman's college.

The N. H. Federation of Women Clubs, might—properly devote its attention and energies in the immediate future, and until it is fully effected, to the accomplishment of this object. Fourteen thousand intelligent women working together for a noble and beneficent object, can accomplish much. Through their efforts necessary legislation can be secured, and the intelligent co-operation and material aid of broad-minded men of means and high standing can be readily gained.

If the Federation and the Woman Clubs generally and unitedly espouse this object, they will soon arouse the interest and gain the co-operation of the great body of women throughout the State, and the men will then naturally fall into line. When the great object is fully accomplished New Hampshire womanhood will have added another star to its crown of glory, and brought new honor to the State itself.



# California vs. New Hampshire

BY MALCOLM KEIR

---

I like winter; that is when winter behaves properly and yields to spring after the middle of March. But last year my New Hampshire home still required as late as June the aid of the basement furnace. The three extra months of cold made me receptive to the alluring "literature" sent east by California; palm trees seemed more desirable than ice sheathed white pines. So when June was half gone with the furnace stoking unabated I packed my trunk, filled the gasoline tank on my car and whirled away to the land of the sun, roses and pepper trees. After a nine months trial of the "New Paradise" that faces the Pacific I am back in New Hampshire; it will take more than an Arctic June to force me again from my granite hills. California is not sun-kissed, it is sun-seared. In addition it has many other unpleasant characteristics that are carefully obscured by the state's sons, native or adopted. Probably I was oversold in anticipation, so that the realization left me with the feeling of much that was lacking. Years ago I had a similar experience when my sisters overpraised their college friends whose charms proved less than my sisters' claims. Likewise with California. I was led to believe it was much more alluring than the close contact with it substantiated.

So often tourists are soured against the climes they visit by the vicissitudes of travel that I ought to say at the outset, that although I

journeyed by motor I had but two minor accidents in 12,000 miles; on a puncture near Wenatchee, Washington, the other a broken fan belt in the scorching Salinas valley of California. Moreover my sole traveling companion was highly skilled in the mechanics of the car, and not only relieved me of the mental hazard of long distance touring, but also rested my muscles and eyes by taking the wheel at least half the time. Nor did we try to make new speed or distance records, our daily average runs being slightly in excess of 20 miles. The car itself was quite different from the one often alluded to in print as of "a cheap and popular make." Camping, another soured shrivelling experience for many persons, was not part of our program each day we sought and found the hotel that served the best food, possessed comfortable beds, and provided hot baths. Finally neither my companion nor I were too young nor too old to be open to new impressions; for he was in the early twenties while I am not forty,—no for a few months anyway. So my unfavorable reaction to California did not grow out of discomforts of travel.

The first lowering of my enthusiasm was caused by the universal brownness of the California landscape. I expected a luxuriant flower garden. I found sear and withered fields, and hills baked hard and lifeless. From late in May to the end



of October—nearly half the year—little rain falls west of the Cascades and Sierras, and in many sections no rain at all freshens the life during those long intervening months. Day after day the sun shines from a cloudless brassy sky, sucking moisture from the gasping land until every sign of green disappears. Of course where man supplies irrigation, crops grow; but although the aggregate of tilled and irrigated land is enormous it is so small compared to the whole area of mountain and valley, that the brown picture is little relieved. Indeed the irrigated tracts themselves appear dusty and parched, because man supplies water to the roots of plants whereas Nature showers their leaves, stems or trunks. In the towns and cities many a lawn or garden suffers the same fate as the outside fields and hence reflects the same dun color; only by constant excessive use of hose and more elaborate water sprays are any lawns kept green or gardens blessed with blooms. Before man appeared on the coast most of it was either a desert or one degree removed from a desert; despite man's efforts most of it remains as Nature made it. California's prevailing tint is not golden but the color found on an ironing board upon which a careless maid had left overlong a hot iron.

After the rainy season begins in the fall the prevailing brownness is mitigated by tender light greens, but this springlike shade is not massed as it is in New England. California verdure is thin so the brown soil shows through it; the landscape resembles a field of wheat when the first tender shoots thrust through

the ground. The mountains look like a partially bald negro badly afflicted with dandruff; that is, they are barren on top while the slopes support sporadic vegetation interspersed with white rock outcrops. It is only toward the end of the rainy season from the middle of April to the middle of May, that California enjoys its brief season of natural beauty. Then the hillsides and fields are covered with blooms, the poppies run riot, the fruit blossoms fill the air with perfume, and the Spanish bayonet, (yucca,) rears its queenly crown. After six weeks of unearthly beauty the blossoms drop, the leaves wither and a brown mantle overspreads the earth. Poets, painters and local boomers revel in this short burst of ecstasy and forge the drab months that follow.

During the wet weeks California has one other beauty, that of contrast. At that time the highest mountains are hung with the glistening silver tinsel of snow while the green orchards of the lowland counterfeit summer. This contrast is most effective when the orchards are laden with bright yellow orange or lemons. But this inspiring view of snow and fruit is not everywhere available and in fact is a relatively rare treat. In summer one must ride many miles north to see snow gleaming on the mountains. Except for Hood, Ranier (Tacoma), and Shasta white sheeted mountains are rare indeed and even these are often veiled in the blue murk of forest fires. Many a summer tourist catches no glimpse of them at all.

Besides the universal brown landscape of the California summer and fall the keenest disappointment in

the scenery of the state is its monotony. Before visiting the region I had read and heard glowing accounts of the continued novelty of the natural features to be found there; "bathe in the warm waters of the Pacific before breakfast and revel in snowball fights after supper," and all that sort of thing. I found that all of the differences were confined to travelers whose route was east and west. They really could go swimming in the morning in the placid Pacific and shiver on a mountain top in the evening, although snowballing would be purely imaginary except on the peaks I have mentioned or during the winter. That is, there is a typical sea beach landscape, there is also the hot interior irrigated valley picture, and there is the "bald negro" mountain panorama. A swift visitor can see all of these in one day. But that is all he can see on any day. I drove from Seattle to Tia Juana, Mexico, and my last day's run gave me exactly the same views as the first, while any run could have served as a sample of any other. The ocean, the valley, the mountain range; these are the sole scenic offerings. The ocean surface changes, but the valleys and mountains except for minor details are all replicas of each other. To appreciate in full how deadly monotonous this is think of a journey of an equal length on the Atlantic coast; take a trip say from Portland, Maine to Charleston, South Carolina.

Personally I found the continuous sunshine also monotonous. The bright cloudless days at first were a delight, but after five months I found myself longing for clouds and storms. Probably my associates

found me increasingly disagreeable for I know I grew irritable at the sameness of my days. When at last a morning came accompanied by a slight drizzle my spirits bounded and the sight of an umbrella threw me into raptures. The native son too, admitted a kindling of interest in living with the arrival of rain. Ellisworth Huntington, the noted geographer, says that human beings not only like weather changes, but must have them for their mental and bodily health.

However, a traveler down the Pacific Coast Highway—a hard surface road from Canada to Mexico, except for the one day's run through the Siskiyou Mountains—does get one form of variety, and that is in temperature. This route is called the Coast Route, but it touches the real oceanside only at intervals; the rest of the time it penetrates interior valleys and labors through and over mountain ranges. Therein lies the explanation of the changing temperatures. Adjacent to the ocean in the summer it is always cool and often cold. My hotel room in San Francisco in August had steam heat and needed it. The interior valleys on the other hand are always stiflingly hot in the summer. At Redding, California, at the northern end of the Sacramento valley, two days before I welcomed the radiator in San Francisco, I kept an electric fan going over my bed all night and even then sweltered so that sleep was impossible. The mountains are both hot and cool, depending on whether the winds that blow over them come from the sea or the desert, the temperature bearing but slight relation to the altitude of the mountain. A

a consequence of these varying factors two places geographically close together may record temperatures radically different, even so small a distance as eight miles producing marked changes. So if you are in a transition zone you may sweat or shiver just as you please, and shift from one to the other by altering your location ever so little.

Nor does what I have said tell the whole story. The temperatures 'advertised' by the Pacific coast communities are generally averages. An average daily summer temperature of 65 degrees looks most enticing, but this average is the half way point between two extremes neither of which is comfortable. The nights in most of California are cold. This is merely in keeping with its desert character. Nearly all deserts have cold nights. Also they generally have torrid middays. Many California thermometers daily slide up and down through as much as forty degrees all the year round. The advertised average is encountered twice a day, for a few moments in the mid morning and again for a brief period late in the afternoon. I have never seen so many people with chronic running noses and convulsive throats as in California. The dust laden air of the long rainless season aggravates the results of the antics of the mercury. The Golden State doctors assert that the epidemics of colds and sore throats coincide with the influx of tourists who bring these afflictions with them and spread them by the Pacific. Loyal native sons always find a good excuse for local calamities.

Wisely, I thought, I chose to stay in the north during the summer and

retired to sunny Southern California for December and January. I have never been so uncomfortably cold in my life as I was in Pasadena during those months last winter. The houses are built without cellars and for the most part lack central heating systems. The walls are thin and every door and window is designed for a maximum of ventilation. As a result the houses have an indoor temperature that is only a degree or two removed from that under the sky. When in the gray dawn the mercury hovers around freezing the whole house indoors has that same degree of chill. I have slept out-of-doors in New England when the thermometer crept down to 20 degrees below zero, the very trees popping like pistol shots in the crackling cold, but I have never shivered as I did last winter in Pasadena with four blankets, a sweater and an overcoat piled around me. Cold is determined by how you feel, not by the statistics of the weather bureau. Days of rain were akin to the clammy dawns. When I first arrived in Pasadena I wondered at the presence of fur coats in that southland. I know now that people need them for night gowns. To be sure my friends in Pasadena and Los Angeles said that last winter was the coldest they had had in ten years; "a most unusual winter."

The official reports of the weather bureau do prove that Southern California never has had a winter with severe prolonged frosts. For that reason the region is cursed with insect pests. Flies, mosquitoes, and ants are the most common and most persistent annoyers of mankind in that area; it is impossible to get rid



of them and life is made tolerable only by continuous battle against them. Just as port towns have their "rat catchers" so the Pacific Coast has a regularly organized and lucrative profession of "ant exterminators;" neither profession has ever worked itself out of a job. The San Francisco Bay cities have the added aggravation of fleas. Garden and orchard pests are as prolific and as universal as ants or fleas. Between aridity and insectivora any man who grows anything by the shores of the Pacific is a hero, the veteran of a never ending warfare. If the insects don't get him the scales and snails will.

It would be unfair to mention the great migration of field mice in January, 1927, when literally millions of them scampered over the fields near Bakersfield. Poison grain was set in their path and trucks bearing tons of dead mice filed in a steady stream out of the mouse infested district to dump their loads in unpopulated sections. Devastating mouse armies are relatively rare in California although in Scandanavia they occur in regular cycles, the mice marching down from the mountains to perish in the sea.

In warm weather the California farmer battles parasites while in cold spells he must conquer frosts. This he attempts by burning smudges placed in the rows between his crops. The smudge is a thick heavy oily smoke. On taking in the morning paper the eye beholds a rolling cloud of black smoke covering the land for miles with its pall indicative that the previous night had reached freezing temperatures. The story told by sparkling frost in New

England is announced in California by murk. While the smudge does alleviate the damage from frosts it is hard on humans who must live where it operates. No door or window is tight enough to keep it out of houses; curtains, tablecloths and human noses all bear witness to the penetrating power of the smudge. Yet the unconquerable optimism of the resident makes him claim that smudges are excellent for head colds. He asserts that smudges are the same material that doctors prescribe for nasal sprays.

Nearly all easterners who have never visited the Pacific slope associate romantic glamor with California; indeed diligent researchers have discovered that the very state name is intimately joined with an ancient fable. The romance of California is a product of the Gold Rush and the Mission System, one in the north and the other in the south. The harsh features of the Gold Rush have been mellowed by time and since no striking physical monument remains to commemorate the raw era of gold mining, the Forty Niners have become a pleasant colorful fiction.

On the other hand many of the actual missions are still standing, while a few of them are active at the present time. So the real glamor for moderns lies in this connecting link with the past. Perhaps the glow shed by the Missions is heightened because the contrast is so marked between the raw environment and the cultured medieval institution. It is a far cry from a Californian Franciscan church to its sources in Spanish and Italian architecture derived from the Arabians through the

Moors and Sicilians. Without question the Mission System casts a benevolent haze of romance over California, particularly Southern California, where most of the Missions were located.

But this romance like many another cannot stand critical analysis; the greater the knowledge the less the glamor. History reveals that the real purpose of the Missions was fully as political as it was religious. The Spanish authorities desired the chain of Missions as a political checkmate against the land grabbing of the Russians, British and (later) the Americans. Then, too, despite the real religious zeal of many and maybe most of the Franciscan Fathers connected with the Missions, undoubtedly the Mission System resulted in actual peonage and virtual slavery for many of the Indians who were "converted." There are dark pages in the story of the Missions. Knowing these facts detracts from the romance, except for persons who thrill over blood stains and shiver delightfully in ghoulis chambers where souls have sighed.

The actual Mission buildings now standing are a disappointment to the beholder. The architectural design of some of them—notably San Juan Capistrano and Santa Barbara—was excellent, so they appear wondrously beautiful in photographs. But since adobe entered so largely into the material of the construction, said havoc has been wrought by earthquakes, rain and blistering sunshine. Ruins can be beautiful, and the ancient ruins have the dignity of age. But heaps of dried mud have little of the former, and dust heaps all dating from the 19th century have not yet

attained the latter. To keep the fervor of romance for the Missions it does not pay to get too close to them.

Yet the Missions did supply an authentic architectural motif for modern California buildings. Present day construction incorporating Mediterranean influences is in many cases beautiful indeed; the Casa de Manana at La Jolla being a case in point. Such buildings may give California a genuine romantic flavor. It is sad that this is being perverted by a popular craze for small "Spanish type" dwellings of surpassing ugliness.

Everyone in the east knows that our western brothers are the best of advertisers. Before visiting the Pacific I supposed the advertising was paid by railroads and innkeepers. Imagine my surprise when I learned that taxes were levied to pay for exploitation of the coast region in eastern and middle western periodicals. Indeed there are two advertising taxes, the funds raised by one being used for displays in expositions and fairs, the other supporting advertising campaigns in magazines and newspapers. To the tax money is added contributions from men whose businesses benefit by hordes of visitors. Strangely the railroads have small share in this community advertising.

That the publicity is effective is proven by the fact that some 100,000 tourists arrive on the coast each year. It is found that the normal visitor to California stays thirty days and spends fifteen dollars a day. A pencil and paper will show that the minimum "tourist crop" is worth at least 45 million dollars. This amount is more than half the value

of the orange crop and is more regular and certain.

But the primary purpose of the publicity is not to lure these thousands of temporary visitors but to captivate as many of them as possible as permanent residents. Experience shows that at least one out of every ten is sufficiently charmed to break off eastern entanglements and remain as a "sun-kissed" citizen. Herein is a partial explanation of how the Pacific coast states are growing in population several times as fast as the rest of the country. It helps in understanding Los Angeles' three fold expansion in the last ten years, the latest population statistics giving that city 1,200,000 residents.

These settlers in the main are either very well supplied with worldly goods, or almost destitute of any kind of goods. The first create an unusual demand for safe deposit boxes and doctors,—medical or ethical, legitimate or quack. The second call for a goodly supply of tourist camps and park benches. In addition there are many families which migrate to the west for the sake of the health of some one member. A surprising number of middle aged and aged folks are met on the highways and sidewalks, in the churches and movie houses. Baby carriages are a rare sight. Perhaps, though, modern babies ride in automobiles, of which vehicles California has more in number than any other state in the union except New York.

Sadly, the Pacific states are not equipped as yet to supply jobs for all these tenth tourists who become settlers. Everyone knows that white collar positions there are rare, but

not everyone is aware that over a jobs are equally scarce. Even automobile mechanics in a state that has a car for each two inhabitants have long and painful delays in finding a garage that needs another man. The most popular section of the "Los Angeles Times" next to Carr's column "the Lancer" is that devoted to "Want Ads." It is possible for those with some capital to buy land and start one of several kinds of farming, but the experience of many who have tried this avenue of economic independence is not encouraging. The plain fact is that California needs additions to industrial, commercial and mercantile enterprises, especially the factories, but these three businesses are as yet insecure in their foundations in that region. The chief drawback is lack of market, but scarce or costly raw materials and paucity of trained labor are weighty deterrents. Meanwhile thousands of untrained jobless go hungry. The Golden State leaders are endeavoring valiantly to induce manufacturers to locate there but these same leaders pay scant attention to the needs of the hordes of dependent people already within the state. Any man or woman who goes to the coast without considerable financial resources in the expectation of finding work would do well to canvass first the opportunities nearer home.

Another phase of the influx of great numbers of newcomers to the coast is the resulting loneliness. So few are the native sons and so many are the strangers in a strange land that new residents socially receive scant attention. There is no great group of solidly established old residents to hold out a kindly hand to



those aspiring to citizenship. As a consequence there are hundreds of people both rich and poor, who hunger for companionship and some kind of friendly intercourse. The churches naturally do good work in providing facilities for this human need, and the great hotels attempt to create a sociable life for their more permanent guests, but there are hosts of people never touched by these two agencies. The human need for friendship is as great and as vital as the need for food; the lack of either one has desperate consequences. Therefore the prevalent loneliness of newcomers to California is a serious matter. Perhaps it explains the popularity of state picnics. Almost any day one may pick up a coast paper and read that, "There will be an Indiowa State Picnic at Fair Oaks Park on Saturday at

two. Bring basket lunch." If you should happen to be at Fair Oaks Park on that Saturday you would find literally thousands,—sometimes as many as 20,000—good people, former citizens of Indiowa cavorting together, gathered under county banners.

Of course there is much that is inspiring, more that is beautiful and a great deal that is promising in California. But all of these have been told many times. So have stories of California earthquakes and fog. What needs greater publicity are the sources of irritation that send us nine back east well satisfied to stay in the east. New Hampshire looks more charming to me after having lived in California. If one must visit California one should choose the month of April, otherwise for nine people out of ten disappointment is sure.

---

## A Bit of China

By ELIZABETH M. MASSIE

Chinese etchings on the sky  
 Poplar trees of Lombardy—  
 Does the East wind sweeping by  
 Breathing faintly of the sea  
 Bring a day of joy for me?

Weeping willows on the plain  
 Underneath a leaden sky;  
 Do your arms raised in the rain  
 Murmur in a sigh?

In that faint breath from the sea  
 I have heard the East wind speak.  
 That faint answer was for me—  
 That cool kiss that brushed my cheek—  
 Dryad hearts of Lombardy!

Penacook, N. H.

# Mother of America

BY KENNETH ANDLER

(Winner of First Honors in Prize Story Contest)

---

From early youth Edward Rowland had a superior disdain of his native state. The fact that New Hampshire was but a small daub on the map of the United States caused him, when he was no more than fifteen, to say with an irritating little smile, "Why, this state could be dropped into the Great Lakes without making a splash." The fact that mills and trains and great stores played but a small part in the Granite State was a standing accusation of its worthlessness in his eyes.

The son of a farmer, Ezekiel Rowland of Chase Four Corners, he learned to hate the life of a farm, the stony stubbornness of the land and the cold aloofness of the people. There was a strange mixture of blood in the boy, and it is certain that a Latin influence on his mother's side was the chief factor determining the trend of his character. As a boy of fifteen his hair was black and straight, his eyes dark with a far away look. A fine chiseling of his features gave him the appearance of a dreamer.

One morning in February he was trudging to school through snow-drifts against a cold north wind that was spitting the first keen pellets of a blizzard into his face. The hills around him were veiled in flying snow, and the firs and spruces on the steep slopes were a dark blur behind the white veil, a blur lonely and forbidding. The sturdy lad plowed dog-

gedly on, his head bent against the storm, his mittened hands swinging at his sides. As he came near the schoolhouse he gave it one scathing glance of hatred.

Inside he could see his fellow gathered around the huge pot-bellied stove, stamping the snow from their feet, and laughing as they hung their mittens and scarfs and sweaters up to dry. He saw the flame dart out from the stove as Nelson Perry, the biggest boy, opened the iron door and threw in a chunk of wood.

He stood for a moment enveloped by the growing storm. Behind his dark eyes and features, so strangely out of place in the bleak scene, was a picture of large buildings in some far away—and undetermined—city. There was a great longing in his lonely little being for the fine things he had read about, especially for paintings and statues. He faced the small red wooden building which was Rural School No. Eight, and voiced his disapproval in an ironic grunt as he made for the door. The school building was hardly welcome to him even as a shelter from the storm.

All morning long he sat on his rude bench and gazed dreamily out into the flying snow which barricaded the windows with a swirling curtain of white. He felt the wind shaking the building, he heard the roar of the fire in the great stove, the rise and fall of the teacher's

voice. But he wasn't there; he was in another land, a place of great mills and factories and trains. And when school closed early in the afternoon because of the storm he did not join his schoolmates, who were giving vent to their joy by diving into drifts and pelting each other with snow. He hurried away, his head down, his eyes dreamy, his mittened hands swinging by his sides.

As he approached his home—a weatherbeaten house set across the road from a painted, well-kept barn—he said softly to himself, clenching his fists, “I am going to run away.”

Many boys have merely said those words; a few have carried them out. Of the latter kind was Edward. He gathered his things in a small grip before he went to bed and lay awake in his attic room listening to the rafters creaking in the wind. He got up long before daylight, crept silently downstairs and outdoors, and melted into the darkness.

As the sun rose, the last clouds of the storm disappeared, and as the morning wore on it became known over the countryside that Edward Rowland had vanished. Farmers shoveling paths to their barns were informed by the R. F. D. carrier in his passing sleigh that the boy was missing. Men left their work and started a search, but could find no trace of footprints, everything being effaced by the snow. The sun poured down his dazzling radiance upon the crystal land, sloped westward and lengthened the pine shadows over the white valley, dipped in a crimson flare behind the cold hills—and still no sign of Edward Rowland.

The days became weeks and the

weeks months, and the strange boy whom the farmer folk had never understood was given up as lost. They reserved Ezekiel with his aquiline nose and cold grey eyes never spoke of his misfortune but once. It was one evening when he was leaving the circle of farmers, who had gathered around the stove in Quimby's General Store. Asked about Edward the old man paused with his hand on the doorknob, turned to the rust gathering around the stove and said, “No, we never have heard from him. A queer boy. My hope was on him and he is gone.” He threw his red scarf about his neck and stalked out into the cold night.

Mrs. Rowland, a small, dark eyed woman who retained some of her beauty and a great deal of her charm never quite got over the loss of her son. She placed a lighted oil lamp at the window every night when she went to bed, and the farmers' families about the hillsides, seeing it remarked, “Mrs. Rowland thinks the rascal will come back,” and added, “it's hard on her, but the lad was ne'er do well,” and then blew out their lamps so that in all the dark valley was but one tiny point of light, the small bright prayer of one soul for reunion with another.

When Edward reached the Grand Central Station his small purse was empty. He stood, a small dark figure with short pants, in the stream of people that poured by him from the trains. He gazed with awe at the long corridors through which people were rushing like sheep in a maze. He walked slowly, hugging his small grip to him, until he came to the Grand Concourse. His breath went out of him as he stared up and up



and up at the great dome, fashioned like the sky and studded with twinkling stars. The subdued murmur of the multitude, swarming like ants upon the spacious floor, came to him as the far-off murmur of the sea. He was startled by the sudden ringing of a bell followed by announcements flashed upon a magic screen. He drank in the scene with a hungry gulp; he had reached the land of his dreams.

There is no need to follow Edward through all his adventures. With more luck than usually befalls a country boy in a large city, he obtained a job, as janitor's assistant at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Keeping one eye on his work, he contemplated with the other the master pieces exhibited on the walls. With true artist's instinct he picked Millet, Raphael, and De Vinci as his favorites. At times he would neglect his work for an hour and gaze spell-bound at the priceless art treasures. If Carlyle's statement is true that a man, when wrapt in contemplation of another's art, is himself an artist then Edward was a master.

The winter wore away, the summer came and went, and fall blew in with cold blasts from the sea. Again the cycle was repeated and two years had passed. One morning as Edward Rowland, now a guide in the Museum, was walking through the American corridors, Whistler's Portrait of My Mother seemed to leap out at him from the walls. Simultaneously two revelations gripped him; his criminal neglect of his mother and the potentiality of American art.

By this time he was no longer a boy but a handsome dark, young

man, slim and straight, with long trousers. His eyes glistened as he looked at the picture. Several months ago when he had come to realize what his leaving home had meant to his parents he had been shocked to the depths of his sensitive nature, hitherto absorbed in a longing for art and cities and "life." Thinking it best that his parents consider him dead rather than know they had a son living who was so undevoted, he had never informed them of his whereabouts.

As he stopped short now before Whistler's painting, a great longing came over him for his mother. With this longing and intertwined with it came the first realization of what American art might do. It was as though a gate had been opened and he saw down the vistas of the future an art more vigorous than Europe's, an art youthful, buoyant, and sprung from glorious untilled Western soil.

As he walked slowly away from the painting he made a firm resolve: he would create art himself—the art of this new country. He would catch the spirit of America; the flame of blast furnaces glowing on brawny workmen stripped to the waist, the hurtling limited trains as they ate up miles on Western prairies like long lean hungry greyhounds, the billowing wheat fields, the tawny Mississippi. He would paint America.

From much reading he had acquired more than ever a disdain of New England which was, as the books said, narrow, ungenerous, Puritanical and icily aloof from the warm, generous and liberal West. The contempt which as a boy he had had for New Hampshire was now extend-

ed to include the whole of New England.

But as the portrait by Whistler came into his mind it gave him pause. A sense of having overlooked something stole over him. He walked back to the painting and gazed at it. Wasn't there something indefinably New England in that picture? He walked away with a feeling of uneasiness.

His spare time became taken up with painting. At first he copied the artists, and a natural facility with the brush—acquired in childhood daubing—encouraged him to try painting subjects at first hand. He learned to love trains, and they became his favorite subject. His first important work was an impressionistic painting called, "The Capitol Limited." The train was hurtling through the night, a long dark demon of speed. The darkness was broken by little squares of red light—the glow of electric lamps reflected from Pullman berths. Back from the engine streaked a plume of flame as the fireman was stoking the hungry maw of the furnace.

The work earned the immediate approval of the critics, but in all their comments it was singular to note the recurrence of expressions like this: "The painting, fine as it is, yet lacks something to make it a masterpiece. It is not insincerity nor a poor handling of the given materials, but there is missing the soul that must shine through all really great works of art."

At first the universal acclaim given Edward's painting intoxicated him with joy. Then he began to think it remarkable that the critics should be so unanimous in saying

that the picture lacked something. Their comments, so alike on the picture's flaw, at first angered him, and he had started to say with the same old irritating smile, "Critics, bah!" But he refrained, for he had grown. He knew the critics were right.

One picture succeeded another, and he became independent financially. He rented a studio and hired models. But he was dissatisfied, for among the first rank critics he was becoming known as "the artist without a soul." His paintings possessed all the genius of a facile hand, but through them there did not shine the warm glow of an intense heart.

Edward Rowland was twenty-one when the feeling began to grow within him that not only was he an artist without a soul but a man without one. As he pondered upon his heartless running away he could see why there did not burn in his pictures the flame of genius.

One afternoon Edward stood back unobserved, in a little alcove and watched the group of people who were contemplating his latest picture. He watched particularly an elderly man who was gazing intent at the new work. After some moments the old man turned away shaking his head, and walked across the corridor to Whistler's Portrait of My Mother. Edward was startled to hear him say to himself, as he again shook his white head, "What a difference, what a difference!"

That night, all alone in his studio as he looked out over the great city with its flying sprays of light that leaped and wound like serpents of flame in the darkness, Edward Rowland resolved to go home.

It is impossible to describe all the

emotions which Edward experienced as he walked up the snowy road to his old home. An upheaval was taking place in his nature, and there kept pounding through his brain the phrase, "Ye must be born again." There flashed through his mind the meaning of a word he had often used—renaissance. Rebirth, rebirth, to be born again.

When he was near enough the house to see a light in the window he wondered vaguely if it could be laugh and muttered, "Just like those hick plays—'Lead kindly window lamp.'" He drew closer. There was a figure at the window. Coming near he beheld his mother sitting by the lamp, her eyes far away toward the hills. In that moment Edward Rowland was reborn. The last vestige of his synicism was gone. He was a child again, more of a child than he had ever been. A flood of love, long suppressed surged through him. His mother waiting for him still!

He walked into the house—the door was unlocked—and stood on the threshold of the sitting room. His mother, radiant in the mellow lamplight, turned in her chair. In a moment she was in his arms sobbing, "I knew you'd come back Edward. I knew you'd come back." And for the first time since he was a baby the strange lad, Edward Rowland, wept.

He had been home a week when the atmosphere of his old home began to burn itself into his veins. One afternoon at dusk as he stood on the porch and looked down the valley with the snow-clad hills towering above the lonely little road, a lump rose in his throat. It seemed a lifetime since he went away. Suddenly

there flashed on the screen of his memory the picture of the school-house as he had left it on that stormy day so long ago. He watched the yellow moon glide up from the winter woods and the school scene became more vivid in his mind.

That evening as he sat before the fireplace he was alarmingly quiet. Ezekiel now and again laid down his Boston Herald to look over his spectacles at his strange son. Edward's mother watched him continually while she sewed. Minute by minute, hour by hour the desire grew in Edward to paint the picture of that school. His hand ached for a brush.

Early the next morning he procured materials at a nearby art colony and began his work. As the painting took form he grew hot and cold by spells. It would be a masterpiece he told himself one instant, a daub the next.

At last the work was finished; the interior of a rural school. Through the half open door, which an arriving pupil was closing, could be seen the snowstorm swirling over the hills. In the distance and almost enveloped by the storm were two small figures stumbling for the building. Inside, the teacher was helping some of the children off with their sweaters and coats. The youngsters were laughing and stamping the snow from their shoes. A large boy was tossing wood chunks into the big round stove.

Within a week after its completion the picture was placed with others of Rowland on exhibition. Immediately it brought a hurricane of praise from even the most hard boiled critics.

One of them had this to say,"



"There is in the picture, on the surface or underlying, the tang of spruce, the vigor of the mountains, the romance of little roads turning in a wood, the flame of autumn sweeping up into the hills from the sea, the strength of stone walls. The rugged children battling against the snow storm to reach their isolated school, the dauntless teacher sacrificing her life for service, the room itself with its stiff seats, the great stove and the snow flying in the half-opened door—this is New England. In a great degree it is America: perseverance, hardihood, the struggle for learning. Whistler painted a masterpiece, *Portrait of My Mother*, but Rowland has also painted a masterpiece, for he has painted New England; that is to say, he has paint-

ed the Mother of America."

And so Edward Rowland learned what greater men than he had learned before him—that he had searched for the wealth of the Indies in far lands when the wealth of the Indies was under his feet. He learned more; he learned that not only on the great Western prairies or in the marts of trade was America to be found. There was something fully as American at his old home as great lands under wide skies. He learned even more—that without love of something or somebody one cannot produce art. He had given a beautiful body to his pictures; he had given no soul. And so it happened that Edward Rowland found himself through his mother and his country through the Mother of America.

---

## New Hampshire's Great Stone Face

By ALDINE F. MASON

Facing the land of the sunshine,  
Long ages you've gazed into space;  
Like Egypt's Sphinx you change not  
Your rugged and clear-cut face.  
In fashion and form like the Chieftain  
Who counseled his tribes of old  
To live always with Peace on the hearthstone;  
So to us is the legend told.  
Possessed of the vision of ages,  
What scenes you have witnessed, what change!  
Since you came into being, long centuries past,  
Oh, King of our mountain range!  
Famed throughout loyal New England,  
No state has a land-mark like thee!  
From East and from West come marveling hosts  
Thy wonderful Profile to see.  
Personified calm and serenity,  
Awed and speechless we gaze!  
May your shadow never foreshorten,  
May you stand through the length of our days!

Concord, N. H.

# Rear Admiral E. G. Parrott, U. S. N.

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H., 1815-1879

BY JOSEPH FOSTER, U. S. N., 1862-1927

---

This is a tribute to Rear Admiral Enoch Greenleaf Parrott, U. S. Navy, 1815-1879, who, as a young officer of the Navy, served on land with Fremont in winning California from Mexico; and in the war for the preservation of the union, as a Commander, U. S. Navy, shared with Rear Admirals DuPont and Porter in the thanks of Congress to all who took part in the victories of Port Royal and Port Fisher, in which he commanded the U. S. Steamer, "Augusta" and the Ironclad "Monadnock."

The Parrott Gun made his family name well known to everyone who served in the Army or Navy, and to civilians too, during the years, 1861-1865.

He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., November 27, 1815; was appointed midshipman, U. S. Navy, December 10, 1831; and died in New York, May 10, 1879.

"General Order.

Navy Department,  
Washington, June 4, 1879.

The Secretary of the Navy, with deep regret, announces to the service the death, at New York, on the 10th of May last of Rear Admiral Enoch G. Parrott.

Rear Admiral Parrott received his first appointment December 10, 1831, and during his long service was faithful and zealous in the discharge of his duties. During the Rebellion he was actively engaged, and participated in the battles of Port Royal, South Carolina, and Fort Fisher,

North Carolina. He commanded the Mare Island Navy Yard in 1871 and 1872, and the naval force on the Asiatic Station in 1873, which last command his failing health compelled him to relinquish.

On the day after the receipt of this order, the flags of the Navy Yards and Naval Stations, and of all ships in commission, will be displayed at half mast from sunrise to sunset, and thirteen minute guns will be fired at noon from each Navy Yard and Station, flagship and vessel acting singly.

R. W. THOMPSON,  
Secretary of the Navy."

His father, Enoch Greenleaf Parrott, senior, was a prominent merchant of Portsmouth, and his uncle, John F. Parrott, was United States Senator from New Hampshire for six years, from 1819 to 1825. Robert P. Parrott, the inventor of the celebrated gun which bears his name was a cousin of the Admiral.

James Brackett Parrott, long of the firm of Spaulding and Parrott, dealers in iron and steel, Market Street, Portsmouth, for whom Parrott Avenue, on the north side of the South Mill Pond, is named, was a brother of the Admiral.

Lyman Greenleaf Spalding, son of Captain Lyman Dyer Spalding, of Portsmouth, and grandson of Lyman Spalding, M. D., of Portsmouth, N. H., and New York City, was a nephew and namesake of the Admiral, with whom he served as Captain's Clerk of the U. S. Steamer "Augusta."

ta," for about twelve months in 1861 and 1862, and took part in the capture of Port Royal, S. C., by Rear Admiral DuPont on November 7, 1861, and afterwards served on the blockade of Charleston, S. C. He was appointed Midshipman, U. S. Naval Academy, 26 September 1862; and, a Lieutenant; was killed by the accidental explosion of a torpedo at Newport, R. I., 29 August 1881. His memorial stone is in the Proprietor's Cemetery, south of the pond, Portsmouth.

The more complete record of Admiral Parrott's naval service is as follows:

Enoch Greenleafe Parrott, U. S. Navy, born in New Hampshire, appointed from New Hampshire December 10, 1831; attached to schooner 'Boxer,' Brazil Squadron, 1832-4; attached to sloop 'Natchez,' Brazil Squadron; 1835, Navy Yard, Boston, 1837. Promoted to Passed Midshipman June 15, 1837; brig 'Consort' on surveying duty, 1840.

Commissioned as Lieutenant, September 8, 1841; was engaged in the operations under Commodore Perry against Beraly, and the neighboring towns on the west coast of Africa, December, 1843; and was with all the landing parties. Sloop 'Saratoga,' coast of Africa, 1843; frigate 'Congress,' Pacific Squadron, 1846-8. During the war with Mexico, while serving in the 'Congress' was with Fremont's Expedition from Monterey to Los Angeles, at which place there was a slight engagement; was at the capture of Guaymas and Mazatlan, and in two skirmishes at the last named place. The 'Congress' received the thanks of the President and the Department. Receiving ship Boston 1850; sloop 'St. Louis,' Mediterranean Squadron, 1852-3; sloop 'St. Mary's' Pacific Squadron, 1854-5; Naval Observatory, Washington,

1857-8; special duty 1859.

Commissioned as Commander April, 1861; was with the expedition which destroyed Norfolk Navy Yard April, 1861; in the brig 'Perry' the time of the capture of the rebel privateer 'Savannah,' which resisted received for this the commendation of the Department; commanding steamer 'Augusta,' 1861-3; in the 'Augusta' participated in the battle of Port Royal under Rear Admiral DuPont, and subsequently engaged the rebel rams at the time of the sortie from Charleston, January 1 (31), 1863, and was on this occasion under the fire of the rebel batteries in Charleston harbor; commanding ironclad 'Canonicus,' N. A. B. Squadron, 1864-5; in the 'Canonicus' participated in the engagement with Howlett's Battery and the iron-clad on James River, June 21, 1864; and in the subsequent engagement with Howlett's Battery; commanding ironclad 'Monadnock' in the attack under Rear Admiral Porter on Fort Fisher, in December 1864, and January, 1865; and subsequently, under Rear Admiral Dahlgren, was present at the surrender of Charleston; commanding receiving ship Boston, 1868.

Commissioned as Captain, July 2 1866; Navy Yard (Waiting Order) Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1866. Commissioned as Commodore 1870 (Commandant Navy Yard, Boston 1871); Commandant Navy Yard Mare Island, 1871-2; Asiatic Station 1872-3. Commissioned as Rear Admiral November 8, 1873. Died 1879."

(Hamersley's Naval Records, 1890)

Admiral Parrott was perhaps Portsmouth's most prominent representative in the U. S. Navy during the War for the Preservation of the Union. His monument is in St. John's Episcopal Cemetery, Portsmouth, near the church.



**ANNIVERSARY OF THE LAUNCHING OF "THE RANGER"**

Rear Admiral Foster informs THE GRANITE MONTHLY that the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the launching of the sloop of war "Ranger," which had been planned for May 10, was postponed by the Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce, to a later date in the summer, which will be duly announced, when a much larger and more imposing celebration than was originally planned, will be held.

---

## Mountain Meditation

By GUY E. McMINIMY

Fast o'er the mountain side  
Fall the blue shadows,  
Filling the vale with dusk,  
Dimming the meadows.

Often the herdsman's call  
Sounds through the passes,  
Ringing and falling back  
From rocky masses.

There in the rough-hewn hut  
Lights now are gleaming,  
Colorful, brilliant-hued,  
Setting me dreaming.

Then comes the mountain night  
Swift in its falling,  
Bringing strange thoughts to me,  
Old friends recalling.

O, could I send its charm  
Back to the cities!  
Back to the pent-up ones  
That my heart pities.

Would that they knew the joy  
Of the great spaces,  
And what the mountains do  
To sad-eyed faces.

Monmouth, Illinois.

# Mount Monadnock

(From the Meadow Bridge)

By MARY MINOT GREENE

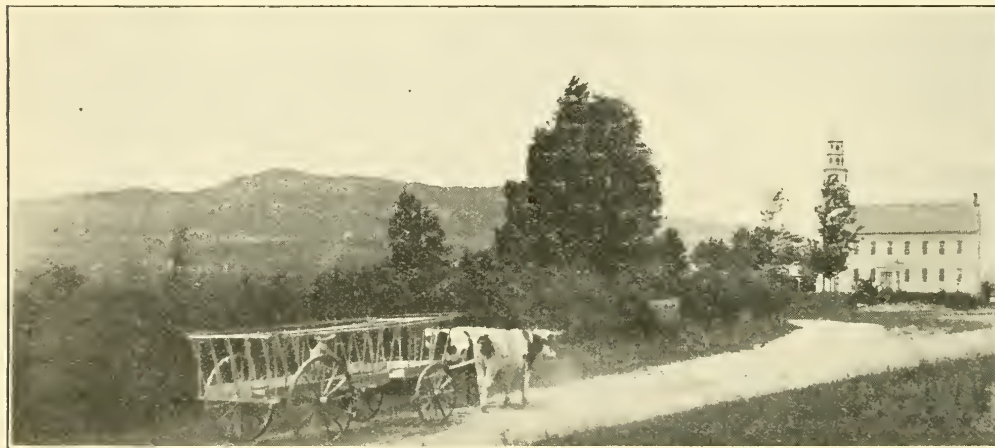
Loved Mountain, dear, from your rocky dome  
To the nearer slopes where serenely roam  
The kine, or drink from the rushing creek!  
Your beauty to my heart doth speak.

Wrapt in your shade, when day is low,  
Stands the home of **my youth**. Mine eyes o'erflow  
As they view the churchyard where softly sleep  
Father and mother, sire and son.  
We know the Shepherd His own will keep,  
Of the scattered flock each one.  
This brook between margins of early flowers  
Sings a clearer song than in other hours.

O, the thrush flutes magic above all others,  
Where long paths beckoned at close of school;  
The trout lie deep in the woodland pool  
Where our lines were thrown, my brothers.  
Here are strawberries in the meadow grass,  
Ere long will blackberries fringe the wood.  
As I hear the rhythmic waters pass,  
Sweet memories around me brood.

Sweet memories bid me fare again  
To the old house on the hill.  
Faith, hopes and prayers, ye were not in vain,  
Though hearts who breathed you are still!

(The above poem was written about fifty years ago by a native of Jaffrey who returned, to live the larger part of each year amid the picturesque environs. Some time in the nineties Mrs. Greene gave these verses to Carolyn Runnells Jardine of Charles town who always treasured them as faithful in coloring and fraught with the charm of an older day. F. R. P.)



Photograph by F. W. G.

# The Town of Jackson

BY RALPH C. LARRABEE, M. D.

---

Jackson was first settled in 1778 by Benjamin Copp and his family. In April, 1790, five other families came from Madbury—including the Pinkhams and Meserves — names which sound familiar in the ears of visitors to Jackson today. The snow was five feet deep and, as there was no road, they dragged their provisions, furniture and clothing eight miles from Bartlett on a hand-sled. Their only live-stock was a hog. "Thinking that this hog—might afford some aid in getting the sled along, we hitched him on." He did them "good and sufficient service." For a time they seemed to have lived in a single log house, built the previous autumn. "Want and hard labor were familiar to them, but hope in the future sustained them, and in time they were surrounded with sufficient luxuries to make them comfortable and happy."

Benjamin Willey, in his "Incidents in White Mountain History" relates that, in 1821, Jackson was visited by a "terrible tornado." The house of one of its inhabitants was blown down. "Chairs, beds, bedding, tables and children were all flying in the wind. Snatching his babes with almost superhuman strength from the embraces of the rude monster, he thrust their heads between two rails of fence, and left them thus secured, and their legs dangling in the wind, to look after his other property. The five little children remained fast to their fastening, and, uninjured, outrode the tempest."

Jackson was first called New Madbury. In 1800 it was incorporated as Adams. John Adams being then president of the United States. In the presidential campaign of 1829, between John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, the town gave the former but one vote and its name was promptly changed to Jackson.

The hill-sides afforded good grazing, and in the first half of the last century large numbers of sheep and cattle were raised here. These attracted bears and wolves. The farmers who occupied the houses whose cellar holes we see in the immense but slowly disappearing pastures in such remote spots as the east side of Black Mountain and west of Iron Mountain, had many a fight with them.

Meantime people from the cities were visiting the mountains in increasing numbers. In the early years of the last century, Rosebrook established the first inn, at what is now Fabyan's. In after years it was made famous by Rosebrook's grandson, Ethan Allen Crawford, the real pioneer in the summer hotel business. Writers, scientists, artists and statesmen made the place famous. Other hotels sprang up in other places and in a generation the White Mountains were fully established as the playground of New England.

It was years before Jackson began to share in the new prosperity. Bigelow, Boott, Oakes and Tuckerman, who botanized and explored on Mt.



Washington previous to 1840, must have known the place well. The artists found it as early as 1847, and painted the mountains so well that, with the aid of the titles, some of them are almost recognizable. But it was not till 1858 that the first hotel, the Jackson Falls House, was built. The Iron Mt. House followed in 1861, and soon there were others. The opening of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad in the early '70's gave a tremendous boom to the east side and during the '80's and '90's Jackson found itself famous and fashionable.

In the past twenty years great changes have taken place in this, as in other mountain resorts. The automobile and good roads have brought the mountains nearer to the cities. A different spirit prevails. The summer population is about the same in numbers, but the visitors are to a much greater degree, transients; coming in their cars, staying for a single night or a week end, and rushing on. No longer does one see the stagecoach with its merry crowd of young people singing "college songs" and vociferating their hotel cheer from its swaying top. The low-sagging buckboard rots and rusts in a corner of the barn and in its place—the "flivver." Is it a change for the better? Some of us old-timers—and we are by no means senile—regret the old days when we too yelled with

the rest on top of the stage, or drove in the buckboard to the foot of our climb.

But there are compensations:—in the old days it took an hour and half to reach Tuckerman Ravine trail and such distant peaks as Chocoma were out of the question. Today one can spend his vacation in Jackson and climb even more distant mountains in a day, with ease and convenience. Moreover the great currents of automobile traffic confine themselves to a few through routes. Drive into a side-road:—it is as sweet, clean and peaceful as ever. One step into one of the mountain trails—in ten minutes you no longer hear the honking of cars. You are much alone with the mountains, the woods and the streams as you ever were. And, if you meet others, they are of the elect, minded as you are and as you were a generation back. The lumberman may have devastated the woods, but we have the National Forest now, and trees will grow again. The trails are better than ever. Our children's children will still see the mountains as we saw them years ago. What matter then, the honking, smelling rush of the state road, or the gibbering crowd of strangers in the hotel dining room. The mountains and the forests will endure. God's in heaven—all's right with the world.



# New Hampshire Necrology

---

## MARY M. P. SIBLEY

Mary Matilda Putnam (Mrs. Frank A. Sibley) born in Croydon, March 27, 1860; died at the Carrie A. Wright Hospital in Newport, May 29, 1927.

Mrs. Sibley was a daughter of Marshall and Matilda (Carroll) Putnam, and was educated in the public schools and at Kimball Union Academy, graduating from the latter in 1883. On June 19, 1884 she was united in marriage with Frank A. Sibley, son of the late Ezra T. Sibley, proprietor of the famous Sibley Scythe manufactory at North Newport, later carried on by her husband. After the death of the latter, in 1909, Mrs. Sibley herself successfully conducted the business for many years, but for some time past she had been in failing health.,

She had been greatly interested in club activities and philanthropic, benevolent and patriotic work. She had been President of the Newport Woman's Club, and Chairman of the Conservation Committee of the State Federation; also Regent of Reprisal Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Chairman of the Conservation Committee of the N. H. D. A. R. She was an ardent woman suffragist and President of the Newport Equal Suffrage League; a member of the Newport Board of Education, and trustee of the Home for Aged Women. She had traveled extensively in this country and Europe, and was a woman of rare intelligence and broad culture.

She was the mother of four children, Plummer Putnam, who died in infancy; Homer Taft, Helen Sibley Winter and Dean Sheridan, who survive.

## REV. THOMAS H. STACY, D. D.

Born in North Berwick, Maine, July 26, 1850; died in Concord, N. H., May 14, 1927.

Dr. Stacy was the son of Daniel L. and Elizabeth A. (Hobbs) Stacy, and was educated at the West Lebanon, Maine Academy and Bates College, graduating from the latter in 1876. After teaching for three years, and meantime studying for the ministry, he was graduated from the Cobb Divinity School in 1879 and was ordained to the Free Baptist Ministry. He held pastorates at Fairport, N. Y., 1879-1882; Lawrence, Mass., 1882-1886; Auburn, Me., 1886-1893; Saco, Me., 1893-1902; Concord, N. H., 1902-1927, and at Sandwich N. H., until his decease. He had served many times as a member of the Free Baptist General Conference, and was long a member of the Executive committee of the General Conference Board. He had also served as President of the N. H. Sunday School Association and as a member of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and author of many volumes. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Bates College in 1906.

He was twice married; first to Clara L. Farnham of Kennebunk, Me., in 1879, who died in 1884; second, in 1891, to Leonora M. Harlow of Auburn, Me., who died shortly before his own decease, leaving one daughter, Elizabeth May Jameson, of Washington, D. C., he also had one daughter by his first wife, Mrs. Frank I. Spooner of Salt Lake City.

## PROF. ERNEST ALBEE

Ernest Albee, born in Langdon, N.

H., August 8, 1865; died in Ithaca, N. Y., May 26, 1927.

He was a son of Solon and Lucilla (Eames) Albee, and graduated from the University of Vermont in 1887. He pursued post graduate courses at Clark and Cornell Universities, and received the degree of Ph. D. from the latter in 1894. He was an instructor in Cornell for some time, and had held the chair of Professor of Philosophy there since 1907. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, the American Philosophical Association, American Psychology Association, City Club of New York and the Author's Club of London and was widely known as the author of "English Utilitarianism."

In December, 1917, he married Emily Humphries Manly, who survives.

#### GEORGE E. PERLEY

Born in Lempster, N. H., August 14, 1854; died in Moorhead, Minn., May 17, 1927.

He was the son of Asbury F., and Sarah J. (Dodge) Perley and was educated at Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1878. He was principal of the Charlestown High School three years, meanwhile studying law with Hon. Ira Colby of Claremont, and was admitted to the bar in 1883. In 1884 he removed to Moorhead, Minn., where he continued in practice through life, also conducting an extensive Farm Loan and Land Agency. He had been prominent in public life, serving as an alderman of the city, and as a member of the State House of Representatives, where he was Chairman of the Committee on Education. He was also

long a member of the Moorhead Board of Education, a trustee of Fargo College, S. D., a trustee of the Moorhead public library and a member of the Minn. Bar Association.

On May 9, 1884, he married M. Etta Jones, by whom he had one daughter, Grace Perley Hess of Minneapolis.

#### JOHN WHEELER, M. D.

Dr. John Wheeler, born in Alton, May 16, 1872; died in Plymouth, June 5, 1927.

He was a son of Dr. Phineas L. and Sarah M. (Colby) Wheeler, and was educated at Exeter and Brewster Academies and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1895 and from the Medical School in 1898. After serving for a year on the medical staffs of the Bridgewater, Mass. State Hospital, he settled in Plymouth for the practice of his profession, where he continued through life, attaining a wide practice.

He was a member of the Sphinx and Psi Upsilon College fraternities, of Olive Branch Lodge of Masons of Plymouth, and a member of the American Medical Association, the New Hampshire State Medical Society and the Grafton County Medical Society.

On June 19, 1907 he married Miss Celia M. Morton, of South Ohio, N. S. He is survived by his wife and three sons, Phineas Wheeler, of the class of 1930 at Dartmouth, John junior, in high school and Morton, age 12, and his sisters, Mrs. W. H. Shedd of Pittsfield, Miss Annie A. Wheeler of Alton, and a step-brother, James R. Coffin of New York city.





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

JULY 1927

NO. 7.

## The New Hampshire Savings Bank

A NOTABLE FINANCIAL INSTITUTION

---

The savings bank is one of the most beneficent institutions of modern times. As a stimulus to the habits of thrift and economy, so essential to the welfare, prosperity and happiness of mankind, it has no peer. While now established in all sections of the country, its stronghold is in the New England States, and the people of New Hampshire enjoy its advantages in large measure.

The first savings banks in the State were chartered more than a century ago. These were the Portsmouth Savings Bank in that city, and the Strafford Savings Bank at Dover, both chartered in 1823: while the third, the New Hampshire Savings Bank at Concord, received its charter in 1830.

There were, according to the last published report of the Bank Commissioners, 53 Savings Banks functioning in the state, and 15 Banking and Trust Companies, with savings departments, with total deposits of \$184,456,643.64. The amount of deposits in the banks then existing, in 1850, was \$1,641,454.71; since which time there has been a steady increase, except for two or three years in the 70's, when there was a period of depression, resulting from several failures, and again for a few years in

the 90's, from similar causes. During the last two decades the increase has been steady and rapid, except for a single year when there was a slight decrease, indicating a period of general prosperity—the increase from 1925 to 1926, exceeding \$9,000,000.

One of the advantages resulting from the existence of Savings Banks, as now organized in the State, is their right and custom of issuing loans upon real estate in New Hampshire, thus enabling enterprising citizens to promote agricultural and industrial progress through the use of the savings of others, whose security is properly assured. It is a significant fact that of the total funds of the Savings Banks, and savings departments of the Banking and Trust Companies of the State, \$57,361,256.32, or nearly one third of the entire amount is loaned on New Hampshire real estate.

The New Hampshire Savings Bank, of Concord, with which this article specially deals, was incorporated by act of the Legislature of 1830, approved by Gov. Matthew Harvey on the 25th day of June. The incorporators were Samuel Green, Timothy Chandler, Joseph Low, Nathan Ballard, Samuel Morrill,

Nathaniel Abbott, William Low, Jonathan Eastman, Nathaniel Bouton, Thomas G. Thomas and David L. Morrill. The charter was accepted and by-laws adopted on July 7, and two weeks later the organization was perfected, with Samuel Green as President, Samuel Morrill as Treasurer and Timothy Chandler, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. The bank was organized as a purely mutual bank, as stated in its charter: "For the purpose of enabling industrious persons of all description to invest such parts of their earnings as they can conveniently spare in a profitable manner."

At a meeting of the trustees on July 27, 1830 it was voted: "That the office of the Treasurer be kept in the south-east room of the lower floor, in the Merrimack County Building, without compensation for rent;" also voted: "That the office of the treasurer be open for the reception of deposits every Monday and Wednesday afternoon, 3 to 6 o'clock."

At a meeting on January 17, 1831, Maj. Timothy Chandler, senior Trustee, in the chair, voted: "That a dividend of 5 per cent per annum, for three months, be declared on all sums above three dollars, which were made on or before the 25th day of

On July 18, 1831, voted: "That no individual be permitted to deposit a larger sum than five hundred dollars; also voted: "That the smallest sum loaned to an individual be one hundred dollars."

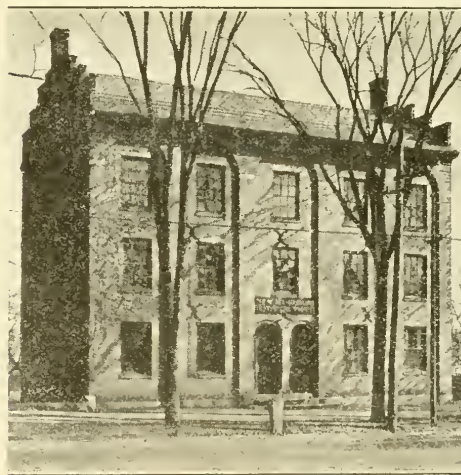
At the semi-annual meeting, July 16, 1832, voted: "That we allow the treasurer a compensation for his services the past year, including fuel and lights, three hundred dollars."

At a meeting on December 11,

1834, voted: "To purchase Bank Stock in the Merrimack County Bank to the amount of \$10,000, at a premium of 8 per cent advance."

The above "votes" are copied from the original records of the bank and serve to illustrate the formative period and gradual growth of the institution.

The bank was established in the small room in the south-east corner of the Merrimack County Building, which bank then occupied the lower floor of the northern section of the building, which it had erected



OLD MERRIMACK COUNTY BANK

for its own accommodation in 1821, which later, for many years, was the home of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and which is now occupied by the same for museum purposes. The building originally had a double entrance. The Savings Bank later occupied the front room of the southern section, over which, by the way, was the law office of General Franklin Pierce, fourteenth President of the United States, whose sign still remains upon the building.

As the business of the bank increased, and the trend of business in the city moved rapidly to the southward, the institution removed farther south and occupied rooms, up stairs in Stickney's South Block, over the Rollins Drug Store, which was long known as the head-quarters of a group of politicians dominating the

a year in building, upon the finest site in the city, at the corner of Capitol and North Main Streets, where on had formerly stood the well known Sanborn's Block.

This elegant structure, 50 by 100 feet in dimensions on the ground, and five stories in height, is built of the finest Concord granite for the ex-



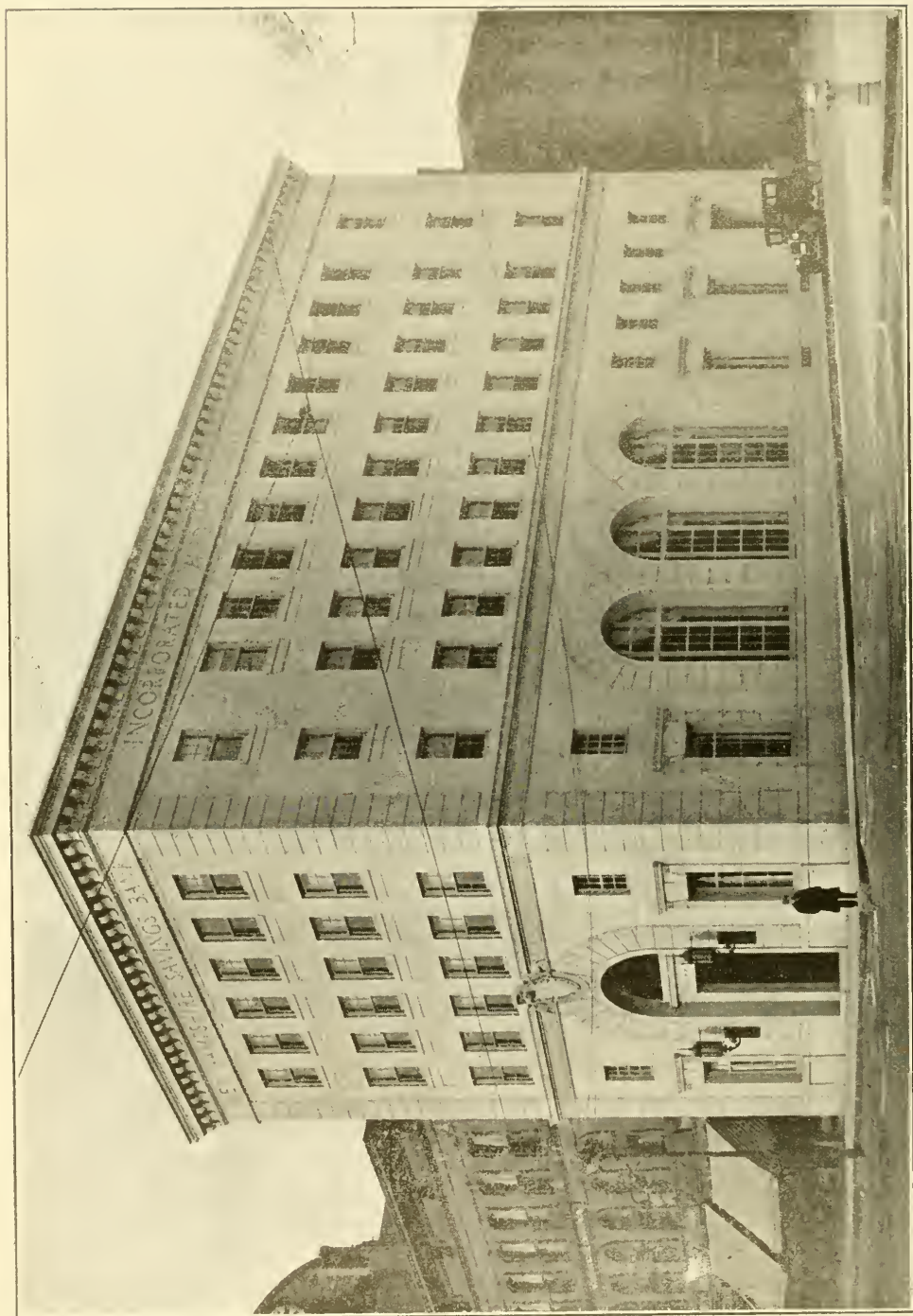
SECTION OF BANK BUILDING RECENTLY ABANDONED

affairs of the Republican party in the early years of its history in the State.

In 1885 the substantial three story brick building, next north of the Eagle Hotel, was erected and occupied by the bank, wherein it remained until April 11, of the present year, when it occupied the magnificent new granite edifice, which it had been

terior walls, and the architecture is of the Italian Renaissance in type. In its solid strength, and simplicity of style, and its commanding location, it is an ornament to the Capital City unsurpassed by any one among the many fine buildings found therein, and, in point of fact, no finer or more substantial business structure





can be found in this or any other State.

A strikingly beautiful feature of the architecture is the elegant arched entrance, in the Main Street front, for the accommodation of the bank itself and its patrons, a full page engraving of which, as well as of the building itself, is presented herewith.

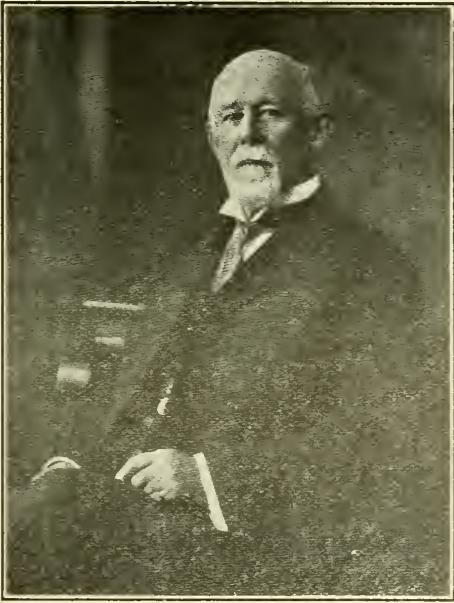
The bank occupies, for its own uses, the entire lower floor, and the front section of the second story, the

modern ingenuity can make it, and as enduring as any structure of the kind can be made.

The upper stories, are designed for office accommodation for firms and corporations, and are already nearly fully occupied, the entire upper story, or fifth floor, being taken by the well known firm of Demond Woodworth, Sulloway & Rogers making it the largest and best appointed law office in the State. The offices are reached by an entrance near the west end of the Capital Street front, where a quick moving elevator readily reaches each floor.

The corner stone of this new building was laid Jan. 20, 1926. Deacon John C. Thorne having been accorded the honor of laying the same, by vote of the Trustees, who is the oldest member of the Board in years, and in point of service, having served in that capacity for 47 years. He is also one of the oldest living depositors, whose book is still active, having made his first deposit in 1852, or seventy-five years ago. Deacon Thorne is still in good health in his 86th year, taking a lively interest not only in the affairs of the bank but in current history and general public affairs. To him we are largely indebted for the facts and material upon which this article is based.

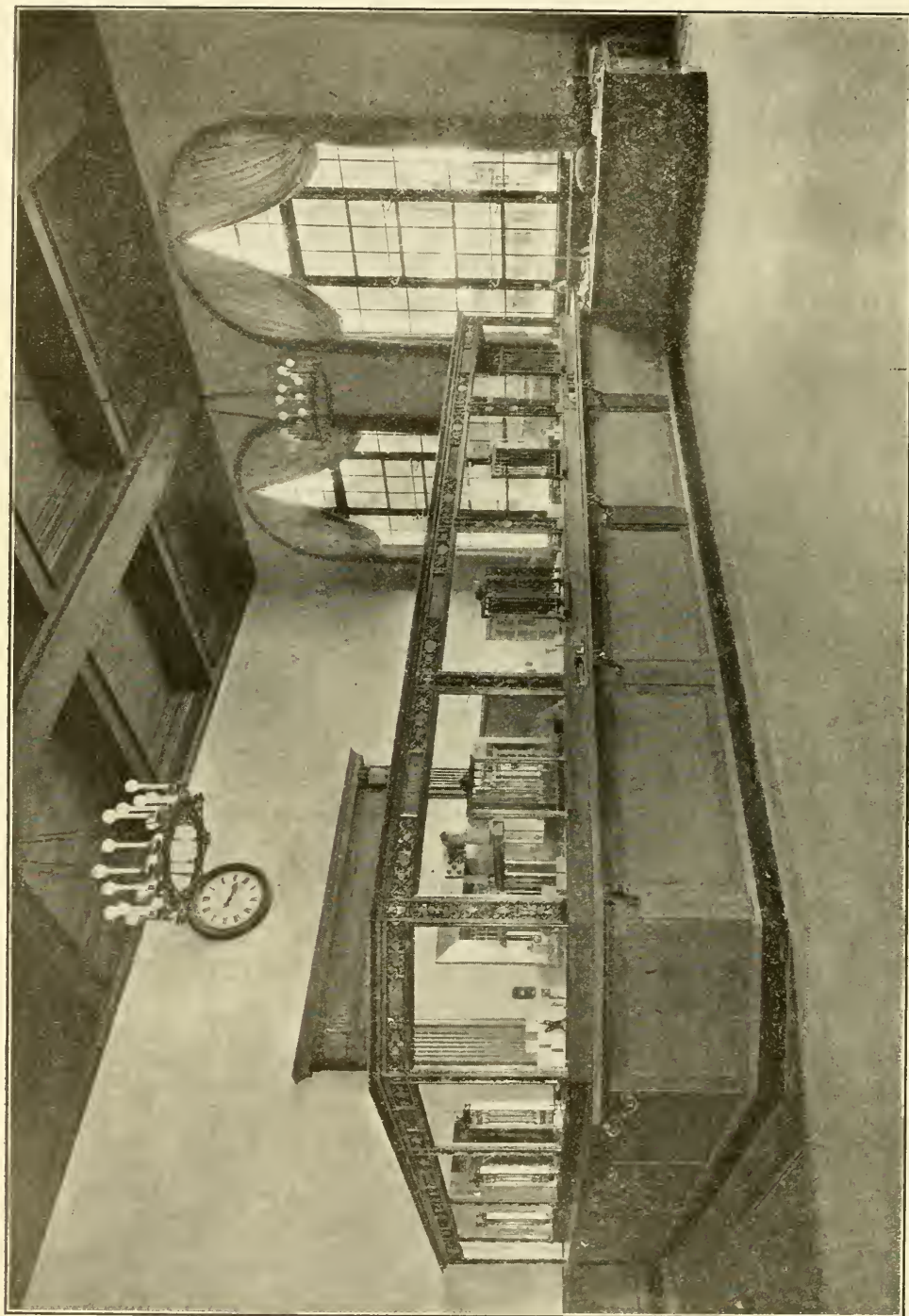
The first deposit in this bank was \$100.00, deposited by Rev. Roger C. Hatch of Hopkinton, August, 2, 1820; which shows that, notwithstanding their meager salaries clergymen of a century ago sometimes saved a little money. Clara Whittemore of Pembroke is the oldest living depositor whose book is still active. The first dividend declared amounted to \$17.92. The total



JOHN C. THORNE  
Trustee for 47 years

latter being required by the 25 foot height of the spacious banking room, for a trustees room and other purposes. The appointments of the bank are most complete and embody all known modern improvements, both for the convenience of patrons and the safety of deposits, five hundred individual deposit boxes being provided for the use of patrons. The building is as nearly fire proof as





INTERIOR VIEW NEW BANKING ROOM

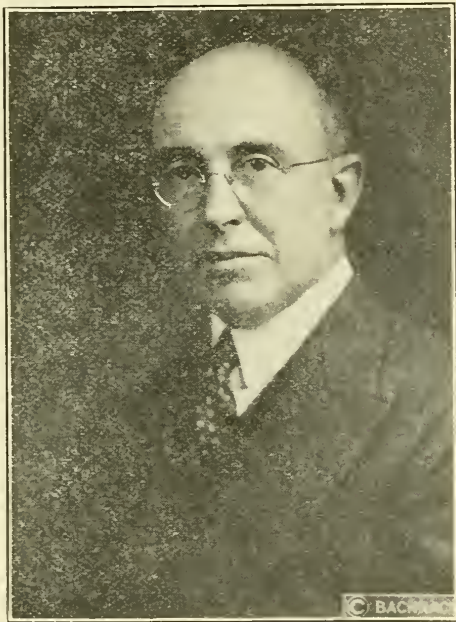


amount of deposits, Jan. 31, 1835, was \$207,730. The deposits in 1890 amounted to \$3,213,545.05; in 1900 to \$4,571,411.44; in 1920 to \$14,346,363.38, and in June 1927 to \$16,640,-

larger deposits than the New Hampshire, today—the Amoskeag Savings Bank and Manchester Savings Bank located in the populous manufacturing city of the latter name.

With nearly a tenth of all the savings in the banks of the State to its credit, and this while there are three other flourishing savings banks in the city, the New Hampshire Savings Bank may well be proud of its record and standing.

It is proper to note that this bank inaugurated, in Concord, the advance in yearly interest from 4% to 4% and  $\frac{1}{2}$ % extra. It was a wise move increasing as it did the ambition of the people to increase their saving from year to year, thereby insuring them greater measure of comfort



EDWARD K. WOODWORTH  
President

000. The present number of depositors is over 20,000. The 1920 dividend amounted to \$505,697.96 and the dividend of 1927 to \$681,924.90. The bank has a guarantee fund of \$1,500,000.

The deposits in this bank now far exceed those of the Portsmouth Savings Bank and Strafford Savings Bank, which were incorporated four years earlier, those of the Portsmouth Savings Bank amounting, according to the last report of the Bank Commissioners to \$4,584,307.25, and those of the Strafford Savings Bank, at Dover, to \$9,225,847.27. There are but two banks in the state, having



ERNEST P. ROBERTS  
Treasurer

and protection, in their declining years, or in any emergency that may arise.

This bank has had eleven Pres

idents, as follows: Samuel Green; Joseph Low; Francis N. Fisk, 1846-1855; Samuel Coffin, 1855-1865; Joseph B. Walker, 1865-1874, Samuel S. Kimball, 1874-1894, Samuel C. Eastman, 1894-1917; George M. Kimball, 1917-1920; Charles R. Walker, 1921-1922; Charles P. Bancroft, 1922-1923; Edward K. Woodworth, 1923-

The portraits of eight of these Presidents hang upon the walls of the Trustees room in the bank.

Since its incorporation the bank has had only five Treasurers: Samuel Morrill, James Moulton, Jr., Charles W. Sargent, William P. Fiske and Ernest P. Roberts.

The present officers of the Bank are:

PRESIDENT—Edward K. Woodworth.

VICE PRESIDENT—John B. Abbott.

TREASURER—Ernest P. Roberts.

ASST. TREASURER—William C. Brunel.

TRUSTEES—John C. Thorne, George M. Kimball, Frank L. Gerish, John B. Abbott, Edward K. Woodworth, Bennett Batchelder, Edward S. Willis, Joseph T. Walker, Harold H. Blake, Benjamin K. Ayers, J. Arthur Swenson, Jonathan Piper.

---

## Summer

By LILIAN SUE KEECH

I think God was happy  
When he made summer.  
The sky is robin egg blue,  
And a humming bird of varied hue,  
Is taking a bath in a little nook,  
Where a willow tree hangs over the brook.

In the old apple orchard  
Move the sleek Jersey cattle,  
Cropping the tall grass.  
And the wheat shines like a mass  
Of molten gold in the sun,  
And the threshing's begun.

In the garden lilies stand haughtily,  
And roses droop daintily,  
And fluffy young chicks  
Flop on the barn yard bricks.  
Oh, I think God was very happy  
When he made summer.

# Captain Nathan Lord's House

BY ANNIE WENTWORTH BAER

---

Historians tell us that Nathan Lord, the immigrant, came from Kent, England, with Abraham Conlev whose daughter Judith was his wife, and lived with his father-in-law at Cold Harbor, Kittery, Maine. This was before 1640.

We learn more positively of Nathan Lord in 1652, when he is recorded as a signer of the submission of Maine to Massachusetts.

This must have been a time that tried men's souls and tempers as well. John Bursley was so indignant at the terms of the commissions, and with those who were willing to submit to the terms, that he gave vent to his indignation in threatening language, and was complained of by men in authority. After deliberation he saw the error of his way, confessed and was discharged. This meeting was called between the hours of seven and eight in the morning, November 16th, 1652, at the house of William Everett. Twenty-eight men signed the petition this day, and six later; among the latter were Nathan Lord and William Everett. We find but little concerning William Everett. He appears in the Court records of 1640, and was licensed to keep an ordinary in 1649. He was a sea captain, and is believed to have been lost at sea, and his son William met the same sad death; his only daughter, Martha, married Nathan Lord. Judith, his first wife, died without issue, as far as is known. Martha must have been many years younger than her husband, and lived thirty years or more after his decease.

It is written, that William Everett's house stood on what was once the extreme end of the land we call today, Leighton's Point. In those days it was known as Watts Fort, but time and tide have cut it away, and what was once habitable ground, bearing an orchard, can now only be seen at low tide. On this land, now covered by the waters of the New-ichawanock, stood the Everett ordinary.

When Martha Everett was sixteen she married Nathan Lord, and they went to live in the lower part of South Berwick, near the Rocky Hills, and in 1916 the eighth generation in a direct line possessed the same acres, making a continuous holding for 250 years and more.

This couple had nine children, four sons and five daughters. Nathan died about 1690, after a busy life, having held many civil offices and prominent positions.

In the fourth generation from the immigrant we find that a namesake of the first Nathan married, June 30, 1748, Esther Perkins of Ipswich, Massachusetts.

Four children were born to this couple. Nathan, (5), the third in birth, was the builder of the house still standing. There is a tradition that when he was sixteen years old he entered the army, and went with a company from South Berwick, under General Sullivan, to Ticonderoga. While a lieutenant, he and one of his comrades were taken prisoners by the Indians, tied to a tree, and were about to be shot when an English



officer came along, and paid their ransom, and thus saved their lives. This officer's name was James Edwin Parks Stanhope. It is said by his kinfolk of this day, that it was handed down to them that Nathan Lord gave the Masonic sign and the Englishman recognized it.

Later, when Nathan was nearing manhood, he was captured on a privateer during the Revolutionary War, by a British frigate. One day a young midshipman walked near the prisoners, who were having a little time on deck, and said sneeringly, "The Rebels." Young Lord fired up and said: "If it were not for your rank, Sir, I would make you take back that insult." "No matter for my rank," said the officer, "If you can whip me you are welcome to do it."

Nathan Lord was ready, and they went at it, and the Yankee came off victorious.

The Englishman acknowledged himself beaten, and shaking hands with Lord, said: "You are a brave fellow. Give me your name, and I will not forget you." On arriving in England, all the prisoners except young Lord were sent to prison. The Admiral informed him that the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV, the young officer with whom he fought, requested that he be set at liberty, and have the privilege of going anywhere in the Kingdom, and made him a present of a five pound note.

These, like many of the New England sagas, will bear repeating.

Nathan later was a ship builder and sea captain, and was engaged with his brother General John Lord, in shipping for years, and success followed their undertakings.

He married in 1785, Betsey Brewster, daughter of Joseph Brewster who lived at Love's brook, two miles north of South Berwick village. He built his grand, colonial house on the summit of Somersworth hill, now known as Rollinsford hill. It was of good proportion, nearly square, save a two storied part built on the north end—with a huge chimney rising from the center.

This old time mansion faces the sunrise, and overlooks the river and town of South Berwick. Berwick Academy, in which the Lord family have been interested since it was first proposed by the worthy men of the 18th century living hereabouts, faces the Lord house, and all the young folk living across the river went to this famous school for their early instruction. As was the custom in those days, Nathan Lord set out an elm tree about west of his house, and others over the ample grounds. One by one these trees have died, and the wild winds have tried this huge tree, noticeable for its handsome form, until later generations have feared that sometime it would fall and crush the house. To save the tree, an iron rod was passed through the two large limbs and fastened, and zinc was fashioned to cover a cavity where the birds dropped seeds and vegetation prospered during the warm weather. These precautions saved the tree in all its beauty for many years, and it withstood the northwest gales until the last of the year 1915, when half of the noble tree fell without doing the least damage to the house. The other half is now down. Two Lombardy poplars stand in front of the house and other trees are scattered

over the grounds, but time, and the too numerous pests of our day have taken their toll of them all.

In 1794 a son was born in this house to Captain Lord and his wife, and the father in grateful remembrance of the English officer who saved his life years before, named him Edwin Parks Stanhope. A daughter was born, who married Mr. Enoch Chase, a great accountant. As time went on Captain Lord gave up going to sea, and busied himself about his farm.

and his wife Mollie. This couple were married by the Reverend Jeremy Belknap, November 18, 1779. Mollie Clement was the daughter of Job Clement of Dover. Several daughters were born to this couple all noted for their beauty and amiable dispositions. Mrs. Philpot was known as "Christian Mollie," on account of her deeply religious life, and the pacific influence she shed over a somewhat turbulent neighborhood was long remembered.

The descendants of Captain James



THE NATHAN LORD HOUSE

A paper came into the writer's possession several years ago from this house, bearing the autographs of Nathan Lord and Tobias Stackpole. The latter a "Mariner," had given Nathan Lord, "Gentleman," the power of attorney to look after his real estate on the line of the Portland Turnpike then being built. This paper was dated 1805. In 1807 Nathan Lord died, and his son Edwin P. S. Lord managed the estate. He married Maria Philpot of Somersworth, daughter of Richard Philpot

Garvin recall with pleasure the story of the neighborhood meeting held in their grandfather's house, on the banks of the Newichawannock, opposite the Hamilton-Nason estate, where Mollie Philpot related her Christian experience, and was later baptized in the historic stercorarium.

Maria Philpot learned domestic science in her home, taught school in her native town, and went to the Lord mansion well equipped to manage her household in a proper manner. Mrs. Nathan Lord and her sister Temper

ance Brewster, who was a religious enthusiast, and whose earthly Mecca was Love's brook; her early home, were still living. Five daughters were born to Edwin P. S. Lord and his wife. Mary, the eldest married Stephen Weeks, a merchant in Boston. Elizabeth, married Captain Nathaniel Weeks; he was from the Greenland, New Hampshire, family.

This couple were married and sailed for San Francisco, around Cape Horn, on their wedding trip. Many foreign voyages Mrs. Weeks made with her husband, and many treasures she brought back from the other side of the world, the greatest being her eldest child, Walter, who was born in Singapore.

Sophia married Joseph Pitman, and Providence, Rhode Island, was her home where her talented daughter has been a teacher in the Friends School. Susan, married Francis W. Hale, and for many years kept up the dignity and beauty of the estate known as "Riverside," on which Mr. Samuel Hale had spent much time, great taste, and unlimited means in beautifying. It was the banner farm of Rollinsford. Later, the Hales had a fine residence on a part of her father's estate overlooking the river.

Maria, the youngest of the family, lived on in the grand old house making the last days of her parents cheerful and comfortable.

With the Lord girls were brought up the Chase girls. Mrs. Chase early in her married life became a confirmed invalid, and Mr. Chase considered it a great favor to be allowed to bring his family to this home, where his wife was tenderly cared for, and the girls reared carefully by Mrs. Lord. In time the father and mother pass-

ed on, and the girls were married. Mrs. Calvin Hale, Mrs. Grime and Mrs. Woodman were long residents of Dover, New Hampshire.

As the years went by, the worth married daughters of the Lord house became widows, and one by one save Mrs. Pitman—drifted back to the old home to live, and it was like finding an oasis in a desert to visit these most excellent women surrounded by so much to instruct and entertain their visitors. Each one had a long look into the past, and their conversation was replete with stories rich in history, in genealogy and in reminiscences of time spent in other lands; and always a keen but kindly humor ran through these talks. The memory of these times like a string of pearls to the writer, and she tells them over one by one.

When one entered the front door of this house the leather fire-bucket marked N. L. hung in the front entrance where the stairs began to wind up to the rooms above. On either side were large square rooms. Two windows in each faced the east; in the room at the left one window looked to the south, and in the other room one gave us the view to the north; small panes of glass filled the sash, and wooden shutters protected them when necessary.

Fireplaces with grand iron sets and andirons were in each room. Much of the furniture was of an early date; there were old time sofa, gate-legged and inlaid mahogany tables, a colonial sewing stand and beautiful secretary stood in company with the cherished Brewster chairs. Queen Anne, Windsor, slat-backed and ladder-backed chairs. Here one saw china from all over the world.



the bright pieces with the dull blue of the Canton ware made the china closet a thing of beauty. A silver chest of quaint design stood in one closet, which was well filled with souvenirs of many foreign voyages made by the builder of the house, his grand children and great grandchildren.

The kitchen facing the west, still has the brick oven and fireplace that had served three generations, with the crane in evidence, holding its full complement of pot-hooks and trammels, in spite of a modern cook stove standing in an aggressive manner before it. A Queen Anne table had its place under the west window; undoubtedly this was the dining table of Captain Nathan Lord.

At the north end of the kitchen, a door opened into a large pantry. Here, one saw pewter-ware, woodenware, blue platters, and crockery of design and color long out of common use. The edge of this pantry door was worn thin, and the button was polished by the handling of generations.

The chambers were large and light; here, were canopy bedsteads, winged armchairs, dressers, bureaus and stands made many years before. Fireplaces with andirons or fire dogs to hold the logs in cool weather.

The large garret was a treasure house; here piles of ships' logs were stored, recording the doings of voyages made in the 18th century, legal papers written when George III was King, and utensils that have given way to modern inventions, and their uses forgotten.

To this house came children of the fourth and fifth generations. Mr. Walter Weeks visited his mother and sister, Laura for many years. Mattie

and Fannie Hale went in and out of this ancestral house almost daily until their lives were turned into other channels.

Mr. Samuel Hale, whose business interests took him on long journeys in both hemispheres, and Dr. William Hale, the poet and writer, came often to cheer the home-makers. In the long summer days the Pitmans came and took drives over the roads familiar to the mother in her girlhood, and here came the beginning of the end of her life one sorrowful day when she was stricken with a shock. In the last decades of 1800, came a grandson, Edwin Lord Weeks, to visit his mother and only sister Minnie, his grandmother and aunt. This young man was born in Boston in 1849. He was educated in his native city, and when his school days were ended, he went to Paris and studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts and afterwards under Leon Bonnat and Gerome. At the age of twenty-nine he began to exhibit at the Salon and continued to do so for six years, his subjects being from Tangiers and Morocco, where he spent many winters. The next year he sent to the Salon a picture whose subject was found in India, and which was entitled: "A Hindoo Sanctuary at Bombay." In the succeeding years he exhibited a large picture called "The Dernier Voyage," a souvenir of the Ganges. Many other famous pictures came later from scenes in northern Africa and the Orient.

It has been written of Mr. Weeks that he was a skillful draughtsman and an excellent colorist, and that he handled vast and intricate scenes with perfect facility and remarkable effectiveness.

In his book published in 1896, entitled, "From the Black Sea Through Persia and India," he tells in the Preface, of the obstacles his party had to overcome to even get started. Their plans were to follow the line of the Trans Caspian railway to Samarcand, then to Herat, through Afghanistan to India; but a civil war in Afghanistan prevented. Then they hoped to pass through Russia, but when all arrangements were made there came an urgent telegram from the American Legation at St. Petersburg, advising the party not to go, on account of the cholera, which had left Persia, and had invaded the Russian provinces. After this second disappointment they decided to follow the old caravan road from Trebezond on the Black Sea to Tadrus, through the mountains of Kurdistan, that country of indefinite boundaries. They set out for the Persian frontier five hundred miles away, July 22, 1892. This book of over four hundred pages, illustrated by more than one hundred pictures sketched by the writer, tells of the months of uncomfortable travel through these strange countries. At this time the famous landscape and figure painter found a large field, and his pictures later led the French Government to award him the rosette of the Legion of Honor.

During the years in Paris, Mr. Weeks made occasional visits to the Lord house. One visit was memorable in that he took to himself a wife, marrying his cousin, Fanny Hale, a most lovable girl. Another time, he painted a large picture of his only sister, Mrs. W. A. H. Goodwin. She was married in the Lord house, and went to live in the General Goodwin house in South Berwick, Maine.

Many sittings the dear girl gave her artist brother, and the true likeness hangs in the historic house so long the home of Minnie Weeks Goodwin, who went out from us early in the year 1916. Her brother was called several years before.

The Lord house is now owned and cared for by Mr. Walter Weeks and his sister, Laura, and the owners come for the bright summer days to the home of their forbears.

NOTE—Although the Nathan Lord House, the subject of the above article, is located over the border in the State of Maine, it is a subject of much interest to many New Hampshire people, especially in the southeastern part of the state. Moreover the builder and first owner of the house was an uncle of that Nathan Lord (his namesake) who was for many years President of Dartmouth College, and one of the ablest and most eminent of all the heads of that famous institution. John Lord, brother of the first Nathan and father of President Lord, was a merchant at South Berwick Landing. He was a member of the Council, a Brigadier General in the militia and a man of affairs. He was one of the founders and supporters of Berwick Academy, of which his son, Nathan, the Dartmouth President was a graduate having been so young at his entrance that a man was sent with him to look after him. At the 100th anniversary of this Academy, the Rev John Lord, L. L. D., nephew of President Lord, in the course of his address, speaking of the latter said "Nathan Lord, one of the later Presidents of Dartmouth College, was a man to be venerated by all students who came under his instruction, and all who ever heard him preach or pray—a great executive, who managed the college with singular ability and marvelous insight into character, and who stamped his mind and character upon students and professors alike. It was impossible to withstand his influence even when one disagreed with his views. He did not publish books, but he widely disseminated his doctrines, and he had warm admirers and friends among some of the higher intellects of the country."

# Compensation

\*BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

---

Myrtle Evans "just missed being pretty." She "just missed" being popular and prominent and prosperous. It seemed to her, as she approached thirty, that she had "just missed" almost everything that really counted; that a long, drab, empty existence was stretching out ahead of her; and it was partly to fill these vacant days that she foresaw, partly in memory of a boy whom she had "cared about" in High School—though that boy had never "cared about" her, had, in fact, behaved very badly to her, making her think that he did, when all the time he was engaged to another girl, whom he married three days before he left for France, never to return—that she began, half-heartedly at first, but gradually with more and more eagerness and enthusiasm and purpose, to interest herself in the cause of compensation for disabled soldiers.

She had grown up in a mid-western state, in a town of some five thousand inhabitants, where her Street, squarely and solidly built, father's "residence," on Prospect with a cupola, hamburg edging trimmings, and stone deer and urns filled with geraniums—in season—on the front lawn, was the show place of the community when, as a rising young

lawyer, he had built it and brought his bride to it. Myrtle was their only child, the prize and delight of her parents' heart. It was in order that later on, Myrtle might "have everything" that during her childhood they did not quite live up to the stone deer and the cupola in point of lavishness, but prudently saved for the future. They did not even send her away to school, though they often talked of it—always deciding, in the end, either that "they could spare her when she was all the time had," or that "after all a good home was the best place for a girl, if she had one." So she progressed through grammar school, conveniently located only two blocks away, with hardly a glimpse beyond Prospect Street except when she turned the corner into Elm Street, where the Baptist Church which she attended every Sunday was located; into High School, where her parents at first frowned upon "frats" and "proms" because they thought she was too young for them, and where later she had no spirit for them anyway on account of her bruised little heart. She graduated rather late, owing to several interrupting illnesses, slim, colorless, painfully shy; and suddenly with a feeling of panic rather than pleasure, faced the fact that her father, who had become more and more of a "leading citizen" with the passage of years, had been elected to Congress from his district, and that

---

\*This story, which is contributed to the Granite Monthly by Mrs. Keyes, will be concluded in the August number. It was in this magazine that the first published article of this now famous writer appeared.



they were all going to Washington to live.

From the beginning, George Evans blossomed and flourished in his new position, a little self-consciously, a little pompously, but genuinely happy and absorbed in his work. For the first time, he, and not Myrtle, became the centre of interest in the family; and his wife and daughter, proudly appalled at his prominence, rejoiced in it without either seeking or desiring to share in it. Mrs. Evans ordered her life in much the same way on lower Massachusetts Avenue as she had on Prospect Street; Myrtle helped her mother in the ordering of it. It took a good while to find a comfortable house to live in—a house, that is, that resembled the one on Prospect Street in its essentials; longer still to find reliable shops to trade with, a general maid who would “do.” They missed the informal neighborliness of home, but they made no effort to replace it by a round of official calling—when their first winter in the Capital melted into spring they had not even joined the Congressional Club. There was a Baptist Church not far away, and for this they were thankful; but it did not seem somehow to take the place of the one at home. During their second season, youth asserted itself over shyness, and Myrtle—with mother’s help—had bought some new clothes, of a cut and texture very different from those to which she had been accustomed in her native town, and had begun to learn when, where and how to wear them, when her mother died of pneumonia, and they were laid away, with tears and camphor balls, and replaced by garments of sober black,

which reflected only meagerly at best the gloom and depression and aching loneliness in which the spirit of the girl was shrouded.

There was a second period of readjustment now, for Mrs. Evans had emphatically, possessed a much stronger and more assertive character than her daughter. Myrtle missed not being told what to do at every turn, not only because she had loved her mother, but because she had leaned on her; initiative was abhorrent to her. And yet, it was absolutely necessary that she should develop initiative. She could no longer “ask mother.” And father, who had been re-elected—must be kept comfortable, and not “pestered” when he came home from the House Office Building, late and tired and hungry, glad to talk about what he had achieved during the day, the committees he had worked on, the speeches he had made, even the enormous and unreasonable amount of correspondence he had received—but he did not wish to discuss missing laundry, and exorbitant prices of meat, and the short-comings of Ella, the colored general maid. His tastes in food, in service, in household appointments, were changing, too, as he mingled more and more with his colleagues. He no longer suffered the use of napkin-rings and bone dishes; he wanted iced-orange juice before breakfast and black coffee after dinner, he stored the pictures of “still life” which had hung in the dining-room, in the attic, and told Myrtle to “get rid” of the chenille portieres, and the Parian marble “groups” which had ornamented the parlor mantle. These changing tastes had to be interpreted, followed

filled. By the time the period of mourning was over, the Congressman was going out a good deal; he had become interested in golf, bridge, and moving pictures; he was in demand as an "extra man" to "fill in" at dinners and Sunday luncheons. His daughter was going out less and less.

She was not, after the first shock of loss, acutely unhappy; she did not suffer. She did not even resent her father's increasing neglect and criticism, or the indifference with which official Washington, crowded with women much more attractive than she, had passed her by. She did her appointed task uncomplainingly and well, and it filled her life. Then, suddenly, her father announced his engagement to a girl younger than she was, the daughter of another Congressman who had been in the Capital no longer than she had, but who had spent her time in a very different way—a brilliant, worldly, hard little creature, the embodiment of chic and sophisticated charm.

Myrtle did not need to be told that there would be no place for her in the new menage. In fact, she became conscious of the inappropriateness of such an arrangement before her father did, and broached the subject herself. He was righteously indignant; but as the time for the wedding approached, she noticed that, though no less righteous, he was not so indignant. And when the parents of his prospective bride offered them a house on Sheridan Circle for a wedding present, he compromised with his conscience, thanking Heaven that so easy a way to do it had been opened before him. He came home one night, and handed Myrtle the deeds to the little red brick house on lower Massachusetts Avenue, in the quar-

ter which was already ceasing to be fashionable when they bought it, a quarter which was now being frankly invaded by boarding houses and small shops.

"I'm going to give you a wedding present, Myrtle," he said, and laughed at the idea of Myrtle's having a wedding present, it seemed so humorously impossible. "You've made it plain you didn't want to leave here or to live with Gwendolen and me. Of course we're hurt that you should feel that way, but we've finally decided not to keep pressing you against your will. So I've decided to give this house to you. And the little property your mother left will be yours, too. I feel it's proper that you should have that now. You can't be extravagant—"again he chuckled, it was so humorously impossible that Myrtle should be extravagant—but you can be comfortable, very comfortable. And if you're not, of course you can always come to me. I'm not one to deny my own child even if she won't stay by me.

"I shall be comfortable," said Myrtle, "And I shan't need to come to you."

Looking at her, standing before him in the inadequate gaslight her skin and hair colorless, her colorless dress hanging limply about her flat figure, her father became vaguely and abruptly aware of a hidden and undeveloped strength and beauty in her. She had been a pretty little girl, a bright little girl; but somehow the prettiness and the brightness had all faded away. Was it possible that they had not really gone, that they were merely submerged, that something might yet bring them

to the surface again? The idea made him a little uncomfortable.

"Well, if you should," he continued.

"I shan't," said Myrtle.

She looked very well at the wedding, really very well indeed. She went to one of the specialty shops on Connecticut Avenue, and put herself, unreservedly, into the hands of the proprietress. And this plump and capable person, besides doing an excellent piece of work herself, recommended a hairdresser, a corsetiere, and a shoe shop, all excellent also. The knowledge that she is well turned out will often give a woman a degree of composure and self-confidence which no sense of stern application to duty can impart. Thus armored, Myrtle made a favorable impression during the marriage festivities upon persons whom, hitherto, she had not impressed at all; and after they were over, before her youthful step-mother could suggest that it was rather late in the day for her to begin to bloom out in this fashion, she began her compensation work.

During the war she had taken, with her mother, some of the Red Cross courses in home nursing and surgical dressings, and had knitted mufflers and wristlets according to the directions of that organization, because it seemed "the thing to do." But her interest had never been very vital, and it had died entirely with her mother's death. Now, however, for lack of a better plan, she decided to go to the National Headquarters and offer her services. She stated her case falteringly, with the apologetic postscript that she didn't know how to do much, and that anyway, she supposed there wasn't much to be done any more. But before the

business-like person, sitting trim and capable behind her office desk, whom Myrtle had applied, could answer her, another woman who had come in almost at the same time and was standing near her, interrupted her with a vehemence that frightened her almost out of her senses.

"You're wondering whether there's anything to be done, any more?" she snapped out, "Good Heavens! Where have you been living since the war?"

"On Massachusetts Avenue," said Myrtle, with painful literalness.

The stranger laughed. She had a rather pleasant laugh, for all her fierceness, hearty and wholesome and sincere.

"Where have you been living meantime?" She asked.

Myrtle flushed. "I've been shut out of a good deal," she said "my mother died, and—and—I'm afraid I didn't even read the papers very faithfully for a while. I didn't seem to be interested in anything except doing for my father as nearly like mother did as I could. A Congressman seems to have a good deal done for him."

"Your father is a Congressman?"

"Yes—Mr. Evans—and now he's married again, so I'm not so busy, and I thought—is there really something I can do to help?"

The stranger had, by this time, literally seized her.

"Help, she exclaimed, "you are a good answer to prayer!" Her tone was not particularly religious, but there was no doubt that she meant what she said, that she really wanted Myrtle to help, that she was glad to have met her. The girl's courage soared. "I'll come over from New York on purpose to see if I could find someone—someone with official connections—"



who wasn't already so involved in reconstruction work that she would consent to serve as Washington representative on my We Must Remember Committee for Disabled Soldiers. I thought the Red Cross might help me out, but now—you come right over to the Shoreham for lunch with me, and we'll plan your special field of usefulness at once. Have you any idea how many men haven't got any compensation at all yet?"

"No", said Myrtle, "but I'd be happy to hear."

When she did hear, it made her anything but happy. But it shook her, once and for all, from her apathy, fired her with the zeal for service. Mrs. Thompson—this, she learned, was her kidnapper's name—leaning across the table over a chicken plate and a romaine salad with Thousand Island dressing, spared her so few of the dreadful details that she grew faint and sick; but she did not waver from her new-made resolve. Before they had finished their baked Alaska pudding she had promised to serve on Mrs. Thompson's Committee.

It was the beginning of a new life for her. Every morning the postman's cheery whistle, which hitherto had presaged the arrival of nothing more exciting than a few circulars and advertisements, brought her hastening to the front door before Ella could reach it, to seize the pile of mail which he stretched out to her. Once a month at least she went over to New York to take her appointed place at Mrs. Thompson's Committee Meetings, and because her work meant more to her than it did to any other member on the Committee, she soon did it better than

any of the others; much oftener still she went, as the need arose, to see the men in whose service she had enlisted, or their families, to the Capitol and Veteran's Bureau in their behalf; she entirely forgot that it was a torture to meet strangers. She went back to the specialty shop on Connecticut Avenue and invested in an outfit worthy of her new task; she bought herself a Ford sedan, and learned to run it, that she might get about more quickly, might accomplish more in a given time. The dusty pigeon-holes of her mind were brushed clear, she began to prove her intelligence, her worth, her importance even. Her father, amused and condescending at first, began to take a grudging pride not so much in what she was accomplishing, as in the manner in which she had developed. The nonentity who had been his daughter was, in her own way, becoming a power.

For a long time she was entirely satisfied; then, at first vaguely, and then more definitely she realized that her work did not, after all, fill her life as completely as she had expected. It was all so impersonal.

The poignancy of this feeling, swept over her more strongly than ever before as one afternoon late in April, she was walking home, loitering through sheer joy in the beauty of the Washington spring—feathered boughs of trees interlacing across broad avenues; magnolias blooming in dooryards, wistaria hanging heavy over porches; balloonmen releasing their grouped, multi-colored balls floating at the top of a net-work of fine white strings, one at a time, to the crowding children who sought their wares; vendors of violets and

daffodils blinking in the sunshine, their sweet-scented burdens outstretched. If only she could transfer some of this color and fragrance, some of this budding promise, into the dingy little house towards which she was walking, she would not feel that life had passed her by. Even the broken and mutilated men whom she sought to help had, most of them, known more of its bitter-sweet fullness than she had, she reflected; how happy she would be if even the least of these would share with her, in some intimately personal way, his experience.

Dreaming, wistfully rather than resentfully, she turned up the steps to her doorway, fumbling mechanically in her handbag for her latchkey. It was not until she was about to insert it in the lock that she saw that her progress was blocked.

At her feet sat a soldier, his khaki-clad figure huddled wearily against the lintel, his cap in his hand, a small and dilapidated handbag, stained and roughened with age, by his side. A pair of dark eyes, uncannily bright and searching in a narrow, white face, raised to hers from under a thatch of tumbled dark hair, widened with relief at her approach as if he recognized her mentally, to be the person for whom he had been waiting. Stiffly and clumsily he rose.

"Are yo'—all Miss Evans?" he asked in a soft southern drawl, from which suffering had not been able to banish the music.

"Yes—let me help you—you wanted to see me?"

"I sho'ly did want to see you, ma'am, and I reckon you sho'ly can help me. I didn't have any doubt of that, not for a minute."

"Will you come in—and tell me how?"

"If I wouldn't be intruding on your valu'ble time."

"My time isn't so very valuable," said Myrtle, realizing that he could not possibly know how true this was. "We'll sit down in the parlor and talk things over. Will you have a cup of tea with me—or—" after an instant's hesitation—"something little heartier, perhaps?"

The white face flushed. "You sho'ly are kind. But I didn't mean to make that much trouble."

"If you happened to lunch early—the fiction that he had, of course—lunched, must, she saw be maintained—perhaps you'd stay and have supper with me. I'm—alone. It would be a kindness—to me. You're from the South, aren't you? I believe you'd enjoy my Ella's cooking—she's a Carolinian,"

(To be concluded next month.)



# A Tale of Mount Chocorua

Translated from C. A. Koehler's *Maerchenstrauss aus dem Weissen Gebrige*

BY ELLEN McROBERTS MASON

---

There were once four children who had heard a great deal about the mighty mountain genie, whose wide dominion lay high above in the lofty White Mountains, and who was said to dwell in great splendor on Mount Chocorua. It was said that his palace, encircled by thick woods, crowned the mountain's summit, and one has there, a wonderfully beautiful outlook upon the wide, wide world.

Now, with intense interest, the children had listened to wonderful tales; and curious, like all children, longed for their very own selves, to be convinced of the truth of such marvels. Soon resolved, they set forth upon the way to the wonderland, though they had well understood that the mountain genie however friendly disposed to men, he might be in general, still was glad—whenever he could—to play tricks on them.

Vigorously and of good cheer, our four travelers were led along until they came to a large lake, whose mirror-like surface was garlanded by woods-encircling waters, and adorned with lovely grove-dotted and wave-washed isles. A boat bore them over the shining lake from which, in the far distance, the wonderful peaks of the White Mountains rise in the blue haze.

Soon they came to the foot of the mighty Chocorua, and, full of anticipation of all they expected to see,

began the climb. At first, all went well; their feet strode over soft, swelling moss; and lofty beech arches above them, sheltered them from the scorching rays of the sun. But soon the path led to the heights, and the way grew steeper and steeper, so that they must often stop to rest; but neither toilsome climbing, nor leg-weariness could move them in their determination to pay a visit to the mountain genie.

At last, after hours-long, tiresome march, the thick wood opened, and before them stood the mighty peak, in glowing sunlight. Great stone steps rose, one over the other, and high above, towered in fabulous splendor, the colossal palace of the powerful ruler.

Long stood the children sunk in admiration of the wonderful sight, until curiosity enticed them to approach nearer. Coming to a highly embellished portal which stood in an extraordinarily high stone wall, they knocked modestly—the gate opened of itself and a gnome of wonderfully grotesque appearance stood before them and asked what they desired. Bashfully they told of their longing to see the mountain genie's castle, upon which the gnome remarked:

“Well, you have come at the right time; my master is good-natured to-day and you may be allowed freely and undisturbed to inspect all the splendors. But beware of in any way



stirring up his wrath, else must you expect that he will punish you bodily, or at the least scare you by some hoax, as a memento of your meddlesomeness. Above all, take care that you do not injure any of his favorite flowers—fruit you can eat, as much as you want.”

With this warning, the gnome bade them enter the palace court, and after he had refreshed them with deep drinks of delicious water, they went by commodious, marble steps to the mountain top, where terraces—one over the other—were built up.

These terraces bore splendid gardens of rare plants of all sorts, whose thousand upon thousand of blossoms paraded, and breathed out sweet incense from their enchanting smelting-grounds. Swarms of bees and butterflies dressed in varied colors, hovered over the delicate chalices, plundering their honey. Tree-shadowed walks invited to rest. On trellises, fine, golden fruit gleamed from the fresh green; fragrance breathing blue-berries that grew in abundance, beckoned to them, and with delight, the children ate the sweet fruits. After they had eaten to their satisfaction, they climbed higher and higher, until they at last reached the steps of the palace.

What magnificence, what grandeur loomed before them there! From an immense, vacant court, in the midst of which a picturesque, shell-framed fountain sent its water-column high in the air, a broad staircase of many steps led up to a projecting hall of the castle whose gold roof glowing in the sun like fire, was supported by slender, rich-decorated pillars. Right and left, annexed to

the main building—the whole, but of gleaming marble—were small wings that presented a changeful, charming sight, with numerous towers, bow-windows, columns, and architectural ornaments of various sorts. Great crystal windows—thick in sunshine, sparkling with bright colors—nearly dazzled the eyes. The gate-way, glittering with gold and silver, and beautified with rich ornamentation, led to the interior of the castle, a court or grand entrance from which one room connected with another, one always more splendidly furnished than the other. Heaps of manifold precious stones shone and glittered from all sides, and whatever one could imagine for adornment, was there amassed.

Brisk gnomes passed through the rooms, cleaning, setting in order, and adorning; in short, so busily occupied that they did not seem to observe the presence of the children at all—which they could hardly restrain themselves from examining all the splendor, and frequently burst out in cries of admiration and amazement.

And how entrancing was the prospect from the high windows of the palace, in all directions! In a circle of many miles rose giant mountains in lofty mountain-chains, one behind the other; thick, dark woods covered them like a curtain upon which the shadows of the morning clouds worked a changeful play.

Here and there, blue lakes shone out from the rich green of the meadows; there and yonder, wound a brook or river, like a silver thread through the landscape, and in the far distance, hamlets and small towns were in sight; these seemed as small

as play-houses built by children's hands, in play.

No, anything so beautiful and splendid, the children had surely never seen and experienced before, and they could express their delight only by shouts of wondering admiration.

But the setting sun reminded them of the setting-out-for-home-journey. Unwillingly they left the marvelous place. Filled with joy, because of the good-natured reception they had been given, and more than all for the great pleasure that had been granted them, they called loudly to the Mountain-Master—who in the meantime had not allowed a look at himself—shouting their thanks and a heart-felt "To be Lebewohl."

When they had left the castle behind them, and strode through the terraced gardens, one of the children noticed a specially beautiful, rarely shaped blossom that he would love to have, and before he recalled the gnome's warning, he broke it off, to take with him for a keepsake.

But at that moment sounded a fearful thunder clap, and the children, stunned with terror, fell to the ground. As they came to themselves and gazed about them, they saw with terror that they were in a wild and melancholic wilderness. Gone was all the magnificence and glory in which they had, only just now delighted. Above them, on high stood out the towering, bald peak of the mountain—a cleft, weather-beaten, stone mass, to which, here and there, stunted bushes and sickly moss had clung. Pieces of rock, and shattered stone strewed the ground and made their farther walking, fatiguing to the extremest.

And comfortless, was now the sensation the landscape caused, for the sun was hidden behind thick, and chilling mist, and heaven and earth seemed as though clad in sad, dark grey. A strong storm-wind drove the clouds together in spectral masses, and shook the trunks of giant trees of the woods until they sighed and moaned fearsomely.

Shivering with terror, the children rushed to get away from the unspeakable gruesome place, and toilsomely clambered over the sliding stones **and rubble, to clear the way** for themselves to the valley. No living thing could they see around them; silently, the sullen fir trees, growing here and there from the stony ground, gazed upon them. The question whether they would find the way out of the Wilderness aright, made them lose courage. Then through the rushing and roaring of the wind, they heard mocking laughter and a threatening voice calling to them: "Your impertinence has spoiled your pleasure. You must now rove about, until I decide you are punished enough!"

The frightened children hurried to escape from the dominion of the mountain ruler, but the more they struggled and made haste, the deeper they seemed to get into the wilderness. Three high, steep mountains all at once towered before them, and these they must climb with unspeakable effort. Still harder was the descent, which they could only make by sliding down the nearly perpendicular rock-walls, or with hands and feet climbing the precipices and step by step letting themselves down. At last they succeeded in reaching a thick, dark wood, in which they

driven by anxiety, incessantly kept on running, because they hoped yet to reach a human dwelling. But in vain.

Until complete exhaustion they hurried forward, even though the night had already long since fallen upon the drenched woods, and no light cheered their frightful path. Over colossal tree-trunks felled by the storm, through thick brushwood that scratched them bloodily, and tore their clothes, over rock-fragments, through swamps they sought to find the way, and all the time imagined that in the roaring of the wind they could hear the scoffing laugh of the Mountain's Master.

At last, late in the night, as because of weariness they could go no farther, it was decided to rest until sunrise next morning, and then begin their tramp afresh. They sought out a dry place for themselves, under a sheltering tree, and made them a couch of leaves, moss and pine-needles, and laid themselves down upon it, clinging close against each other, to try to keep warm.

They tried to go to sleep, but could not succeed, for every moment they were aroused by the howling of the wind, the groaning and moaning of the trees, the dismal cries and screechings of the beasts of the forest.

Will o' the wisps, that now here, now there, rose from the black ground, and for a second lighted the darkness with a pale gleam, and again disappeared, alarmed them. A bear, enticed by the scent, skulked slowly near, and looked at the children with fiery eyes, but however, by good luck, and frightened by the shrill

cries of the terrified little souls, trudged off.

The first rays of the morning sun hardly had shone through the foliage of the trees, when the waifs took to their wanderings once more, and again the way led over rock-barricades, over mouldering tree-trunks through thick underbrush, through brooks and swamps, mountain-up and mountain-down.

Hour after hour passed, yet the wilderness came to no end; they found themselves in an enchanted forest in which the enraged Mountain Spirit drove them around in a circle. To make their punishment still harder he set a swarm of wasps on the poor wanderers who fared ill from the poisonous little beasts—and let a violent torrent of rain stream down, that struck them to the skin.

Tired, wet-through, hungry—for their food had given out—the poor children, at last, after long wanderings, as the sun again sank to its setting, began to lose courage, and lament that they certainly would never get out of the dreadful forest and distant from all human help must miserably perish.

And they complained bitterly about the meddlesomeness of the one of their companions, who had brought the rage of the Mountain Ruler upon them.

Arrived at a rain-swollen stream which hindered their going farther, they threw themselves down upon the ground to wait for the end.

Then they heard a voice near at hand, that called to them "You are punished enough! In the future, be careful not to neglect good warning and to behave with thoughtfulness."

At the same moment they heard



whizzing clatter and got sight of two gnomes, who suddenly appeared on the opposite bank. They quickly spanned great tree-trunks across the rushing stream, led the children careully across the ingenious bridge, and showed them the way to a near-at-hand farmer's cottage. The occupants admitted them kindly, dried their clothes, strengthened them with food and drink, and prepared them a bed for sweet rest.

New strengthened, the next morning they said a grateful good-bye to the good people and hurried home.

But they often turned around to the great Chocorua and thought of the wonderful things that they had lived to see. And they made up their minds that in the future they would never be impertinent—especially when impertinence could concern the stern czar of Chocorua!

---

## July Gypsy

BY KATHARINE ALLISON MacLEAN

Green, cool seeming, lies the wood,  
 Hot mists rise from the river.  
 Meadow brooks are muted, dry,  
 Honey seekers quiver  
 In the garden-close, near by,  
 Brazen burning blue, the sky,  
 Little heat waves shiver,  
 Locusts fiddle shrilly.

There's a gypsy in the wood  
 Her tawny color flaming  
 Like a torch that's held on high;  
 Wild beyond all taming  
 Is this gypsy of July  
 Courted by a dragon-fly;  
 Bold beyond all shaming  
 Lily, red wood lily.

1856, North Shore Drive,  
 St. Petersburg, Fla.

# Mount Chocorua

BY G. L. WALDRON

---

When you are touring New Hampshire, don't miss climbing Mt. Chocorua in the town of Albany. In beauty of scenery and wealth of local history and tradition, it will repay you many times the hard effort of reaching the summit. Spring or summer are perhaps the most favorable time to make the ascent, for then the days are so long that tourists may complete the round trip up the mountain and back before dark. In a short time, however, the leaves will be so brilliantly colored that it will be worth while to make the climb even at the expense of camping out over night.

Mt. Chocorua stands apart from other mountains and is three thousand five hundred feet in altitude. It has three peaks; the one at the left is high and pointed, the others are lower and more rounded. At its base, surrounded by forests, is Chocorua Lake, a lovely sheet of water, particularly if seen at sunset. Some of those who are familiar with the White Mountains prefer this peak even to the great Mt. Washington.

Leaving Center Ossipee on the East Side Highway, the first point of interest is Indian Mound Farm, situated on the shore of Lovell River about two miles beyond the village. The Indian burial mound from which the farm received its name is plainly visible from the road. It is only about a quarter of a mile from the shore of Ossipee Lake, where once stood a fort erected by the colonists, for the red men, near the mouth of the river. It was later burned by the

white men during King Philip's War. According to some accounts, Capt. John Lovewell, a famous Indian fighter, built a fort on the same site in 1725.

Before arriving at West Ossipee the Bearcamp River is crossed. The little stream inspired John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "Sunset on Bearcamp." A little farther on Mount Whittier looms up on the left, massive and wooded; it was named for a Quaker Poet, who used to spend his vacations near here. Later on the tourist comes to Chocorua Inn, scene of the first aeroplane landing in New Hampshire.

There are many trails leading to Mt. Chocorua,—the Liberty, Liberty Line, Knowles, Brooks, Weetamuck and Piper Trails. The latter two start from the East Side Highway near Clement Inn. From this point on the highest peak is visible. Starting up the Piper Trail, you plunge at once into the deep woods. It is three miles to the summit, and the trail ascends only gradually for a long distance. Several rapidly running brooks have to be crossed on the large stones marking their courses. As you proceed, the way becomes steeper, and a great ravine appears on the left. At one place there is a break in the forest, and, looking out over the ravine, one can see the summit of the mountain. The trees along the upper and narrower part of the trail are blazed to mark the path.

Going suddenly around a turn, the tourist comes upon two little Indian camps,—Camp Algonquin and Camp

the rocky cliffs of the mountain, are the tall trees in the valley, appearing Upweekis. The latter is an Indian name for "lynx." Each one has a tight back and sides with a roof slanting backward and an open front. These camps were erected by the Appalachian Mountain Club, and contain candles and candlesticks for the use of campers. There is also a register where visitors may enter their names.

In places above the camps the trail is as steep as a flight of stairs. In one spot it passes through the bed of a water course, which was undoubtedly eroded by spring freshets. Here rocks and tree roots act as stairs. At length the traveler comes to the bare rock of the summit, being out of the woods for the first time since leaving Clement Inn. At this point a second trail commences and leads to Champney's Falls two miles in another direction. After a hard scramble over the rocks you may attain the lower peaks.

A wonderful panorama is here presented to view. On the north are Mt. Washington and the other peaks of the White Mountains, with the great cut of Crawford Notch sharply outlined. Away to the east and south are the hills extending into Maine, Ossipee Lake, and the vapors rising from the ocean, which perhaps would itself be visible with the aid of a strong glass. Turning to the southwest you may see the broad expanse of Lake Winnepesaukee dotted with green islands, and across the great valley, only a few miles distant, stands the conical Mt. Passaconway. Many of the hills and valleys have been stripped of timber, leaving numerous wood roads winding among them. Far below, as you look down

small indeed from the great height.

There is a tragedy connected with this lonely peak. An Indian chief named Chocorua, from whom the mountain received its name, once lived in this vicinity. His wife died leaving him alone with their little son. In 1766 the child was taken ill at the cabin of a white settler named Campbell and soon passed away. Chocorua, believing that the white man had poisoned his little boy and half crazed with grief, avenged his death by killing the man's entire family. The settlers pursued him to the highest peak of the mountain and Campbell shot him. As he lay dying on the rocks far below he cursed the white men. His curse was held responsible by the superstitious settlers for the stunted growth of bushes on the summit, disregarding the fact that the soil there is too sterile and sparse to support much plant life. Many poems have been written on this event and about the beauty of the scenery.

The United States Government employs a warden to watch for fires from the top of Mt. Chocorua. Although he has a telephone, he is obliged to remain at his post during all weather. A house was once built on the highest peak of the mountain and a piano was carried there, but it was all blown down long ago.

It is said that there are bears and wildcats in the woods of this region, and a party that made the ascent in the winter not long ago claimed to have seen two wildcats fighting on top of the mountain. However, the tourist who takes this delightful trip need not have any fear of being molested by wild animals, especially if he is one of a party.

Leighton's Corner, N. H.



# A Poet-Preacher

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR

---

Many sons and daughters of New Hampshire have won distinction in the literary world, and very many more have become eminent in professional life; but few have gained honor in both lines, and very few indeed at so early a period in life as Harry Elmore Hurd, native of the town of Goshen, born April 23, 1889, son of Henry E. and Jennie S. Hurd, now of Lynn, Mass., and grandson of Sylvanus and Martha Hurd of Sunapee, and Elias W. and Mary Frances Pike, of Mill Village, Goshen.

Mr. Hurd, who is now pastor of the Center Congregational Church of Haverhill, Mass., with a parish covering thirty-four square miles and a congregation crowding the capacity of the large church edifice opposite the Haverill City Hall. He is a graduate of Harvard College and Boston University, served in France during the World War as Chaplain of the 33d Engineers; is also a Mason of high degree, being a member of all the York Rite bodies, a Templar and Shriner. He is Chaplain of Saggahen Blue Lodge of Haverhill, and Associate Prelate of Haverhill Commandery No. 14. He is also an Odd Fellow and a member of the Lamda Chi Alpha Greek letter society, of the English Poetical Society and the American Literary Association.

He has many speaking and lecture engagements; preached the Com-

mandery sermon in Lowell on East Sunday, addressed 1000 students of Gloucester in April, gave the Memorial Day address at Middleboro May 30, and the Commencement address at Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H., June 15.

As a writer, especially along poetical lines, however, he has won more distinction of late. Shortly after the war he issued a volume entitled "Possessions of a Sky Pilot," which attained a wide circulation and much favorable notice, from home critics and from as far away as England, France, Belgium, and even India and Japan. Last year another volume from his pen, published by Richard G. Badger of 100 Charles St., Boston, made its appearance. It is entitled "Mountains and Molehills," and made up of essays and poems dealing with the White Mountain region, followed by miscellaneous poems in wide variety. This last volume has been highly commended by such literary lights as Galloway Kyle, editor of "Poetry Review"; Henry Bertolt, author of "Gallant Vagabonds"; Henry Hugh Proctor, D. D. of Brooklyn; Prof. Charles A. Dinsmore of Yale University, Truman Temple and John Clare Minot.

As a sample of his verse, the following tribute to "Trail Springs," encountered while on his mountain "hike," may appropriately be given

Some men have praised the spark- ling depth of wells, And rightly so, but I will string my harp And sing a song to glorify the spring, High up on Wildcat's rocky, rooted trail Where old trees resting on their el- bows spread About and reminisce of days long past. The sunlight filters through the thick spruce spires And falls in patterns soft as spongy moss. I slip my pack and flex my aching legs	And kneel with polished noggin-cup in hand Beside the shaded basin's rocky brink Which gleams like Shinto mirror 'neath the trees, As dark as moody thoughts of lonely men. Old withered leaves float lightly like stray thoughts That fall into a mind alone, yet full: I kneel upon a piece of bark and dip A long refreshing draught, and say a prayer To all the gracious gods of blessed rain.
--	--

---

## Full Tide

BY J. FRANKLIN BABB

Little lips of a smiling sea,  
Mouthing the cliffs of a broken world;  
Bruised lips of a patient sea,  
Backward tossed and forward hurled.

Placid lips that curve and bend,  
Holding a turmoil not set aside,  
You will win your wish, for at Even-tide,  
O God of the Sea, it will be FULL TIDE.

And at that hour there shall be no crags,  
From rim to rim just a perfect peace;  
Depths too great for cry or call,  
Strength too mighty to need release.

Cradled the gull from its gusty flight,  
Tombed are the golden sands that bide;  
It is time for souls to furl their sails,  
And to rest in Harbor; it is FULL TIDE.

Haverhill, Mass.

# New Hampshire Necrology

---

## HON. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN

Born in Loudon, August 9, 1855; died in Concord June 9, 1927.

He was the son of Theophilus B. and Sarah L. (Rowell) Martin, coming of Revolutionary stock. He was educated in the Loudon schools and Concord High school, graduating from the latter in 1876; studied law with Sargent and Chase, was admitted to the bar in 1879, and was in constant practice in Concord up to the time of his last illness. It is safe to say that he had more individual clients than any other lawyer in the state, and a larger and more successful Superior court practice than any other.

He was a Democrat in politics, and prominent in the direction of party affairs. He served in the House of Representatives, and for two terms in the State Senate, in 1915 and 1917. He was Mayor of Concord in 1899-1900, and had served as Solicitor of Merrimack County in 1887-8, when he demonstrated the fact that the Prohibition laws could be successfully enforced, but was defeated for reelection, in consequence, by the active effort of the rum power. He was a delegate in the National Democratic convention of 1904, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1912 and the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1918.

Notwithstanding the pressure of professional service, he retained his interest in agriculture, and the possession of the old home farm in Loudon, and was devoted to hunting and other out-door sports, being a great lover of dogs and horses.

He had served as treasurer of the Concord Building and Loan association since its organization in 1887, as president of the Water Board, director of the First National Bank, and a director of the Bretton Woods Company. He was a member of Rum-

ford Lodge, I. O. O. F., Canton Wilsey, Concord Lodge, B. P. O. Elks, and the Wonolancet Club. He was married first on March 27, 1902, to Jennie P. Lawrence, who died nine years later. Mr. Martin again married June 14, 1915, to Margaret V. Clough, who survives him.

## JAMES W. GRIMES

Born in Hillsboro, November 2, 1865; died at Rye Beach, June 2, 1927.

He was a son of James F. and Sarah A. (Jones) Grimes, his father having been a Colonel in the U. S. Army, serving with distinction in the Civil War. He was educated in the public school and Phillips Andover Academy, and graduated from the Law Department of Boston University in 1890. He went West that year and was admitted to the bar at Des Moines, Iowa, but soon returned East, and engaged in practice in Boston, though making his home in Reading, Mass., for the last thirty years. He served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives from the Reading district in 1891, 1898 and 1899, being a member of the committees on constitution amendments, roads and bridges, probate and insolvency and printing and in the Senate in 1907, serving on the committees on legal affairs, printing and street railways, being chairman of the latter.

He was a member of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Veterans, Order of the Eastern Star, New Hampshire Club, Middlesex Club, Home Market Club, Hillsboro Old School Association, serving as president in 1922 and of the Suffolk and Middlesex Bar Associations. He was director of the First National Bank of Reading and a trustee of the Blackstone Savings Bank.

He is survived by his widow, Mr



Helen R. Grimes; three brothers, Dr. Warren P. and John H. Grimes of Hillsboro and Cecil P. Grimes of Rye; and one sister, Mrs. Mary Grimes Thornton of Boston.

### REV. EUGENE M. GRANT

Born in Auburn, N. Y., August 29, 1847; died in Wilton, N. H., June, 1927.

He was the son of Franklin W. and Sarah A. (Dias) Grant and was educated in the Auburn schools and St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., graduating from the Theological department of the latter institution in 1870. He was ordained to the Universalist ministry at Madrid, N. Y., October 19, 1870. and held pastorates in New York and Pennsylvania till 1874 when he was called to the Universalist Church in Waterville, Maine. In 1876 he became pastor of the Universalist church in Portsmouth, N. H., continuing five years, then going to Stamford, Conn., where he continued for nineteen years in the pastorate there, after which he served three years as superintendent of Universalist Churches for the State of Connecticut. He then accepted a call to the Universalist Church in Danvers, Mass., which he served for eight years, till 1911, when he retired and took up his residence in Wilton, where in "Bonniecroft," as his home was called, he continued until death. He had planned retirement upon his removal to Wilton, but was prevailed upon to take the vacant pastorate of the Unitarian Church at Wilton Center, which he filled most acceptably until Memorial Sunday of the present year, when he rendered his last service.

Mr. Grant was an Odd Fellow, a Mason and a Patron of Husbandry; but was specially interested in Masonry being a Knight Templar, a member of all the Scottish Rite bodies, and of Bektash Temple of which he was an honorary Prelate.

He married, Septmber 9, 1873,

Emma Elmma Pepper of Little Falls, N. Y., who died in 1911. Four children survive—three married daughters, and one son, Dr. Justin F. Grant of Boston, Mass.

### GEORGE R. CUMMINGS

Born in Sunapee, N. H., October 30, 1850; died at South Acworth, June 4, 1927.

He was the son of the late Charles B. and Mary (Campbell) Cummings and a grandson of Major Ephraim Cummings, noted musician and band master. He was educated in the public schools and devoted himself to agriculture and general business. He was one of the most public spirited citizens of the town, and it was largely through his untiring efforts that the West Side highway was brought through Alstead and Acworth, and thus through Newport instead of going up through Charles town and Claremont.

He was an active member of Col. River Grange, P. of H., of South Acworth and a member of the I. O. O. F. lodge at Marlow. He had served many years as correspondent of Claremont and Newport papers. He was a Republican in politics, and active in party affairs. He was united in marriage April 5, 1879 with Miss Eliza Ann Richardson of Acworth by whom he is survived, with one daughter, Mrs. Gertrude C. Reed of Oaklawn, R. I., and one son, Guy H. Cummings of Holbrook, Mass.

### VIRGINIA B. LADD

Born in Meredith, September 1861; died there, May 31, 1927.

She was the younger daughter of the late Seneca A. and Catherine (Wallace) Ladd. Her father was the organizer of the Meredith Village Savings Bank, and her mother a lineal descendant of the famous Sir William Wallace of Scotland.

Although suffering through life from the effects of an accident in infancy which injured her spine, she secured a good education in the Meredith schools, and subsequently grad-

uated from a four years course in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, Class of 1891, and ever maintained a deep interest in all causes for the social, intellectual and moral betterment of the community. She was a loyal member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a charter member of the Woman's Progress Club of Meredith. She donated the clock for the tower of the Congregational church in Meredith, where she was a devoted attendant, and whose oldest ex-pastor, the Rev. John E. Wildey, gave the address at the committal service attending her burial.

Her home had been in Meredith through life, with the exception of a few years in Boston, during the Civil War, and she was the center of a wide circle of congenial and admiring friends, who sympathized with her in the love of the beautiful in Nature and the treasures of literature. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Frances L. Coe, of Center Harbor.

#### GEORGE E. DUFFY

Born in Franklin, N. H., September 7, 1870; died there July 1, 1927.

He was a son of Michael and Mary (Fawdrey) Duffy, and was educated in the Franklin schools, Tilton Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1894. He engaged in the woolen manufacturing business, and was soon made Superintendent of the M. T. Stevens

& Sons mill at North Andover, Mass. was, later, superintendent of the Charles River Woolen Co's. mill at Bellingham and Franklin, Mass. In 1910 he went into business for himself, buying the Thayer Mill at Cherry Valley, and conducting the same under the name of the George E. Duffy Mfg. Co., making his home in Worcester, where he became president of the Royal Worcester Corset Co. He was also president of the Belmont, N. H. Hosiery Co., of Belmont and the Acme Machine and Knitting Co. of Franklin, also a director in various financial and business corporations. He was a Knight Templar Mason, a member of the old South Congregational Church of Worcester, the Worcester Chamber of Commerce and the Dartmouth College club of that city. In company with his brother, Walter F. Duffy of Franklin, he recently donated a fine library building to the town of Belmont.

Among other bequests, provided in a will left by the deceased, was one of \$10,000 for the Worcester Polytechnic Institute and \$5,000 for Dartmouth College.

He was united in marriage October 21, 1896 to Miss Mary Grace Whipple of Rochester, who died a few weeks previous to his own departure, leaving three children: Ralph E. Duffy of Worcester; Mrs. Eunice T. Cummings of North Attleboro, Mass., and Gladys I. Duffy of Worcester.



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

AUGUST 1927

NO. 8.

## The Battle of Bennington

BY JOHN SCALES

---

Preliminary to telling the story of the Battle of Bennington I will give a brief of why John Stark, retired Colonel of the First New Hampshire Regiment in the war of the Revolution, was placed in command of the regiments that fought that battle. Stark had organized the regiment at Cambridge, soon after the Concord fight of April 19, 1775, having received his commission as colonel from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety on the 26th of April. In May the convention here at Exeter, confirmed his Massachusetts commission, as colonel; but, Stark sturdily refused to permit General Folsom of Exeter to exercise any authority over him. Soon followed the battle of Bunker Hill, where Stark's regiment at the rail-fence, turned Prescott's defeat, at the fort, into victory that won everlasting renown. Following that the First New Hampshire regiment remained under the direct command of Washington, up to 1777, during which time Stark's troops won special renown in the way they crossed the Delaware river and routed the Hessians in camp at Trenton.

In February, 1777, Stark tendered his resignation, as colonel, to the "Council and House of Representa-

tives," in assembly here at Exeter saying: "I feel bound in honor to leave the service, Congress having thought fit to promote junior officers over my head." That is to say, it had promoted Col. Enoch Poor (of Exeter), commander of New Hampshire's Second regiment, to be Brigadier-general over Stark. So you must bear in mind that Stark was not a general, only a retired colonel in command of the troops at the battle of Bennington. How did he happen to be in command? The condition of affairs was this:

General Poor, with New Hampshire regiments under his command (Col. Cilley was then in command of the First Regiment, from which Stark had resigned), were at Ticonderoga, to which they had commenced the journey in March 1777. On July 5, 1777, Gen. Burgoyne, in command of the British army captured the great fort, and compelled the American army, under Gen. Arthur St. Clair, to retreat towards Albany, N. Y. The capture of the fort by Burgoyne caused tremendous excitement in Vermont and New Hampshire; the people expected the British army, or part of it, would march down into Vermont and cross the Connecticut into New Hamp-



shire, cutting a swath straight to the sea-board towns.

The Committee of Safety in Vermont sent messengers to the Committee of Safety at Exeter, asking help to prevent the invaders taking possession of the powder and other army stores at Bennington. Prompt action was taken to comply with the request. The regular regiments were then on their retreat from Ticonderoga to Albany, under Gen. Poor, so the Committee of Safety issued calls for home regiments to undertake the march to Bennington. Three regiments were selected, that were nearest Charlestown, on the Connecticut river, then called "Garrison No. Four." Col. Thomas Stickney of Concord commanded the regiment in the towns around there; Col. David Hobart of Plymouth, and Col. Moses Nichols of Amherst, were the commanders of the other regiments. The men of these regiments declared they would be glad to go if Col. Stark would take command of the brigade. The Committee of Safety urged him to take command; at first he refused; finally he consented on condition that he should be subject to the orders of no one but himself. The committee agreed to his demand.

Stark then gave orders for the colonels to muster their regiments, to full ranks, as speedily as possible, and rendezvous at "Fort Number Four" (now Charlestown). The enlistments began July 18, and were completed on the 24th, and they started for "Fort Number Four." On August first the march across the river to Bennington was commenced. It took about a week to reach there. During the time Stark had been holding a consultation with Col. Seth

Warner, at Manchester, Vt., who was in command of the Green Mountain Boys. While they were consulting the news came that Gen. Burgoyne had ordered Col. Baum, in command of 1500 Hessians, to march to Bennington and capture the American war material, known to be in store there.

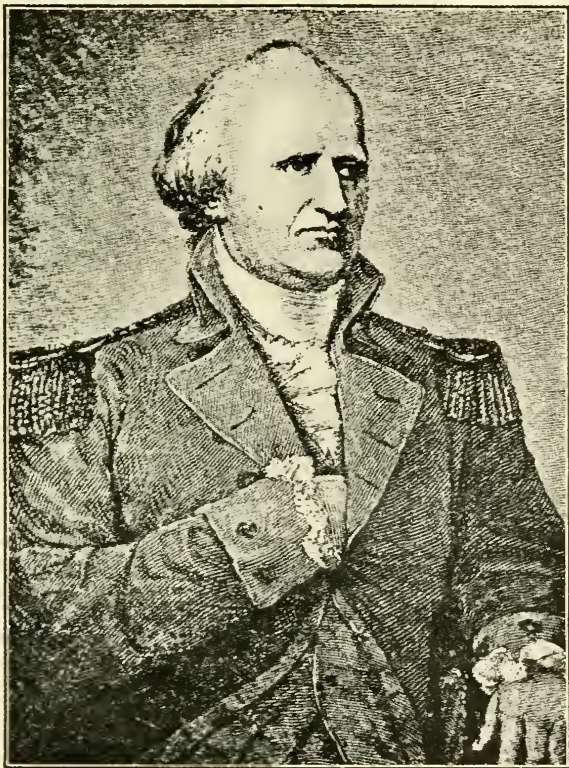
Stark immediately went to Bennington, where he found his brigade waiting for him, consisting of 1400 men. Col Warner soon arrived with 300 Green Mountain Boys, and there were enough more from across the line in New York, that made up the army of 2000 men who fought and won the battle, under the direction of Stark.

I will go back a bit in my story. While Stark was at Charlestown, tending to the gathering of the regiments at the fort there, he wrote the Committee of Safety, here in Exeter, that he needed kettles and cooking utensils. The answer was that no kettles could be obtained in New Hampshire. On July 29 he wrote:—"I am informed that the enemy have left Castleton with intent to march to Bennington. They are detained at Number Four for want of bullet moulds, as there is not one pair in town, and the few brought on by the Committee go a little way. There is but little rum store here; if some could be forwarded it would oblige us very much, as there is none of that article in the parts where we are going"—You remember reading John Langdon's speech, delivered about that time, in which he said:—"I have \$3,000 hard money. I will pledge my platoon for \$3,000 more. I have 70 heads of Tobago rum, which shall

sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our firesides and homes, I may be remunerated; if not the property will be of no value to me."

There is no report of what the State did with the money, but the Committee of Safety promptly re-

combined, formed his army that fought and won the battle at Bennington, 148 years ago, Gen. Burgoyne, at Ticonderoga, was preparing to send Col. Baum, with an army of 1500 Hessians to Bennington, where the American army, under command of Schuyler had a supply of powder and army provisions in general, for the



GENERAL JOHN STARK  
Commander at Bennington

sponded to Stark's call for rum at Bennington; it despatched teams loaded with several hogsheads of the Tobago beverage which arrived there before the battle, and was used in celebrating the victory.

While Stark was organizing his New Hampshire Yankees and gathering the New Hampshire Grant Green Mountain Boys, which com-

victualing of the army at Ticonderoga and also for supplying the wants of his army in New York. Burgoyne had, for weeks, viewed this magazine with greedy eyes, and when he had captured Ticonderoga resolved to seize it; he ordered Col. Baum to march there and capture it. Burgoyne gave Baum strict orders and plans for the march, and what to do

when he arrived at Bennington, not anticipating much opposition.

Baum's battalion left Boyne's camp near Saratoga, on Tuesday, August 12th, and marched to Battenkill. On Wednesday they advanced to Cambridge on the border line between Vermont and New York, where their scouts surprised a company of Americans, who were on the watch; Baum's Hessians seized many cattle, horses and wagons. On Thursday, the 14th, they reached within four miles of Bennington. They had made a slow march of 30 miles, through a thick forest, and his martinets halted his men from time to time to "dress their ranks," as Burgoyne had ordered should be done. Captain Anbury, one of Burgoyne's officers, describes their equipment as follows:—"In addition to the ordinary hatchet, blanket and haversack of provisions, each bore a cap with a very heavy brass front, a sword of enormous size, a coat very long skirted, and a canteen holding not less than a gallon, and their guns."

As Baum marched along he met various men who were Tories; to these he administered the oath of allegiance, and listened to their flattering reports that the people in the New Hampshire Grants (Vermont had not then become a State) were mostly Tories, ready to give him arms.

On the third day Baum arrived on the west side of the north bend of the Walloomsac river, which flows through Bennington, and there learned that Stark's army was encamped on the east side of that bend of the river, three or four miles from him. In his journey there, at the crossing of a branch of the Walloomsac, he

was met by a squad of Green Mountain Boys, and much annoyed, crossing the river. The Hessians had a "devil of a time" in rebuilding the bridge that the "Boys" wrecked; the Hessians shunned the water like cats. It was there that Baum sent a message back to Burgoyne for reinforcements, and Col. Breyman was dispatched with a force of 500 men with larger cannon, and otherwise well armed and equipped.

On Friday, the 15th, it rained furiously all day. Col. Baum's men tore down several log houses of the neighborhood and converted them into a zigzag breastwork on a little hill, and heaped up earth behind, and sods before it. The soldiers worked hard all day, in the rain, and far into the night; Baum had cannon mounted on the breastwork ready for defense, if Stark should attack him. There they passed the remainder of the night. I obtained this part of the story from the Hessian account of the battle, by Glich, one of the Hessian officers, who was in command under Col. Baum, so, of course it is correct.

During the time Baum was preparing for defence, Stark was preparing for the attack, which took place on the next day, Saturday, August 16, 1777. It ceased raining in the night. About 4 o'clock in the morning Stark and his staff came around the bend of the river and reconnoitered the situation. When they arrived in the woods, that concealed them on the north of Baum's entrenched army, Stark and his officers viewed the situation. Stark then said:—"There they are Boys, today we win the battle, or Mr. Stark's a widow!" The remainder



the forenoon was taken up in planning and arranging the companies to begin the attack. Stark planned to command one division, himself, in front of Baum's breastworks; have one division concealed on the left; one division in the rear; the third in the woods, on the right; all to keep as quiet as possible till they heard the orders, announcing, and commanding all divisions to make vigorous attacks on all sides.

Soon after the inspection, Saturday morning, Stark was joined by Col Symonds, with a part of a regiment of Berkshire, (Mass.) militia; also by Col. Herrick, at the head of 300 Green Mountain Boys, in a uniform with green, with red facings. Stark's arrangement of the force shows that he was resolved, not only to force Baum to fight, but that his greatest fear was lest his enemy should make good his retreat. Accordingly, more than half his men were ordered to make a wide circuit upon the right and left flanks of the enemy, and be ready to strike at the instant Stark himself should storm the breastwork in front. The marching necessary to effect this manoeuvre, required the divisions to ford the river (Wallomsac) twice, as it bends around in that part of the territory, that was between the two camps, of Baum and Stark, making a distance of four miles between the two, and much more up around the bend. The fighting was very near the state line between New York and Vermont, some of it on both sides of the line.

According to the report of the battle, made by the Hessian officer, Glich, who was in command of a company under Baum, while Stark's men

were performing their manoeuvres, preparatory for the battle, scouts came in to Baum, reporting that bodies of armed men were approaching, though whether friendly, or of hostile intention, neither their appearance nor action enabled the scouts to ascertain; so Baum became so duped as to believe that the armed bands, of whose approach he was warned, were loyalists (Tories) of whom he had been told there were many in the Green Mountains, and were on their way to make a tender of their service to the leader of the King's troops. Hence he sent orders to the outposts that no molestation should be offered to the advancing columns. So, Glich says: "Those outposts withdrew, without firing a shot, from thickets which might have been maintained for hours, against any numbers."

At length, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of August 16, Stark had his forces all in order, as planned. The detachment that had farthest to march had sent word that they were ready to commence the fight on their line. Stark fired a cannon and the battle began, at once, on three sides of the breastwork. The first volley discharged by Stark's men drove the Indians from the surrounding woods, and the flanking assailants united in the rear. In the gap left by the Indians, one of the field pieces was mounted, while the brazen mouth of another thrust forth a tongue of flame in whatever direction the assailants were seen standing thick together, but Stark's stalwart men sheltered themselves, as best they could, behind stumps, trees, rocks and hillocks. The conflict was of two hours trial of sharp-shooting, on

the part of the Americans. Fortunately for them, on a sudden, a solitary wagon containing all the German spare ammunition, exploded in the midst of their redoubt. The explosion was immediately followed by an assault on all sides by Stark's forces; the fort was conquered after an awful struggle. Gilch's Hessian report says:—"Immediately following the explosion the contest was with the bayonet, the butt of the gun, the sabre, and the pike, and men fell as they have rarely fallen in modern warfare, under the direct blows of their adversaries. Baum, sword in hand, led his men, but soon sank, mortally wounded, and, save a few, who darted here and there between the surrounding assailants, his whole corps, with the loyalists (Tories), who had joined them, were disabled or taken prisoners."

This battle closed about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the victors were holding a celebration. Two hogsheads of John Langdon's Tobago rum were tapped, and the men were feeling "pretty good", when news came that Col. Breyman, with 500 men well equipped, had arrived, at a point two miles down river. This was the re-enforcement Baum had sent for, to Burgoyne. Stark had the bugle note of war sounded and started his men on the march to meet Breyman. The Tobago rum had put Stark's men in good trim to renew the fighting with the enemy, just arrived.

The contest began when the sun was about an hour high. Stark had captured two brass cannon from Baum; he now used them in the attack on Breyman's forces, together with their small arms; Breyman de-

fended himself with two larger-caliber cannon; at once the battle came hot and fierce; Breyman's cannon were taken and re-taken more than twice, but finally remained in possession of Stark. The sun went down, and no star of hope, save flight, arose for the Germans. They were pursued till dark, when, by Stark's judgment, had there been one hour more of daylight the whole detachment would have been killed or captured. His men wanted to keep up the pursuit, but Stark forbade it; he said he did not want to spoil a good day's fight. Some accounts of the retreat say that when the Hessians commenced their flight they offered to surrender by making signs for a parley, which were understood by the Yankees; they clubbed their guns; that is turned the muzzle and bayonet down with the butt up. Stark's men thought that they were going to fight a cannon battle with the butts, instead of surrendering, so kept the poor fellows on the run till darkness stopped the pursuit.

There were no men from the colonies in the eastern section of the State, as they were volunteered from those in the nearest towns to Charlestown; all was done in great haste. At the close of the battle Stark made an elaborate report to the Committee of Safety, here in Exeter; he did not make any report to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, but the news reached them in a round about way. Having waited, in expectation of letters, and none arriving, inquiry was made of Stark why he had not written to Congress. He answered that his correspondence with that body was closed, as the

had not attended to his last letters, when they appointed Enoch Poor brigadier general over him, in the winter of 1777. They took the hint; and though but a few days before had resolved that the instructions that he had received from the Provincial Congress of New Hampshire, making him a commander, independent of Gen. Poor, were destructive of military subordination and prejudicial to the common cause, yet as soon as they heard of the great victory and read his reply to their inquiry, they on Oct. 4, tendered him and his troops a vote of thanks and appointed him brigadier general to be in command of the Northern Department, which office he held to the close of the war. He was not in any battle after that at Bennington.

The trophies of the battle were divided between New Hampshire, Massachusetts and the New Hampshire Grants (towns chartered by Gov. Wentworth, which later became the State of Vermont.) In 1843 Mr. James Davie Butler of Vermont visited Concord, N. H., and saw the trophies that Stark brought home and gave to the care of the State officials, he described them as follows:

"I have seen a portion of Stark's trophies, still hanging near the entrance to the State Library. The articles there preserved are:—The brass drums and two brass horns; also a cartridge box, or pouch. It should seem that the cartridges were laid loosely in a leather bag, instead of being each thrust into a hole, or socket. All the pieces but the horns are in good condition. The cartridge box and drums are ornamented with figures of horses on the gallop—perhaps the heraldic insignia of Hesse,

where the Hessian soldiers had come from, when King George of England hired them to come over and fight his battles. At the corners of the cartridge box there are also figures of grenades just exploding. From the badge on these the name, Grenadier, was doubtless derived."

I have never seen the trophies but have been informed they are now in the museum room of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and properly enclosed in a case for preservation and inspection by visitors.

In the two battles Stark captured thirty-three officers, and above seven hundred privates. Of Stark's brigade, four officers and ten privates were killed, and forty-two wounded. The prisoners taken in battle were, for the night, confined in and around the meeting-house, at Bennington village. As soon as the matter could be attended to the German prisoners were paraded through the town, and then marched across the line, into Lanesborough, Mass., and were held prisoner till the close of the war. The Tories of whom there were quite a number, were held in special abhorrence, so were treated with greater severity. Roped together, two and two, like slaves in a coffle, and hitched behind a horse, thus were marched through the village, amid scoffs and jeers. It was said the housewives, with great alacrity took down their bedsteads, and pulled out the bed-ropes, to furnish cords enough for the pageant. Then they were sent across the line to be imprisoned with the Hessians.

Of course the soldiers, when they had returned home, and in the years of their lives that followed, told innumerable stories of their personal



experiences and observations. Many of the stories have survived in tradition, some of which have been preserved in print. I will close this paper with the mention of a few.

During the second battle with Breyman's forces, Lieut. Col. Charles Johnston of Haverhill, Col. Hobart's regiment, carrying orders from Stark, was met in the woods by a file of Hessians, and yet with a staff in his hand, his only weapon, he wrenched the file-leader's sword from his grasp, held it himself, and compelled that officer to make his men surrender, and marched them away prisoners. He gave this trophy to his son, with these words:—"This sword was won by valor; let it never be taken through cowardice." The sword was a splendid article, with the Hessian officer's name, and a good deal of etching upon it, and was exhibited at Johnston's funeral. It is said to be now in possession of one of his descendants in the west.

During the battle, while, for a time, Stark was dismounted, some scamp stole his horse, and on the 11th of Sept. he published an advertisement, which reads as follows: "Stolen from the subscriber, at Wal-

lumscoik, in the time of action, 16th of August last, a brown mare five years old; had a star in her forehead. Also a doe-skin-seated saddle, blue housings, trimmed with white and a curbed bridle. It is earnestly requested of all Committees of Safety, and others in authority, to exert themselves to recover said thief and mare, so that he may be brought to justice, and the mare be brought home; and the person, whoever he may be, Shall receive the above reward for both, and for the mare alone half of the sum." The head-line of the advertisement read, in big letters:—"TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD."

It is a matter of record in Vermont that the cap of Col. Baum was worn many years, worn to the Legislature by the Representative of Pownall, who had it as his part of the New Hampshire Grant's trophies. Another story is that Col. Baum's wig, after being kept a long time in Bennington, was lent to be used in an exhibition at Troy, N. Y., and was never returned. In a History of Vermont, published in 1843, is the statement that Col. Baum's sword was then hanging in the bar-room of the Bennington tavern.



# Compensation

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Concluded From July Issue

It was a long time since Myrtle had had a guest. She left this one in the most comfortable chair which her ugly little parlor afforded—she had restored the chenille hangings and the Parian marble groups after her father's marriage—a steaming cup of tea beside him, while she slipped from her street suit into a simple house-dress, lighted candles for the table, gave Ella hurried instructions for augmenting her frugal supper, telephoned to the nearest drug store for cigarettes and candy. While they waited for these to arrive, she sat down near him in front of the leaping blue flame of the gas-log, and gave him an opportunity to tell his story.

"It was Harrison told me about you. Do you-all remember Harrison, the drunk that was discharged from that hospital in New York? He said he went to a lady named Mrs. Thompson, who is at the head of some committee who helps men even if they don't always behave very well, and she told you about him, and you believed in him, and got him transferred down to Aldeen.—"

"You were in the Aldeen Hospital?"

"Yes Ma'am. In the same ward with Harrison. I'd been there eighteen months. Harrison said he was sure you'd help me get it. He gave me your address when he went away. He's doing right well again now, has a good job, and a sweetheart—did you know that ma'am? He writes

once in a while. I kept your address but I thought likely it wouldn't be necessary to bother you, just the same. I thought if I could just get to Washington, and go to the Veteran's Bureau, and explain how I'd been—overlooked—everything would come right. The other fellows in the ward thought so, too. We used to talk it over, evenings. So, when I got well enough to travel, they took up a collection to help me get here. I didn't have—much of my own, you see."

"I see."

"And then I came. I went right over from the Union Station to the Veteran's Bureau. I tried to tell where I'd served, and when I'd been wounded, and how long I'd been sick. Nobody seemed to want to listen to me. It seemed almost as if some of them—didn't believe me. Of co'se they have to be careful. Of co'se there were crooks and bums in the service same as there are everywhere. It wasn't that I minded—that they should be thorough, looking me up. It was that they didn't seem to care—didn't want to look things up."

"I know."

"I went to about fifteen different offices. I'm not right smart yet, you see, and I got kind of tired. I stayed there all that day, and all the next, and all the next. And then—well, you see we hadn't figured, the other fellows in the ward and I, that I'd have many expenses after I got here.

We thought if I could just get here, like I told you."

"I know," said Myrtle again.

"So then I came to you. Your maid didn't want to let me in either. She didn't seem to have any mo' friendly feelings towards me than the officers down at the Bureau. I wasn't sure whether she was telling the truth or not, when she said you were out, but I reckoned I'd sit down and wait. I reckoned, if I waited long enough, you'd either come in or come out. And anyways—"

Myrtle knew what the end of that sentence was going to be, even before he uttered it.

"I didn't have anywhere else to go."

When he had told her this, quite quietly, he fainted away—

"And, in view of the heart complications, I think it would be most inadvisable to have him moved at present."

"I hadn't thought of having him moved at all."

The soldier opened his eyes to pleasantly unfamiliar surroundings. He was lying between soft sheets in a huge black walnut bed, his head resting on a pillow so immense and puffy that it seemed to be bulging out of its case, his fingers touching the fuzzy nap of thick blankets. The sun, streaming in through the long, primly-curtained windows on either side of a black walnut bureau, slanted across the two figures standing beside the bed, his hostess of the evening before, and a man who was evidently a doctor. He closed his eyes again, not because of any deliberate desire for eavesdropping, but because he did not yet seem to

possess sufficient energy to make his consciousness known.

"You mean to have him remain here indefinitely?"

"Why not?"

"No reason, I suppose, if you want to. But from your own account you know almost nothing about him—no details about his record, not even his name. You have—ah—literally picked him up off the streets.

"I know that he is sick—dangerously sick."

"Well, yes—of that there isn't of course the slightest doubt."

"That's all I need to know."

"Very well. You've consulted your father, of course—I'll be back later in the day. Meanwhile I'll send in a nurse, but I may not be able to get one right off. There's an unusual amount of sickness about just now. But you can't do this poor chap much harm if you practice some of the home nursing you learned during the war on him. Quiet's what he needs principally. No excitement or worry."

"I don't intend that he shall worry," said Myrtle.

There was the sound of a door opening and shutting gently, of someone coming towards the bed again. The soldier opened his eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said awkwardly. "I've been awake—sort of—for the last few minutes. My name's Joe Symmes, and I'll tell you all the rest—as soon as I feel a little more spry. There's nothing to hide or to be ashamed of, not in my war record, ma'am. Only I don't like you should be put to all this trouble. I never guessed—"

"It isn't any trouble," said Myrtle truthfully, "its—its wonderful t



have someone to take care of." She sat down beside him. "You're not well enough to tell be about yourself yet," she went on, but I'm going to tell you about myself, so that you'll understand how much it meant to me—how glad I was—that you wanted to come to me, and not fret." Her inarticulate shyness had dropped from her like a cloak. This man, a misfit, even as she was, would understand. She told him about the house on Prospect Street, about the cupola and the stone deer and the Baptist church which she never saw any more. She told him about the boy she had loved in High School who had not loved her, and who had died "over there." About her pride in her father's success; about her mother's death, and the silent years that had followed it. About her pretty step-mother. When she had finished the tired man lying before her had forgotten his own burden, and was looking at her with his dark eyes soft with sympathy.

"You've had a hard time, ma'am, haven't you?" he said gently, "and not much to compensate for it, seems like." He gave a little laugh. "Compensation! That's what we both want, isn't it?"

"I'm going to try to see that you get yours," she said.

She was as good as her word. She went, first of all, to her father, as soon as the nurse arrived, and laid the meagre facts of the case that she already knew before him. He was inclined to regard the matter in the light of a huge joke, an escapade.

"Why Myrtle, who'd have believed it of you! It all goes to show that you can't tell by the looks of a frog how far it will jump!" So you pick-

ed this man right up off the doorstep and put him in your bed!" He had anticipated that she would cringe at the coarseness of his jest, but she did nothing of the sort. Instead she corrected him calmly, as if he did not have the facts perfectly straight.

"Oh, no; it was not until after he got in the parlor that he fainted. And I couldn't pick him up myself—he's thin, very thin, but he has quite a big frame, much too heavy for me to lift. I had to wait for Dr. Lorimer to come, and then Ella helped him. And I put him in the room that used to be yours and mother's. It's even so much sunnier than mine."

"You seem cool as a cucumber about it."

"Why shouldn't I be cool?—you will help, won't you, father?"

"Good God, girl, how can I help you? I know what needs to be done. You'll have to wait till he can tell you the whole story, and then take them to the Bureau."

A few days later she accordingly told a more complete tale at the information desk on the first floor of the Bureau, and asked to which office she had better go about it."

She was given the name of a certain major, and informed that he was out just then.

"I can wait till he comes in."

The two stenographers in the Major's office did not give her a particularly cordial welcome. They were chewing gum, and passing the time of day with each other, and, for the moment at least, seemed to have no pressing professional duties. Myrtle reflected, as she waited, that the salaries would have gone quite a distance in paying Symmes what he needed. She had ample time for

flection before the Major came in. When he did come, he was pleasant to her, exceedingly pleasant. Myrtle was never aggressive in her work, and she did not antagonize him. But he gave her no definite encouragement, and finally dealt her hopes a blow, with the air of endeavoring to make it as light a one as possible.

"My dear lady, this case can't properly be dealt with here, now that decentralization has taken place. It must be handled from Atlanta."

"It could be brought here, couldn't it?"

The Major was doubtful about that, very doubtful. But her father helped her that much. The case was, after a time, brought to Washington. Then a fresh difficulty arose.

"The case isn't compensable," the Major told Myrtle, "it isn't 'incident to the service' as we say—that is, not acquired in line of duty."

"You mean that he was a sick man—that he had T. B. before he went into the service?"

"Very possibly."

"Then why was he passed by the Medical Examination Board, as fit for active service overseas? He was well enough to fight in the Argonne for several months."

The Major became more stiff in his manner than he had hitherto shown himself. "I can't argue with you, Miss Evans, about Medical Boards."

"I'm not trying to argue. I'm trying to get information."

"Well, one piece of information that I can give you is that one doctor diagnosed his case as chronic bronchitis. If that diagnosis is correct, he wouldn't be compensable in any case."

"But he was put in a ward with tubercular men!"

"As I said before, Miss Evans, don't wish to argue with you."

"Let me see Mr. Symmes' papers myself—perhaps then I could understand a little more clearly."

"I'm sorry, we don't allow that."

It was hard to keep going home and telling Joe Symmes that she had not, as yet, succeeded. The fear that he might lose his faith in her caused her the only terror that she knew in those days. But his confidence was implicit.

"I think you're wonderful to have done as much as you have, Miss Myrtle", he insisted. He had stopped calling her "ma'am" at her own request, saying shyly that if she didn't mind, he would say 'Miss Myrtle' instead of 'Miss Evans'—"like we do in the South—and then Myrtle's such a 'pretty name.' Pretty! She had been thinking it ridiculous these many years now, but she decided that she had been mistaken, that it was, after all, rather pretty, perhaps. "Funny that Major should say I only had bronchitis. The first time I applied for permission to come No'th and present my case, the doctor that looked me over said I sho'ly had T. B. badly—that permission couldn't possibly be granted for such a trip."

"Well, there must be a report of that examination too, then somewhere. I've got to see those papers myself. I don't think they really mean to be careless or unfair, but of course there are so many—"

"I know, Miss Myrtle, I know."

"You didn't go into service from the South, did you?"

"No, Miss Myrtle, I hadn't lived

South for quite a while befo' the war. I'd gone West—" he stopped, and laughed mirthlessly. "I wish I'd gone West the way we meant it 'over there', he said with bitterness, "it would have been a heap sight better."

"You mustn't say such things," said Myrtle so sternly that he looked at her in surprise. "I'm going to see your Congressman about you."

His own Congressman proved to be one of the unattached guests upon whom she had made so pleasant an impression at the time of her father's wedding to Quendolen. He welcomed her at his office with real cordiality, and listened to her story with genuine interest.

"And how did you think I could help?" He asked when she had finished it.

"I think you could arrange to have me see those papers."

"All right, I'll try. I'll go down to the Bureau some day next week."

"I thought perhaps you'd get in my Ford and let me drive you down there now."

He protested, but after a moment's hedging, laughingly acquiesced. Then he tied a string to his favor.

"If I succeed, will you take lunch with me afterwards?"

"Will I—" Myrtle could hardly believe her ears. She managed, however, to conceal her surprise, "if you're sure you're not too busy," she finished demurely.

"It's just as I thought," she said, two hours later, as they were lingering over their coffee. "out of six examinations, the report is the same in every case but one—and if that one were correct Mr. Symmes deserves compensation for being put in a ward

where he'd catch consumption. There isn't any doubt in my doctor's mind as to what that poor man has been through! He'd gladly testify."

A new idea flashed into her mind. "Mr. Weld," she said, "you could arrange, couldn't you, to have Dr. Lorimer and me appear before the Board and plead Mr. Symmes' case?"

"You want to make a speech?"

"If I could do any good."

"By Jove, I believe you could. You've dovetailed things together pretty neatly, and you've got some rather unanswerable arguments—and the faith which removes mountains. Besides, you're a Congressman's daughter—not that that ought to matter, but it does. And—" he hesitated, wondered if she would think him 'fresh', decided to take his chance on it, and continued, "You're the kind of a woman those men would be likely to listen to. Not only sincere and intelligent, but awfully feminine and sweet and attractive."

"Mr. Weld!"

"Well, I'm game to do anything can to help, anyway."

Harry Weld was not the only man who saw how sweet she was. She blossomed before Joe Symmes' eyes like one of those pale roses which does not reveal how much color there is on its petals until it begins to unfold. Her step-mother, meeting her on the street, could hardly conceal her surprise.

"When you get rid of your lam duck, my dear, I hope you'll let us see more of you," she said, taking in Myrtle's improved appearance with practised eye, "we're having a dinner for the Secretary of State on the sixteenth—will you come? Harry Weld will be there. You certainly have



'vamped' him, you sly little thing. He was talking to your father the other night about the speech you made before the Board, and he said it was perfectly wonderful—absolutely unanswerable, you were so convincing. He seems to think there's no doubt that Mr. Symmes will get his compensation now."

"Yes, so he says. He's been in to see Mr. Symmes several times lately, to talk to him about it himself. He's really been awfully helpful."

"You don't mean to say you think he's wholly distinterested?"

Even Myrtle was not unsophisticated enough for that. But she evaded the issue.

"I'll come to the dinner gladly if my lame duck, as you call him, is gone by then. I don't want him to be lonely."

"What are the prospects that he will be gone?"

"Pretty good, I think. He's gaining every day. And I'm hopeful that within a week or so, his check will come."

It was even less than that. But when the mail-man, heralded by his cheery whistle, brought the slim, official envelope which contained at last as she knew, the precious money which should have reached Symmes months before, she stood holding it in her hand for a long time before, very slowly, she mounted the stairs and handed it to him as—promoted to an arm-chair at last—he sat by the sunny window looking down into the street.

The check was larger than he had expected. His slim fingers shook as he looked at it, and then he raised his dark eyes, and let it flutter to the ground.

"You've given me my compensation, Miss Myrtle," he whispered, never should have got it if it hadn't been for yo' efforts. I'd have been dead befo' it reached me. Now I can pay back the fellows in the ward, and go to some warm dry place for a while, like Dr. Lorimer says I ought to get entirely well, and have something left over to begin life on again afterwards—thanks to you. But I can never pay you back."

"You have," said Myrtle, "you have already. Can't you see—that you've given me my compensation too?"

"You mean that if it hadn't been for me, maybe you and Mr. Weld wouldn't have come to see so much of each other?"

"No, I didn't mean that. I like Mr. Weld very much, but—"

"You ought to like him. He's a powerful fine man, Miss Myrtle. And he'd put you right where—you'd give him the chance—all the folks who haven't appreciated you would see right soon they'd made a great mistake, and come crowding round—"

"I've thought of that," said Myrtle honestly, "any woman would, if she was human. It would be, of course, a kind of compensation. But I've decided it isn't the kind I care the most about. And it isn't the kind I mean when I said you'd brought mine to me."

The dark eyes traveled toward hers, and rested there, testing her sincerity. At last the man spoke.

"You're a lady," he said, "pretty and sweet and good. A real lady, yes ma'am, I've never seen one so real, not even in So'th Carolina. And I'm nothing but a common soldier."

po' white trash they'd call me where I came from, if I went back there. They'd call me that even if I'd never done anything to be ashamed of—and I have. Lots of things. I'm not saying I'll do them any mo' ”.

“You won't,” said Myrtle.

“But I've done them. Things I wouldn't soil yo' mind telling you about. I've had a good education. But I haven't used it to any account. And the war didn't make a hero of me. It just broke me.”

“You're mended now.”

The man struggled to his feet, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

“Would you give me a year?” he asked, “a year to see what I can make of myself with the compensation you've given me? And write to me while I'm gone? And at the end of it let me come back—and tell you what I've done? That I'm fitter to stay, maybe than I am now? That

I've earned—a little bit—what you've done for me?”

“Would you be happier,” she asked faintly—“to go and come back—than not to go at all?”

Symmes hesitated. Then he bent his head and laid it against hers.

“You're powerful sweet, honey,” he whispered, “I'll miss you a lot. I love you a heap more than you guess, a heap mo' than I'm going to tell you—fo' the present. I want to stay—the way you're giving me a chance to stay—mo'n a woman like you can guess. But I've got to get well, so that I wouldn't harm you that way if—And I've got to prove to myself, even if you don't ask me to prove it to you, that I'm fit to be with you—other ways than on account of this old lung. Its rights I should go for a while—if after that we're going to be together for always. Some day you'll see it that way, too.”

“I see it now,” said Myrtle.

---

## I Wonder

BY HILDA MABIE

Where has he fled—  
 This man, who once  
 Was all the world to me?  
 I do not miss mere flesh and blood,  
 Mere face—a classic face,  
 Mere hands—so beautiful in shape.  
 —I miss his ways,  
 His smile, his thoughtfulness;  
 The wit, as keen as blade of steel,  
 The sympathy, as tender as a  
     mother's understanding heart.  
 His very gait I find I look for  
 In the way men walk,

—And there I search in vain—  
His striding gait, that Jerry tried to keep,  
Jerry, the bulldog—heeling close  
    behind his master's feet,  
With patient push,  
As out upon the moors they roamed together,  
Or climbed a hillside,  
Where, upon the upper pastures, green,  
He flung himself to rest,  
Or count the stars—or dream of  
    deeds to do.

Wherever did he go  
When all was quiet  
Within the figure grim,  
As in the coffin there he lay;  
—The figure once so quick,  
So strong with life and action?  
He has left everything behind him  
In my memory;—  
Everything that counts except—himself.  
Alive in recollections fair  
And sweet and hallowed,  
He sits beside me  
At the sunset hour.  
Reality is mine.

But all the same  
I wonder where  
His presence finds itself,  
When I forget  
Among the busy throng of deeds to do  
To call him to my side.  
Where is the Home  
He goes to,  
While silently  
He waits  
To know I call  
Him back—  
Back to my aching heart?





# The Memory of John Boynton

TIN PEDDLER AND COLLEGE FOUNDER

BY JASON ALMUS RUSSELL

## FOREWORD

The unveiling of the boulder, dedicated to John Boynton, a native of Mason, founder of Worcester Polytechnic Institute and the Educational Funds, took place in Mason, New Hampshire, June 17, 1927. About thirty members of the Class of 1922 with their wives and friends, met in town for their first reunion since graduation and to present the boulder to the town. Visits were made to the grave of the founder in the old cemetery, to the house where he was born, near Pratt's Station, and to the cellar-hole on which his home was located originally. Dinner was served to the class, members of the faculty, and guests, by the townspeople.

At two o'clock exercises were held on the village green, where among the young maple trees planted by Thomas Rhodes a few years ago, and which have helped to beautify the town, the boulder had been set previously. Prayer was offered by Rev. James T. Berry, after which John A. Herr, president of the gift committee of the Class of 1922, following the custom of leaving some memorial to the college, presented the boulder, bearing a suitable inscription on a neat bronze tablet. It was received by Professor Charles J. Adams in an able address, in behalf of the Institute. He, in turn, presented it to the town of Mason, as a lasting memorial

to the founder of the college. The gift was received for the town by Almus Russell, a member of one of the old families of Mason. Clashes of songs and cheers completed the program.

Among those present were Way E. Keith, president of the class, Professors Adams, Fairfield, and Smith of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Mr. Hall of Dunstable, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hall and Miss Anna J. Hall of Leominster, relatives of John Boynton, were also guests.

## The Memory of John Boynton

"With frontier strength ye stand yon  
ground,

With grand content ye circle round,  
Tumultuous silence for all sound,  
Ye distant nursery of rills,  
Monadnock and the Peterboro hills;—  
Firm argument that never stirs,  
Outcircling the philosophers,

So bold a line as ne'er was writ  
On any page by human wit."

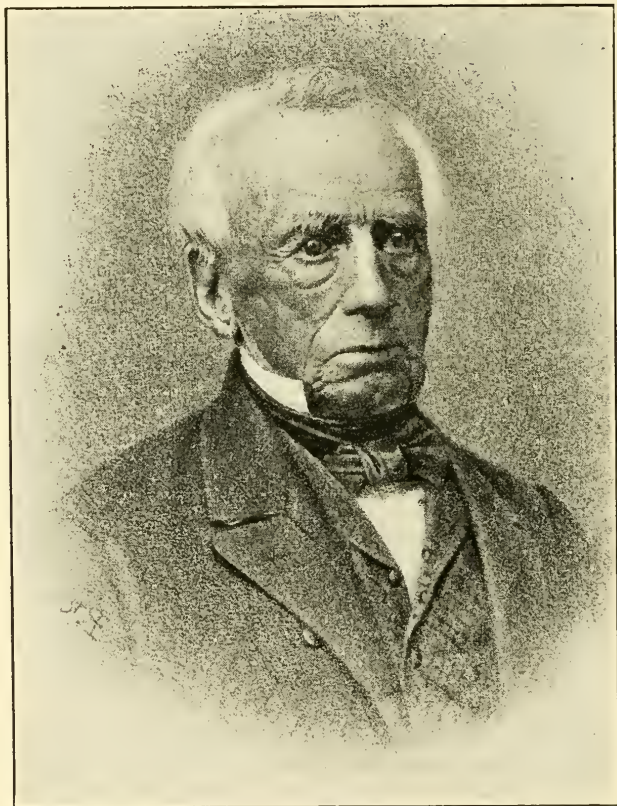
In these lines, from *The District Hills*, Thoreau described the mountains which loom up on the northern horizon of his native Concord, little realizing the fame which posterity was to bestow upon his works; and knowing not at all that about a generation before this, on May 31, 1797, John Boynton, another obscure youth, had been born in an humble cottage home in Mason, New Hampshire, within sight of the same Peterboro range, to whom these hills were to be an inspiration and a "fi-

argument" for a successful career.

Of his early life no record has been preserved except that he attended a district school a stone's throw from his humble home, and that his youth was typical of that of the New Hampshire farmer's son in the early years of the nineteenth century. It is pleasant to believe that the bold line of the northern hills beckoned

quality, the business grew, and his picturesque figure, seated in a high-wheeled cart, was a familiar sight to the people of the countryside, as he peddled goods from door to door.

In 1825 he moved to Templeton, Mass., and became sales manager of a group of red carts that jangled through the countryside, trading pots and pans and kettles for paper



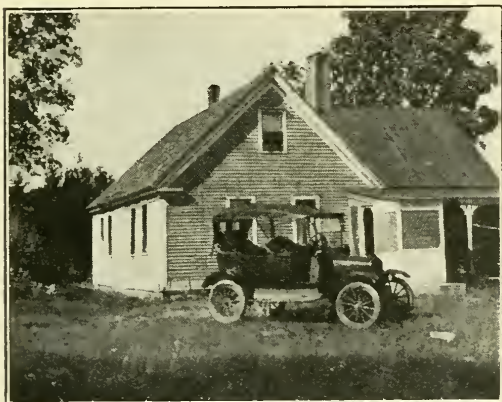
JOHN BOYNTON

him on and stirred the ambition latent within him; for, when he was about thirty years old he forsook the lonely farm and the plough,—removing to the neighboring town of New Ipswich, where he began the manufacture and sale of japanned tinware. His products were of the highest

stock and whatever else of value the housewife would give in exchange. In 1846 he retired from active business with an ample fortune, acquired by industry, economy, and a successful management of his affairs. He was sent as the representative of the town of Templeton to the State Leg-

islature, but refused other public offices. After he disposed of his business in Templeton he resided for a time in Athol, where he was elected the first president of The Miller's River National Bank.

Until the year 1856 he seems to have been a prophet without honor in his native town of Mason; but shortly before that year he came to his friend Jonathan Russell and made known to him his desire to donate a sum of money to School District No.



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BOYNTON,  
MASON, N. H.

2, wherein he was educated. Mr. Russell persuaded him to extend the provisions of his gift to include the whole of the town which then comprised what is now the adjoining village of Greenville.

Therefore, in 1856, he decided to remember the town of his birth, nor did he leave it for the hand of an executor to carry into effect his generous design; but, while in full health and vigor of mind, did himself see to the execution of his purpose, and to the securing, in a proper form, the efficiency and permanency of the aid thereby given to the great cause of

the education, for all coming time, of the children of this, his birthplace. He desired, moreover, to present the donation in such a way that its benefits should go toward the education of every child in town, and that the fund should be placed under such provisions and safeguards that it should never become the source of contention or party strife. On September 15, 1856, a town meeting was called, it was voted to receive the money, and on June 26, 1857, the New Hampshire Legislature passed "An Act Authorizing the Town of Mason to Elect Trustees of the Boynton Common School Fund."

This is a copy of the Statement of the Committee, transcribed by the author from the original manuscript document:

"Whereas the town of Mason in the County of Hillsborough and State of New Hampshire have received of John Boynton of Templeton, in the County of Worcester and the State of Massachusetts, the sum of ten thousand dollars upon the following conditions, namely: that the same shall forever be kept upon interest, and shall forever be known by the name of the Boynton Common School Fund, and that the interest thereof shall annually forever be applied by the said town of Mason to the support of the district or public schools in said town and to be divided annually between the several district or public schools in said town in proportion to the number of scholars in said districts or schools between the ages of five and fifteen years. "And whenever the said town shall fail to apply the interest or income of said money annually in addition to the sum that shall be required by law to be raised for the purpose of district or public schools the said town shall repay the same sum of ten thousand dollars to the said John Boynton, his executors, administrators



tors, or assigns; now, therefore, the said town of Mason hereby covenants, promises, and agrees to repay the said sum of ten thousand dollars to said John Boynton, his executors, administrators, or assigns, whenever the said town shall fail to apply the interest or income thereof according to the conditions upon which said sum has been received by said town.

"The Town of Mason by its Committee

Jonathan Russell, 2nd.

Tho. H. Marshall

Charles Scripture.

Committee

Mason, November 8, 1856."

It is impossible to convey to the present generation the spirited enthusiasm with which this gift was received at a period when such a sum had the purchasing power of twice or thrice what it has today. It is difficult to describe the intense rivalry of the various school-districts to gather in as many children as possible in order that each might receive as large a portion of the fund as possible; nor is it possible to tell of the respect which manual labor acquired,—now that one of Mason's former citizens had accumulated a fortune of over a million dollars.

1. History of Worcester County, 1889. p. 154.

It is impossible to measure the added educational advantages which came to Mason through his generosity, but the gift doubtless inspired the Stearns School Bequest in 1887 for ten thousand dollars.

John Boynton was a small man with a deeply wrinkled face and large puffs of skin under his eyes. In his days of retirement he usually wore a white boiled shirt, a waistcoat similar to dress vests of today, and a blue cutaway coat adorned with

shining buttons: some say that these were of brass; others maintain that they were of solid gold; but if it is taken for granted that this gentleman made charitable gifts of a full million dollars the ornaments were very possibly of the more precious metal.

The philanthropist was twice married, twice a widower, and died childless. No record of his first wife is extant; of his second the words of Dr. Cadman are applicable:

"I have known second marriage which resembled a snug harbor after a tempestuous voyage, while other reminded me of a sad autumn and severe winter following on a golden summer." His second union was of the latter sort.

In later life he lived with his wife's niece, Mrs. Merriam, whose husband regularly used to shave the wealthy uncle. As a reward for faithful and dutiful service with the razor he gave him his gold watch, which may be seen today in the Templeton Historical Collection.

On one occasion he showed his generosity to his relatives by purchasing a bolt of black silk and presenting all his nieces and all his nephews' wives with sufficient material for one dress each—in his day a matter of ten or twelve yards for each gown.

He erected a home in Templeton facing the common and now used for the Congregational Parsonage,—building at the head of the front stairs a door with the intention of adding a second story piazza. This door was always left unlocked, in spite of his wife's protests, and more than one curious guest has opened it and all but fallen to the ground be-

low. But Mr. Boynton, with characteristic obstinacy, refused to fasten the door.

Previous to his death he placed certain funds in the hands of his partner, David Whitcomb of Worcester, to be kept "until called for." He died without asking for the money. In 1868, Mr. Whitcomb gave to the town of Templeton, in the name of John Boynton, the sum of four thousand dollars to establish and maintain a Free Public Library to be known as

endow with a few thousand dollars. "Knowing him to be a man of rather an economical turn of mind," wrote the friend whom he consulted, "I had very little expectation that he would ever part with any of his money for literary or scientific purposes during his life." But in the month of January, 1865, Mr. Boynton made known anonymously his desire to appropriate the sum of one hundred thousand dollars—a sum which he afterwards increased to one hundred and



CLASS OF 1922, WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

and called The Boynton Library; in 1885 Mr. Whitcomb gave an additional four thousand dollars for the same purpose. In the case of both sums one-half of the annual income was to be applied to increase the principal until each sum should have amounted to five thousand dollars.

In his last years he took counsel with his friends as to where he could find an institution which he might

twenty-four thousand dollars—to the establishment of an institution for assisting young persons preparing for an active life to obtain advantages and privileges of which he had been deprived.

"Acting on his request, and after conference with distinguished educators, these gentlemen drew up a plan for an institution, substantially as it was afterwards incorporated," says

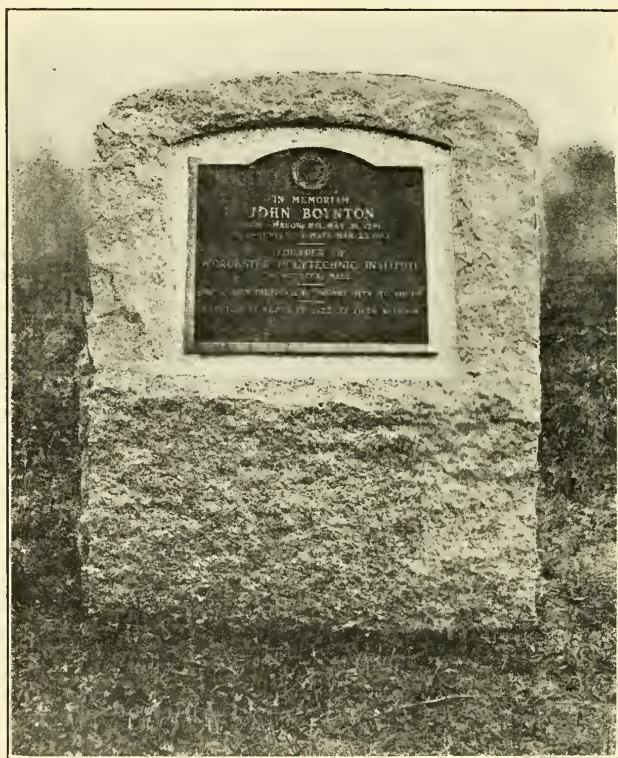


an authority on the history. "This plan proving acceptable to Mr. Boynton and other men of means who had become associated with him in the project, a site having been provided, and funds for the erection of the first buildings, the college soon began to take visible shape."

But before the "Worcester Polytechnical Institute" was completed the founder died: March 25, 1867.

such as he proposed to found, must have its seat in a community where there is varied and extensive manufacturing. And so, although reluctantly, he turned to Worcester, the largest manufacturing city in the county of the same name, where the major portion of his business had been spent.

Mr. Boynton made three experiments in the field of education.



JOHN BOYNTON MEMORIAL

It is not generally known that Mr. Boynton's affection for the town where he was born and spent his early youth inclined him to place the college in Mason. He was dissuaded only by the powerful consideration that, to secure the maximum advantage to its students, an institution of technical and scientific character

his gift of the Boynton Comm School Fund he furthered the cause of secondary school education, inspired others to follow his example and perpetuated his memory for time in the hearts of his fellow townsmen; in his generous gift Templeton he was the forerunner of great philanthropists, such as A



drew Carnegie, who have established free public libraries in the United States and Canada; but his genuine greatness is seen no more conspicuously than in the wisdom with which he chose his advisors and assistants. and in the greatness of the trust which he reposed in them. To David Whitcomb, his former partner and business associate, he made over not only the eight thousand dollars which he intended to give for the Templeton Library, but the entire sum that he desired to bestow on Worcester Polytechnic Institute, without requiring receipts or security of any kind. It was, said Mr. Whitcomb, the highest honor ever paid him in his long business career.

In the same spirit of utter confidence he accepted, practically without suggestion or amendment, the plans for the college drawn by the men selected for that purpose. Nor does it detract from the honor due his name that, as seems probable, no single line of his letter of gift and instructions was penned by anyone other than himself. He made it his in every word and syllable, by affixing his signature, and by supplying the means for carrying its provisions into effect.

As a father of American colleges John Boynton, the tin-peddler, is unique:—Eleazar Wheelock, a minister and “a very pious man,” founded Dartmouth College in the then northern wilderness to educate the Indian; Ezra Cornell left his fortune

to establish the great university which bears his name, saying in his will, “I would found a university where any person can find instruction in any subject”, but Boynton, the self-made man, the educator with a practical vision who made his fortune from selling better tin-ware than his competitors in the surrounding rural towns, surpasses all other founders in the uniqueness of his profession and in the high-minded purpose of his life,—that of establishing an institution to assist young persons preparing for an active life to obtain the advantages and privileges of which he had been deprived. His will was that such a college should send forth not only “useful citizens, well-versed in the sciences and the arts, but also persons of good morals, who will lead upright and honest lives in the sight of God and man.”

No more suitable epitaph could be written than the inscription placed on the granite monument on the Mason green:

#### In Memoriam

JOHN BOYNTON

Born—Mason, N. H., May 31, 1791.

Died—Templeton, Mass., March 25, 1867.

Founder of

Worcester Polytechnic Institute  
Worcester, Mass.

HE OPENED THE DOOR OF  
OPPORTUNITY TO YOUTH  
Erected by the Class of 1922  
at fifth reunion.

# Birth of the American Navy

---

As the first aggressive act in the American Revolution the assault upon and capture of Fort William and Mary at Newcastle, then known as "Great Island", near Portsmouth, was performed on New Hampshire soil by a party of patriots, led by John Sullivan and John Langdon, so, it may truthfully be said, the American Navy had its birth in the same region, when, on the 10th day of May, 1777, the sloop of war "Ranger," built by the same John Langdon, at Langdon's, now Badger's Island, in the Piscataqua River, opposite Portsmouth, was formally launched.

As an important link in the chain of Revolutionary events the 150th anniversaries of which are being duly celebrated throughout the country, at the instigation of the National Society Sons of the American Revolution, it was proposed to celebrate this notable occurrence upon its exact anniversary, May 10, but for good and sufficient reasons it was deemed expedient to postpone the celebration to a later date.

In the Portsmouth Herald of that date, May 10, 1927, appeared the following communication, signed by Rear Admiral Joseph Foster, U. S. N. (Retired), a member of the Paul Jones Club, Sons of the American Revolution, of Portsmouth:

The Continental ship Ranger was launched May 10, 1777—150 years ago today, May 10, 1927—from Langdon's now Badger's Island, in the Piscataqua river, opposite Ports-

mouth, where a bronze tablet bears the following inscription:

In Memory of  
The Continental sloop of war  
RANGER,  
Launched from this island  
May 10, 1777.  
Sailed for France, November 1, 1777.  
John Paul Jones, captain,  
With dispatches of  
Burgoyne's surrender.  
Received February 14, 1778  
The first salute  
To the Stars and Stripes  
From the French fleet.  
Captured the  
British sloop of war Drake  
April 24, 1778.  
Erected by the Paul Jones Club  
of Portsmouth,  
Sons of the American Revolution  
1905

The Ranger was taken by the British at the surrender of Charleston, S. C., May 12, 1780, just three years and two days after her launch. She was added to the British Navy and renamed the Halifax, but was sold at Plymouth, England, October 13, 1783, for use in the merchant service.

Her future fate is now being sought by Captain W. C. Watts, U. S. Navy, Naval Attache, American Embassy, London, England, as shown by recent letters, and the following cable from England to the New York Times.

"Liverpool, April 25 (A. P.)—British shipping authorities are helping to trace a wooden sailing vessel last heard of 146 years ago and once commanded by Captain John Paul Jones."

"Launched 150 years ago at Portsmouth, N. H., the ship was captured by the British in the course of the American War of Independence and became H. M. S. Halifax. She was later sold into the merchant service."

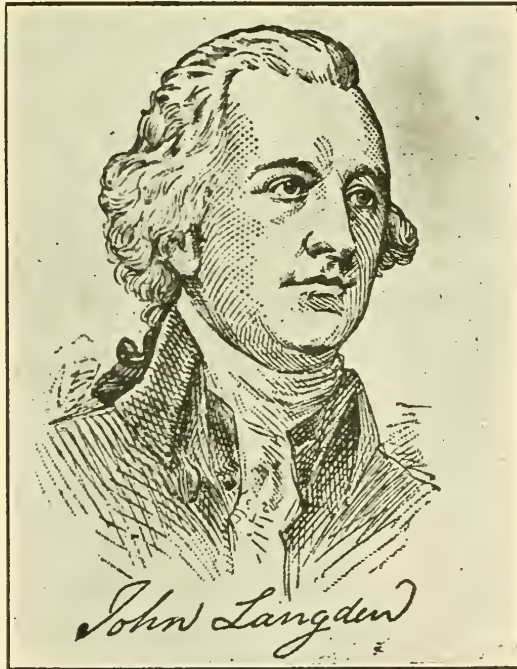
and nothing is known of her since. It is believed the vessel was sold to William Scott, Lord Stowell, who at the time was carrying on business at Newcastle-on Tyne."

It was hoped to celebrate today, May 10, 1927, the launching of the Ranger, just 150 years ago, but a few days ago it was announced from the Chamber of Commerce office, Portsmouth, that it has been found expedient to defer the formal celebration to a date in the summer.

The reason for this postponement

Meanwhile, in the Herald of July 12, 1927, which was the anniversary of the day upon which Capt. John Paul Jones arrived in Portsmouth to take command of the "Ranger", the same Admiral Foster, himself one of the large group of eminent officers that New Hampshire has contributed to the naval service of the nation had another communication, a portion of which is as follows:

On June 14, 1777, the Continental



Builder of the Ranger

is because it was felt that the type of celebration necessary would make its appeal to the summer visitors; and then the committee in charge has been informed that the Navy department itself will be in a position to cooperate to a much greater extent during the summer, than it is able to do at this time. Plans are now being considered for a much larger and more important celebration to be had later.

Congress established the Stars and Stripes as the American flag; and the same day appointed Capt. John Paul Jones to command the sloop of war the Ranger, built at Portsmouth by Col. John Langdon, Continental agent, and launched May 10, 1777.

"Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789." Vol. VIII, 1777 May 22-Oct. 2, Washington, Govern-



ment Printing office, 1907, pages 464-465."

On July 12, 1777, Capt. John Paul Jones first came to Portsmouth on this duty, as shown by his own letter of that date to his predecessor in command Capt John Roach, here printed.

### Letter of Paul Jones, 1777

Portsmouth, July 12, 1777.

Sir,

I am come here on a disagreeable errand—to supersede you,—against whom I can have no cause of complaint.

Delicacy would not permit any more early appearance. I wished to give you time to consider seriously whether your suspension can be in any respect owing to me? You must be convinced that it was not when you recollect that I was appointed to command a far better ship than the *Ranger*;—besides I believe you think me incapable of baseness.

You will have an opportunity of disproving whatever may have been said to your disadvantage, and the charges against you, whatever they are, must be supported by incontestable facts, otherwise they will gain no credit with men of candor and ingenuity—your present calamity may yet terminate in your future happiness. When it appears you have been wrongfully charged you will be entitled to a greater share of public good will and approbation than you could otherwise have claimed. I wish you well, and am

Sir,

Your most obedient  
very humble servant.

John P. Jones

(John Roach, Esquire)"

(New England Historical Genealogical Register, volume 48, page 461).

A letter from Lieut. Comdr. Richard Wainwright, Jr., U. S. N. (ret.) superintendent, office of Naval Records and Library, Washington, D. C.,

dated July 1, 1927, gives the following information:

"The accompanying extracts from Our Letters of the Continental Marine Committee and Board of Admiralty will show you that Captain Roach was a merchant captain who assisted Colonel Langdon in the construction of the *Ranger*; and that the Continental Congress displayed ignorance in suspending Captain Roach from a command to which he had not been appointed. It is also evident that the board ordered to investigate the charges against Captain Roach made a satisfactory report concerning him. He was then offered a lieutenancy in the Continental Navy, which he did not accept. John Paul Jones was therefore the first person appointed to command the *Ranger*. A copy of Jones' letter to Roach is given in 'John Paul Jones,' by Mrs. Reginald DeKoven, vol. 1, page 209."

"In the Bibliography of 'Naval Records of the American Revolution' in the Library of Congress are three entries under the name of Capt. John Roach. The first two cover the subject of his suspension, and the third states that he was mate of a Maryland sloop called *Little Sam*. This is dated Feb. 4, 1779, and was a year after he had been offered a lieutenancy in the Navy."

### THE CELEBRATION

The postponed celebration of this notable anniversary in question, occurred, under favorable conditions on Tuesday, July 26, when the city of Portsmouth, the village of Kittery Me., and the historic island at which the launching occurred were gaily decorated with the national colors and throngs of people filled the streets and squares.

The program opened at 12.15 with a luncheon at the Hotel Rockingham in honor of Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur, who was a special

guest. Previous to the luncheon the guests inspected the John Paul Jones House adjoining the hotel, now the property of the Portsmouth Historical Society, where Capt. Jones boarded while waiting for the Ranger to be ready for sea.

At the banquet Dr. John H. Neal, president of the Chamber of Commerce as toastmaster, after invocation by Rev. William Safford Jones, introduced Mayor Charles M. Dale, who welcomed the guests to Portsmouth, the oldest city in New Hampshire. These included United States Senator George H. Moses, Assistant Postmaster Gen. John H. Bartlett, Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur and Ex-Mayor F. W. Hartford, who presented Secretary Wilbur with a copy of Brewster's Rambles About Portsmouth."

Secretary Wilbur, in his remarks compared the "Ranger" with the Submarines V4 and V5, now building at the Portsmouth yard, and briefly discussed the problem of national defense.

Following the luncheon a parade was formed headed by the Navy Band and a detachment of sailors and Marines from the U. S. S. Raleigh which was sent here by the Navy Department for the occasion. The line of march was along State, Middle Congress, Pleasant and State Sts. across the Memorial Bridge to Badger's Island, where exercises took place near the site where the Ranger slid into the waters of the Piscataqua River, May 10, 1777. Senator Moses presided at these exercises at which addresses were made by Read Admiral MacDougal, Commandant of the Navy Yard, and Secretary Wilbur, while the Memorial Address was given by Hon. W. Tudor Gardner of Augusta, Me., after which Ex Mayor F. W. Hartford was also heard.

Naval airplanes from the base at Squantum, Mass., in command of Lieut- Commander Reginald Thomas participated in the program by circling the island above the spectators and dropping flowers into the water in memory of the crew of the Ranger.

---

## My Mountains

BY VELMA GRAY GREGORY

When evening shadows softly fall  
I love my mountains best of all.  
For like a veil of tender love,  
The mists come down from heights above  
And gently soothe my tired heart  
And bid the cares of day depart.

And when the night is dark and drear,  
The outline of my hills appear  
Against the sky, a darker hue,  
And there they stand in vigil true,  
Example of the changeless love

Of Him, who guards us from above.

The morning breaks in golden glee  
And all the fearsome shadows flee;  
And then the leaves on all the trees  
Whisper and rustle in the breeze,  
And tiny brooks wake from their sleep  
And rush away, to waters deep.  
And murmur, 'mid the oceans roar,  
Of peaceful mountains known before.

We travel far grand scenes to view,  
A changing landscape ever new,  
Vast plains, high cliffs, blue lakes we see,  
A mossy dell a smiling lea.  
My mountains tower, a glorious sight,  
By brightest day or darkest night;  
But still when evening shadows fall  
I love my mountains best of all.

53 Josephine Avenue,  
West Somerville, Mass.

---

## Night

BY ANNA E. RUNYAN

O Night, thou starry crown of Day;  
In hours, last of twenty-four,  
When we may put our cares away  
Till the new day dawns once more.

The glowing sunshine disappears,  
And the twilight shadows creep;  
Nature's balm is hovering near,  
Soothing us to welcome sleep.

And Nature's voices of the night  
Chant their evening lullaby,  
Beneath the mellow moonbeams bright—  
There Earth's sleeping waters lie.

O precious Night of rest and dreams!  
O thou starry crown of day!  
When our burdens fade away!  
What a glimpse of Heaven it seems!

Vernon, N. Y.



# The Dean of the N. H. Bar

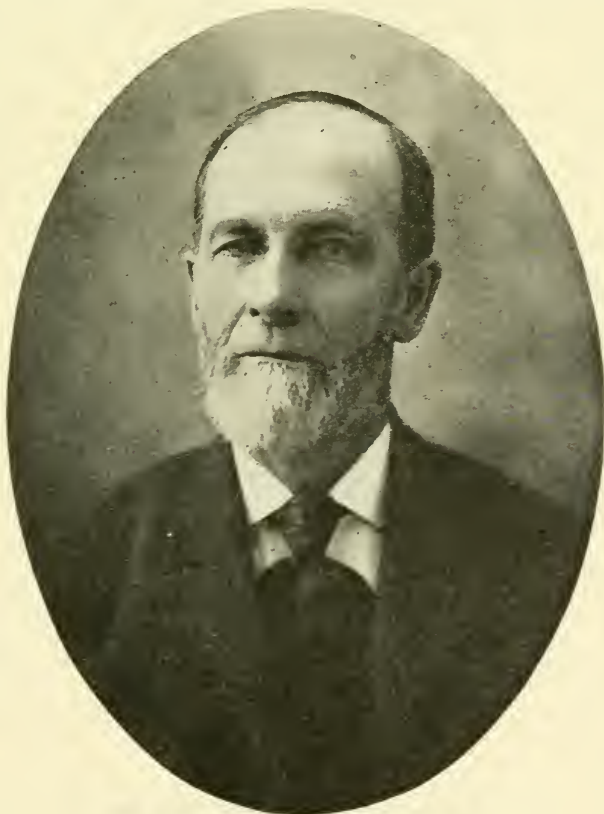
Hon Ezra M. Smith, Born January 25, 1838; Died July 25, 1927.

---

On the twenty-fifth day of last month, at his home in the town of Peterboro, of which he had been a prominent and honored citizen for more than half a century, Ezra M. Smith, a lawyer of note, the oldest member of the New Hampshire Bar, and a public servant of wide experi-

try life he acquired the habits of industry and frugality incident thereto, which characterized him through life, as well as the strict sense of duty and moral obligation, otherwise known as the "New England conscience." He attended the brief terms of the district school in his boyhood

---



HON. EZRA M. SMITH

---

ence and rare ability, departed this life at the age of eighty-nine years and six months.

Mr. Smith was born in the town of Langdon, the son of Orrin and Marinda (Partridge) Smith. Reared to the daily toil of New England coun-

days, and, aspiring to a life of professional activity, managed to secure instruction for several terms at Cold River Union Academy in the neighboring town of Alstead, and, later at Tubbs Academy in Washington.

Choosing the law as his profession

he entered upon the study of the same in the office of that eminent practitioner, Hon. Edmund L. Cushing of Charlestown, subsequently Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and continued, later, with Dearborn and Scott of Peterboro, meanwhile pursuing a course in the University of Albany Law School, from which he graduated L. L. B., in 1846. While pursuing his preparatory and professional studies, he taught school for a number of terms in the winter season and acquired much reputation as an able and popular teacher.

Admitted to the New Hampshire Bar, soon after his graduation at Albany, he opened an office and commenced practice in Peterboro, in 1865, continuing in active practice up to the time of his last illness a few weeks before his decease. He was in good health up to the time of his 89th birthday anniversary in January last, which he quietly observed at his home, receiving calls and congratulations from hosts of friends.

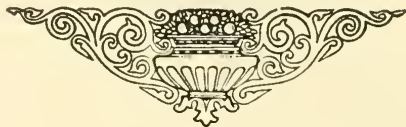
Aside from his continuous and successful practice of the law, Mr. Smith had an unusual record of service in public office for his town and state. He served as town treasurer, was a member of the Peterboro School Board for nine years, and served on the board of selectmen for 25 years, a longer period than any other citizen—many years as chairman of the board.

He was chosen to the House of Representatives at the annual elec-

tion in 1872 and again in 1873, and was subsequently chosen to service in the same body for the biennial sessions of 1901-2, 1902-4, 1911-1913-14, and 1923-4. He also represented his district in the State Senate in 1915-16, and was a delegate in the Constitutional Conventions of 1880 and 1912. In all these bodies he was an active and interested member, studying all important questions with care, and taking position thereon in accordance with his ideas of the right and due regard for the welfare of the state. He never spoke merely for the sake of being heard, but never hesitated to express himself in debate whenever he thought the occasion required. Whenever he spoke it was with a clearness and conciseness of statement, and a force of arguments as logical and convincing as ever characterized the utterances of any man in similar service.

Mr. Smith was an Odd Fellow, having been a member of Peterborough Lodge, No. 15, since 1869, and Union Encampment, No. 6, since 1873, and having passed the chairs in both branches of the orders. He was also a member and Past Master of Peterborough Grange, and a member of the Union Congregational Church.

On October 4, 1886, Mr. Smith was united in marriage with Miss Mary S. Fairbanks, who died November 2, 1923. They had three children, Ethel M., in charge of the home since her mother's death; Harlan B., who died Nov. 21, 1892. and Orrin F., also at home.



# New Hampshire Necrology

---

GEORGE H. WADLEIGH, U. S. N.

Born in Dover, September 28, 1842; died in Lexington, Mass., July 11, 1927.

Rear Admiral Wadleigh was the son of George H. and Sarah (Gilman) Wadleigh, his father being the editor and publisher of the old Dover Enquirer for many years. When 18 years of age he received an appointment to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, from which he graduated in 1865. From graduation till the close of the Civil war, he served as an ensign on the U. S. S. Lackawanna, and was in the attack on Ft. Powell, the battle of Mobile Bay and the reduction of Ft. Morgan. Subsequently he served on the Richmond, and later on the Ticonderoga, at European stations. Afterwards he held various short assignments, including one at the Portsmouth Navy Yard from 1878 to 1881. In 1881-2 he commanded the Alliance on the special cruise in the Arctic in search for the ill-fated Jeannette.

He was promoted Master in 1865; Lieutenant Commander, 1868; Commander, 1880; Captain, 1894; Rear Admiral, 1902. He was at the Boston Navy Yard on four separate assignments between 1887 and 1898, and after he was elevated to the rank of rear admiral, Feb. 9, 1902, he was commandant at the Leagus Island Navy Yard until his retirement June 7, following.

He married, Oct. 12, 1869, Clara Robinson of San Francisco, who died in 1921. He is survived by a son, George R. Wadleigh of Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.; two daughters, Mrs. Severance Burrage of Denver, Colo., and Miss Clara F. Wadleigh of Lexington, and a sister, Mrs. George H. Williams of Dover. He had another son, Col. John W. Wedleigh of the United States Marine Corps, who died in 1923.

Interment was in the family lot in Pine Hill cemetery, Dover, a detail from the Portsmouth Navy Yard being in attendance.

WILLIAM BROOKS

Born in Canaan, N. H., October 4, 1840; died in Holyoke, Mass., June 16, 1927.

He was the son of the late Chapin K. Brooks, with whom he removed in youth to Acworth, where the father became prominent in the business and public life of the town, and in whose footsteps he soon followed. He managed the general store at Acworth Center; and served as Postmaster, Town Clerk and Representative in the Legislature.

In 1885, he removed to Holyoke, Mass., where he became a member of the firm of Prentiss, Brooks & Co., wholesale grain dealers, doing an extensive business. All the members of this firm, including Mr. Brooks, R. T. Prentiss, James F. Dickey and Lloyd Woodbury who later joined the firm, were Acworth men. It was largely through the energy and executive ability of Mr. Brooks that the firm won the prosperity and high standing that it enjoyed; and although he never sought public office he held high position in the confidence and esteem of the community, and his kindness and unostentatious generosity were unfailing characteristics. He had been ill for a long time before his death; but his interest in life, and especially in the welfare of his old home town of Acworth, was unfailing, and for many years he sent a generous contribution to provide music for Old Home Day exercises there. He was a Mason and a member of the Congregational church.

He married Miss Nettie Keyes of Acworth, who died many years ago but is survived by a sister, Mrs.



Anna Haywood of Holyoke, and a brother, the noted sociologist, John Graham Brooks, former Harvard Professor, of Cambridge, Mass.

### MRS. S. FRANCES ODLIN

Born in Hooksett, February 29, 1848; died in Worcester, Mass., July 17, 1927.

She was the daughter of Joseph and Lydia (Stearns) Goss, and was educated in the schools of Hooksett and at Pembroke academy and afterward took musical courses in Boston and New York. She became a church organist in Concord at the age of 13

and before she ended her active professional career in 1925 had gained national fame as a church and concert organist. Her last public appearance was on Memorial Day, two years ago, in Elizabeth, N. J., where for about 30 years she made her home. She was a noted composer of religious music.

She married, in 1872, John W. Odlin of Concord, who died in 1889, and who was also a prominent musician. She is survived by three sons: John with whom she lately had made her home in Worcester; Joseph Odlin, Andover and William S. Odlin, Washington, D. C.

## Sunsets

BY CONSTANCE H. PIKE

Sunsets! What a beautiful and ever-changing subject! What a subject, into which you may put all the power of explanation, all the words of grandeur and beauty we mortals know, and yet never achieve quite the effect, never have quite the meaning, you have strived for!

Now the sky is a heavenly blue, not too dark nor yet too light; in the west, bordering the sky and floating gently across it, are golden clouds, soft and fleecy, yet resembling pure molten gold. Slowly these turn to pink and lavender,—exquisite lavender like lovely milky amethysts,—while the dark blue distant hills are crowned with a thin band of redish gold. Oh, the red is just a mere suggestion, just a hint of flame, to bring out the others; it is there blended in delicately.

Suddenly the whole flames up, stays for one precious, breath-taking moment and slowly dies out in a last farewell. The clouds have floated serenely by and the sky resumes the gray of a winter twilight.

"Work till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more"—Alas! no more! But there will be many other beams, fully as lovely.

There are never two sunsets just alike but they are all equally lovely. In fact there is hardly anything in all of Nature's charms and wonders that can equal the beauty of a sunset.

Pike, N. H.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

SEPTEMBER 1927

NO. 9.

## In Memory of Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., LLD.

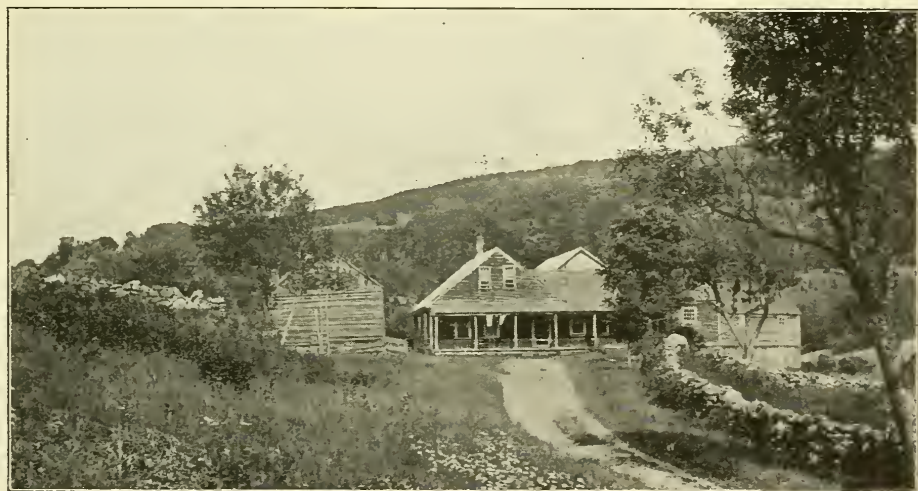
---

At the little Universalist Church in East Lempster, N. H., on Sunday, August 21, a service was held in memory of one of Lempster's distinguished sons and an eminent clergyman of the Universalist denomination—the Rev. Alonzo Ames Miner, D. D., L. L. D., and a tablet was dedicated in his honor.

Dr. Miner was born in Lempster,

ter the war. His father, who was familiarly known as "Uncle Ames" was a man of strong physical and mental powers, which qualities the son inherited in large degree. Both were men of commanding presence noticeable in any company or crowd.

The young man, of ambitious nature and studious habits, availed himself of such educational advan



BIRTHPLACE OF ALONZO A. MINER

August 17, 1814, the only son of Benajah Ames and Amanda (Carey) Miner. He was a descendant of Thomas Miner, who came to Boston from England, with Governor Winthrop in 1630, and a grandson of Charles Miner, a Revolutionary soldier, who settled in Lempster soon af-

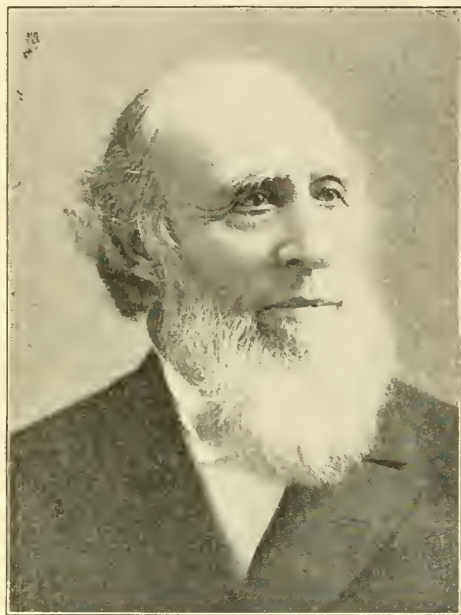
tages as were within his reach, in the public schools and nearby academies, at Lempster, Unity and Hopkinton, N. H., and Cavendish, Vt. and early engaged in teaching. He taught the winter term in his home district when sixteen years of age and had so well fitted himself for the

work, that at the age of 21 he became principal of a Scientific and Military Academy in Unity, where he continued four years, meanwhile pursuing his theological studies in preparation for the ministry, and also

new church edifice on Columbus Avenue, built through his instrumentality. Here he was the minister until the time of his death in 1895.

While he was still pastor here he accepted the presidency of Tufts College, holding the same from 1862 to 1875, giving great service to the institution, and bringing in through his efforts, nearly a million dollars for its benefit and support. His own personal interest in the institution was unbounded and is evidenced by the fact that he contributed \$40,000 for the erection of Divinity Hall, for the use of the Theological School in connection with the college.

Dr. Miner's interest was by



ALONZO A. MINER, D. D.

preaching, both at Unity and Caven-  
dish, Vt., alternately, during the latter  
portion of the period.

He was ordained to the Universalist ministry in 1839, at Methuen, Mass., where he had been called to the pastorate, and where he continued for three years, going thence to Lowell in 1842, where he held a pastorate till 1848, when he succeeded the late Dr. Edwin H. Chapin as the colleague of the venerable Hosea Ballou (another eminent son of New Hampshire) pastor of the School St. Universalist Church in Boston, and himself succeeding to the pastorate upon the death of the latter, the society removing later to an elegant



MRS. ALONZO A. MINER

means confined to his church, or the college of which he was for years the honored head. The educational interests of the State, generally, and the cause of Temperance in par-

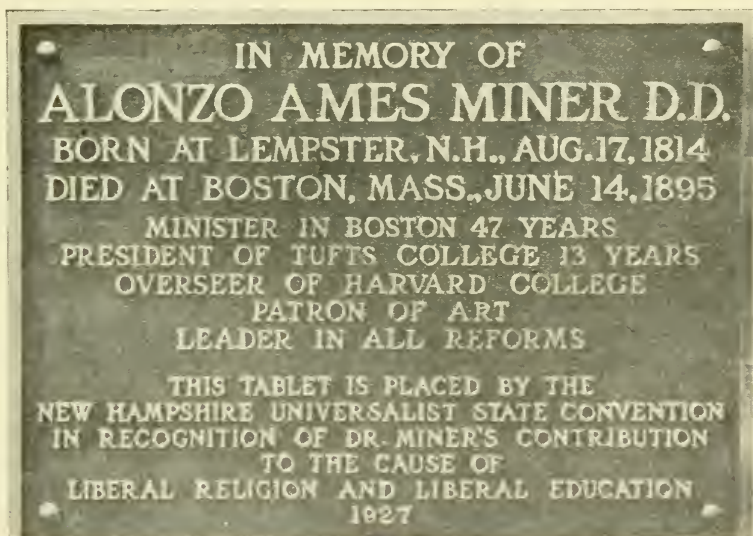


icular, commanded his attention in large measure. He served for 24 years as a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, and for 21 years as President of the Massachusetts State Temperance Alliance. He was also at one time a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College; was one of the Trustees of Dean Academy, and a member of the Board of Visitors of the State Normal Art College.

He was the candidate of the Prohibition party for Governor of Mass-

salism is shown by the fact that it was largely through his influence that the Universalist Publishing House was established.

Dr. Miner married, August 24, 1836, Maria S., daughter of Edmund and Sarah (Bailey) Perley of Lempster, one of a remarkable family of girls, three of whom became the wives of eminent clergymen, and another (wife of Gordon Way of Lempster) the mother of the late Dr. Osman B. Way and Mrs. Ira Colby of Claremont. During the latter years



achusetts for several years, and he it was who preached the last of the "Election sermons," so called, for a long time given at the opening of the Legislative sessions. His commanding ability as a preacher, and a defender of Christian doctrine was conclusively attested by his selection by the ministers of Boston to give a public address in defence of Christianity when the wave of Agnosticism, aroused by the teachings of Robert G. Ingersoll, was at its height. His devotion to the cause of Univer-

of his life he occupied a substantial and hospitable home on Columbus Avenue. He was a devoted equestrian, and for many years mounted upon his large white horse, he was a familiar figure on the streets of Boston. He lived to be nearly 81 years of age, passing away June 14, 1895.

The tablet dedicated to his memory, and placed up on the wall of the little church, where he attended in his youth, and in which he sometimes preached, is represented in the accompanying engraving.

The memorial service was conducted by Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D. Dean of the Crane Theological School, Tufts College, who, in his address, sketched three phases of the development of Universalism in this section, tracing by twenty year periods, the changing emphasis, and dwelling largely on the periods covered by Dr. Miner's ministry. From 1820 to 1840 was a time for the development of liberal schools, newspapers, books etc. Association Records show that there was a rapid increase in the number of churches and preachers. In 1845 there were in New Hampshire six Universalist Associations; two periodicals, fifteen church organizations, ninety societies, fifty meeting houses and thirty-three preachers. Vermont, at the same time, reported one hundred societies, seventy meeting houses, and forty preachers.

This was a time of great activity in the fields of religion and education, and the Universalist movement sprang up in opposition to the severe doctrines then preached by the orthodox churches, so called, and the chief emphasis was laid on education and liberal ideas in religion. The

early liberals were men and women of strong character and unusual ability. It took brave men to stand out against the doctrines of that period, and they had to be well informed in order to show the large reasons and Christianity of the new interpretations. The time when such men as Dr. Miner rose in these New England towns called for courage, and these men not only manifested courage, but a mastery of the new and liberal ideas which they advocated. The early liberals were able men who built up a large following and established many centers of activity in this state.

Dr. Miner was unquestionably the ablest preacher of this time, as well as the most distinguished son of this little town of Lempster, long noted as the birthplace of able men, including a number of preachers of his own denomination.

It is eminently proper that this tablet to his memory should be placed upon the outer wall of his little home church, facing the state highway, that whoever will, in passing, may be reminded of the worthy career of one of New Hampshire's noblest sons.



# The Wilderness Menace

SECOND PRIZE STORY

BY W. R. NELSON

---

Where the sled-road dips down from the sugar-orchard into swampy ground, fir-balsams and bunched alders grew thickly. It was there that the boys first saw the portentous tracks. Broad pads they were, noticeably larger than the tracks of the few jack-rabbits that had dug themselves out after the big storm and ventured up upon a new level of snow, now three feet above the roots and hollows of their summer feeding-grounds. It was probably the rabbits that the strange marauder was looking for, because it was trailing down their runway but apparently they were scarce and fleet and the beast, therefore, pressed by hunger, had become bold.

"Whoa, Broad! Who-o-oa!" Burt called sharply to the steers who were lolling forward, see-saw fashion down the grade. Rather to his surprise they stopped obediently. Both boys slid off the ox-sled and examined the strange track with rising excitement. It was plainly made by an animal of the cat-family, but whether the unwelcome visitor was an ordinary bob-cat, or a lynx, or would prove to be a panther, neither of the boys, keen young woodsmen though they were, dared state. It had come out from the swamp-thickets along the rabbit-run, paused at the deeply-sunken sled-tracks and then evidently had dropped into the road. The winter sun had set. Twilight was creeping into the balsam-swamp. Heavily-laden branches of

the evergreens occasionally cracked sharply as they sagged, or else on higher up in the tree would shed its load of snow with a softly-swishing sound. The steers, feeling the sharp nip of the cold, started on with their load and, as by common consent Burt and Will ran after them, climbing aboard the moving sled with great alacrity.

Will snatched his axe from the cleft sled-rave and, bracing himself on one knee against the surge of the steer's progress, glanced keenly in every direction out through the snowy aisles of the low-hanging trees, half-expecting to see the slinking form of the big cat creeping upon them. But of it there was no sign. Burt, more calm by nature, carefully swung himself over the top of the cord-wood with which the sled was loaded, and, reaching down on the other side, likewise secured his own axe. "Seems a little better to have something in your hand to throw at the thing if we should happen to see it," he commented, as though ashamed.

We had often, that long, cold winter, imagined ourselves the Wille family, whose tragic death in a snowslide at the Crawford Notch had been rehearsed to countless numbers of New Hampshire children. And once, when we boys had been perusing Fogg's Gazeteer and read there a description of the town of Dixville and that it had only six inhabitants, Mother was all for going North to



hew out a clearing for ourselves in the wilderness. In the meantime the wilderness had been drawing closer to us, for it developed that the Draper Company had quietly bought farm after farm up under the mountain, as well as most of the mountain itself, and so we awoke one day to find ourselves literally on the frontier, with only untenanted farms for miles eastwardly. However, we boys rejoiced for deer began to be seen with increasing frequency and all kinds of game multiplied. But to Mother this had a tragic aspect, because predatory animals made it impossible for her to raise turkeys as she had done so profitably in the past. The roaming, half-wild instinct of the turkeys to secrete their nests in some distant fence-corner made them an easy prey, and when Mother turned to keeping chickens and fenced them in with four-foot woven-wire, foxes would jump in and make their kill. "Those foxes are going to drive us out", she many times exclaimed in grieved vexation. What then would be the result if lynxes were to be added to their already heavy burden of discouragement, the boys wondered.

The sled lurched on across the strip of swamp, which was narrow here, up on to the rising ground of the cow-pasture and so into sight of home. It was then that Burt began thinking out loud. "That lynx, or whatever it is, hasn't jumped out of the road yet—you can see its track every little while before the steers scuff it out. It wasn't coming toward the sugar-lot, or we should have seen it. It must have gone toward the house. It won't dare go in around the buildings, will it?" he demanded in a tense voice. "Even lynxes are

afraid of human beings, aren't they? Say, if Mother happens to be out feeding the hens, or getting a pail of water, or something! A lynx wouldn't dare, would it?" But, protest as they might, a new terror had gripped their hearts. Not that they were afraid now for themselves, but for Mother!

The sled-tracks had filled during the few hours that the boys had been chopping their load of wood and as consequence the steers wallowed heavily. To jump off into the snow and try to run ahead of the team they realized would be futile. All they could do was to whip up and watch, with their axes in readiness for a dash at the marauder whenever they should overtake it.

Indeed things were serious enough at home. Mother was getting ready to go out and shut up her poultry for the night, and not only her life but our very home was threatened. As she sat by the kitchen-stove drawing on her high overshoes she startled me by suddenly asking if I didn't think Father was looking tired and old lately.

I hadn't noticed it. He was just as jolly as ever, or almost, anyway. If it would make the work a little easier for him, I stumbled on. I might clean out the horse-stable for him nights and mornings, although I hardly need to add, it was a most distasteful job. Father had been away since morning on town-business, the roads so blocked with snow that he had gone on snowshoes, and my heart was tender toward him. "Well, it wasn't exactly that I was thinking of", Mother said, "although when you get well, the idea of helping Father is most excellent. It's our thought that with a small

place and milder climate Father might be able to have a little more leisure. You see, my boy, we hadn't told any of you," she said coaxingly, "but Grandpa Sanborn, my father, has asked us to come to New Jersey and care for him in his old age."

For a moment the shock was too great for me to entirely grasp the full meaning of this momentous speech. "We aren't going North to Dixville, like we've planned, then!" I cried in aggrieved rebuke. "We'll have to give up everything we've done here on the place and our home, and—and—" Words failed me and I had to gulp hard to keep back the sobs. Well we boys knew the fate of deserted houses in our neighborhood; shattered windows gaping like dead eyes, sagging floors and the woodwork all gnawed by hedgehogs. It had already happened to the old Meserve house up under the mountain.

"It would be just going back to Mother's old home," she reminded me. "And we never really intended to go to Dixville. That was just play." And matters weren't decided yet, she went on soothingly, so there was no use in feeling badly. Only the schools for us boys would be larger and more stimulating and there would be grapes—great arbors of them—in New Jersey, and peaches and big, black oxheart cherries, just luscious to eat. And, getting up to don her coat, Mother began humming softly that old hymn, "My Father's Home is bright and fair, nor grief, nor pain, can enter there." There was no thought of sacrilege, I know. Some people—and she one of them—somehow merge Heaven and earth, to the confusion of scoffing scientists. But twenty-five years since she had left New Jersey. How

could she realize the vast changes which that old home had undergone! She was still humming "My Father's Home" as she went on out.

At the woodshed door she paused, appraising the depth of snow in the backyard, along the farther side of which the poultry-house stood. Between the two parallel buildings the wind had swept a clear path. Only around the woodpile and beyond the buildings had the drifts accumulated. Mother stepped forth and with an appreciative glance swept the evening sky, still lit in the west with belated daylight and in the east by the yellow glow of a coming moon, so near at its full that it rolled like a great wheel up from behind old Sunapee, trees sharp in relief against its face, then to swing clear, placid, huge, benevolently smiling.

From our house the farming-land slopes easily up over Chandler's hill and then drops into a valley before the foot of the mountain. But at night it just looks as if that slope led directly into the spruces of the rounded, friendly summits whose sides we boys had hunted over. A light suddenly twinkled out in the snowy, desolate waste before her. It was at Uncle Owen Parton's, her brother's; staunch, thick-set Owen Parton and his aristocratic wife. She would miss Owen horribly, she acknowledged to herself. Perhaps her father would prefer coming on to New Hampshire anyway, so as to be near Owen! Faintly from the pasture-gap came the creak of the straining ox-sled as Burt and Will urged it on. Mother crossed to the poultry house and pushed shut the slide to the hen-run, made aware of an uneasiness of the fowls within. Was it the moon that had roused

them, she wondered and went on around the corner of the low building, throwing open the door in the end to call cheerily, "What's the matter, biddies?"

A broad shaft of moonlight fell slantwise in on to the block where she pounded off corn-from-the-ear mornings for the fowls, although elsewhere the interior was dim with twilight. The fretting of the flock continued and Mother judged by the sounds that they would soon be flying down from the roosts. This was unusual. She stepped up into the building and stood in that ribbon of moonlight, trying to make out the cause of the disturbance.

Quite apart from the nestling of the hens there was a quick rustling in the littered corner of the henhouse farthest from her, a whisking and scurry so pronounced as to draw her fixed attention. Strangely enough, too, what at first seemed a dark blotch changed to have a luminous glow, over which she puzzled in that very brief time which passed until the truth flashed through her brain that the lynx, for lynx it was, crouched in that corner, and that, by the shifting of its stare, it became dark or phosphorescently luminous.

A sudden horror made Mother's scalp tingle with that sensation best described as "hair-raising" and her vision darkened until she could no longer make out the terrifying shape. It was a fear that she was going blind that probably saved her from fainting. She pulled off a mitten and rubbed her eyes with a hand which she found to be warm and her own and that still obeyed her wishes and the sinking feeling vanished as quickly as it had come. She was still in the henhouse confronted by a wild

animal, but she was no longer paralyzed. Her bare fingers touched the hardwood-stick still lying on the block where she had pounded off corn that morning and she thankfully swept it up, undecided, for the moment, whether to defend her poultry or quietly withdraw and attempt to trap the marauder.

The lynx spit angrily and seemed about to spring, but as Mother backed away it subsided again and began sidling toward the hen-run, back which it had evidently entered growling warningly. Up to this time that was all the sound there had been. The lynx slipped in behind the row of next-boxes on the floor and disappeared from sight. A rustle, a squeak of the nest-boxes as they moved, the lynx crowded between them and the wall, and it appeared again much nearer, its round, cat-like head and up-pricked, tufted ears quite visible now in the better light from the open door.

Then Mother screamed, terror and mortal challenge intermingled. Simultaneously the lynx finding the slide closed, sprang for a window to escape. Glass crashed in a shower of tinkling fragments out upon the drift, but the sash was covered for summer use with chicken-wire and although it seemed for a half-minute as though the lynx must free itself with the wire sagging out beneath its weight and its big legs and wide spread claws often projecting, in the end the meshed strands held and the big cat dropped back, to come straight for Mother and the swinging door.

I heard Burt coming through the shed and back-room at top-speed, the doors fairly bursting beneath the impatience of his hand. "Where's



Ma?" he whistled, in a strange, throaty way. "There's something around the buildings. We want the gun!" And out he plunged again at my indicative gesture, slipping a shell into the gun-chamber as he ran.

Above the clatter of his departure I heard Mother's scream and then a tremendous racket from the backyard as the steers bolted for the barn, wood, sled and all. Will let them go and raced for the poultry-house, two strides behind his brother.

As the boys reached the half-open door there was Mother, doubled almost to the snow in a valiant attempt to get out and slam the door shut in the same breath. In part she succeeded, but the lynx was too close. Like a furry cannon-ball it struck the narrow opening between door and jamb and came through. Involuntarily Burt ducked and, without time even to fire, jabbed his gun-barrel into the soft throat of the beast and threw it far out of its intended leap and dropped it, spitting and snarling, half-smothered in the soft snow six feet beyond.

"Look out! It's going to get away!" Mother cried, bouncing up unhurt from the path.

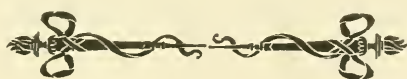
There were five ugly gashes across the backs of Burt's wrists, which the lynx had inflicted in its flight, but of them he was but partially aware. Recovering his poise almost instantly, he whirled and his shot-gun blazed flame clear into the fur of the struggling lynx. It was a quick shot but an accurate one and the menace of

our lives and fortunes collapsed in a tangled, limp heap of dun-colored stripes, beyond all power to do us harm. So unexpectedly, sometimes a dread menace does collapse before a brave defense, Mother reminded us frequently after that.

When the convulsive death-struggles of the beast had ceased, Will hauled it from the snow and his first ejaculation was, "Say, how light he is!" In fact it did weigh, we found, but twenty-six pounds, although measured over four feet in length and was a savage antagonist.

What an excited household ours was that evening! How many times we each had to recount what we thought and did and saw, for Father's benefit! But there was confidence, known to me alone, in which I took the greatest joy, and Mother, with a soft look at me and gentle inflection, said half to herself "Well, if nothing worse than a lynx comes along, I guess we can stay here yet awhile."

A state bounty of twenty dollars ultimately found its way to our house for the killing of the lynx, and the pelt, although badly damaged by the gun-shot, brought five dollars more, so the financial part of the episode was very cheering to the boys and Mother, who divided the money equally. And the strange though true, outcome was that Grandfather Sanborn did decide to sell his New Jersey property and did come to New Hampshire to live. So Mother's prophecy came true and we are happily holding our ground against the wilderness and its denizens.



# Now If Ever

BY CYRUS A. STONE

Wherever our earthly lot is cast  
There is work for hand and brain,  
But we cannot recall a wasted past  
Nor come this way again.

We must bear our burdens without delay  
In view of the present need,  
And take no part in the vile display  
Of falsehood, graft and greed.

If friends forsake or foes assail,  
In conflicts fierce and long,  
That truth and justice may prevail  
We should be brave and strong.

So let us lift at each heavy load  
With a shoulder at the wheel,  
With a heed for the perils of the road  
And a care for the common weal.

It is little perhaps that our hands can do,  
As we toil in our chosen way,  
And scarcely more can we hold in view  
By the light of the passing day.

But a friendly message or cheerful song,  
From a full heart's overflow,  
May help to push the world along  
In the way it ought to go.

We write our records and make our place  
In history's page sublime,  
If we face with courage, grit and grace  
The issues of our time.

# Hon. Paine Wingate

BY ELIZABETH HOMER BAKER, EXETER CHAPTER, D. A. R.

---

May 14, 1739      March 7, 1838

When we look up ancestry, here in New England, it more than often leads back to Old England, and it is so in the family and ancestry of Hon. Paine Wingate of Stratham, N. H.

The legend of the name, upheld by records, reads that in the olden time a "gallant English warrior was fighting with the forces of the crown against opponents of the reign. For hours the army of which he was a member had besieged a castle, unable to force an entrance. Then suddenly the powerful and valiant soldier, than whom there was no stronger in the line, rushed to the front, and under a storm of showering arrows, seized the castle gate with both his hands, tore it from its fastening, and bearing it away upon his shoulders, opened a way for his comrades to enter. The castle was won and England gained fresh laurels. In recognition of the event, and in honor of the brave deed the hero of the day was knighted by the Crown, and to his name was added the appellation of "Win-gate", symbolic of the deed." "The legend finds corroboration in the crest of the Wingate family, as recorded in the General Armory of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales;—A gate of gold with the motto—Win—above it."

"All the members of the family now in this country, however, can be traced back to one man who emigrated to America in the middle of the 17th century, John Wingate. He was born in England, and came to

New Hampshire when a young man without a family. This John Wingate twice married, and his youngest son by the second marriage was Joshua, who took a prominent part as colonel in the siege of Louisbourg in 1745. He lived to reach the age of 90 years. The eldest son of Joshua was Paine, who was born in 1707, graduated from Harvard, entered the ministry, and for sixty years ministered to the congregation at Amesbury, Mass., in that part of the town now called Merrimac. He married Mary Balch, of Wenham, Mass. It is recorded of her that she was "lady noted for considerable literary acquirements and for personal beauty." Their son, and sixth child, Paine, is the subject of this sketch. It was inevitable that he was educated at Harvard, graduated and trained for the ministry. Discussion of creeds and vigorous thought on religious subjects were abroad in the land. The hardest struggles of pioneer life were over, and in many homes there was more time for thought. His was thought mingled with the persistence of the Puritan, with pioneer liberality of facing facts, and a loyal support of England's customs.

Paine Wingate entered upon his ministry at Hampton Falls, at the age of 24 years. With the same thought that distinguished him after years he had already settled his religious faith. His ministry lasted for twelve years, but he was determined to have a more active part in the history of the country. He b



came the most noted of the Wingate family in this country. Affairs of town, and state and the nation found him occupying an important place. No likeness has been left of Paine Wingate. Family tradition describes him as six feet in height, blue gray eyes, light brown hair, and "looked like Washington." Noticing the features of his descendants, and tracing the English ancestry, we of the present day can easily believe this to be true. If character moulds features, the fact is again upheld. Quoting from the history of the Wingate Family" He possessed a strong, cultivated and well balanced mind, with great independence and decision and with no less frankness and equanimity. His advice seems always to have been worthy of grave consideration, and his predictions while he was in the public service, both regarding home and foreign affairs, have proved as we now see, surprisingly accurate. He always had an eye to the coming history of the country. His words discouraged any thing for temporary benefit, which might prove injurious to the United States of the future. Man he held, did not exist for self alone, but owed something to society.

Paine Wingate's years upon the quiet farm gave him opportunity for study of national questions, and also for the peace and comfort of that home life which he enjoyed so well. He was very domestic and in one of his letters he speaks of his own fondness of home and family. There is preserved a letter that he wrote to his youngest child, upon her seventh birthday. It was written from New York, when he was a member of the first Congress, and shows the affec-

tion of a father and the careful admonitions of the times.

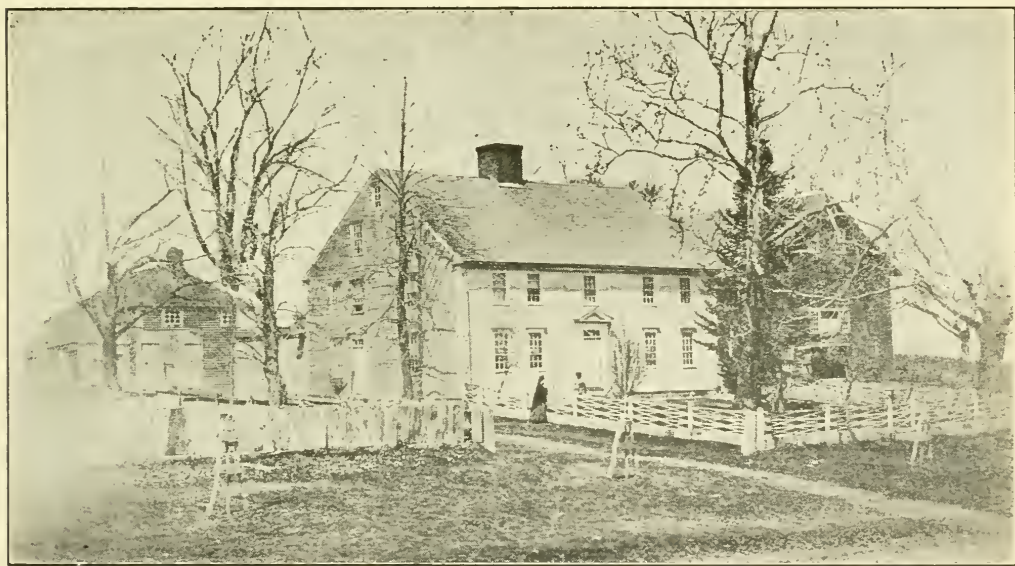
The church in Hampton Falls extended a call to "Mr. Paine Wingate, Jr.," to settle in the work of the ministry. With the quaint custom of the time, they fixed the salary at fifty pounds sterling, the use of the parsonage, but stipulated that Mr. Wingate should keep the fences in repair. The terms were not mutually agreeable, until a second conference was held when the parish agreed to keep the fences in repair, and Rev. Paine Wingate, Jr., M.A. again was formally called to the pastorate of the church, on Oct. 31, 1763. On Dec. 14, 1763, he was ordained having been first received upon his dismissal and recommendation from the Second Church of Christ in Amesbury, and then elected to membership in the Hampton Falls Church. His father, Rev. Paine Wingate, Sr. of Amesbury gave the charge at the ordination. Mr. Wingate's pastoral connection with the church was about twelve years, and during that time the records of the church show that he baptized 184 married 45 couples of Hampton Falls and 274 of parties living elsewhere. To this day is preserved by a member of the family, one of the white kid gloves worn by Mr. Wingate as he performed the marriage ceremony. It was his custom to always wear a pair of such gloves.

The young pastor's views of religion had been carefully thought out, and firmly fixed. He was a decided Trinitarian. His ministry at Hampton Falls was rather a disturbed period. Records show that it was not so much a fault of his, as it was a period of time when people were considering new doctrines and were

not willing to be taxed for the support of the older customs. Various petitions were presented to proper authorities of church and state, and new societies were formed, causing a division in the established church, and a questioning of its support.

Mr. Wingate married his cousin, Eunice, daughter of Deacon Timothy Pickering of Salem, Mass., and a sister to Col. Timothy Pickering. Between the two brothers-in-law deep affection existed. Col. Timothy led

divine. Here he lived until his death. Here his family grew up, and from here he came into his own in his life work. He was a successful farmer, a valued citizen, and a statesman of his country. The land was on the main road of the King's Highway leading to Portsmouth. It extended a mile to the Squamscott River on one side and on the other to woods of an equal distance. The house was large and ample. The front room were 20 feet square, with heavy oak



THE OLD PAINE WINGATE HOUSE

the militia which stopped the British at North Bridge in Salem, Mass., and afterwards was for some time a member of President's Washington's Cabinet. The Pickering house in Salem, the birthplace of Eunice Pickering, is one of the historic places, and is still owned and occupied by the family.

Upon his leaving Hampton Falls, Mr. Wingate purchased a handsome estate in Stratham, N. H., from Rev. Dudley Leavitt, at one time a Salem

man of beams and pannelled walls. The front door was fastened with a heavy oaken bar, fitting into wrought iron sockets. This house descended to his son, John, and then to his grandson, Hon. J. C. A. Wingate. It was burned Dec. 30, 1894. This house was one of the oldest in the state and was built previous to 1711 by Dudley Leavitt. It is mentioned in the Stratham records of 1716 as Mr. Leavitt's new house.

Here Mr. Wingate was visited by

the most noted men of the country, including President George Washington, who stopped there with his suite, on his way from Portsmouth to Exeter. Weare and Thornton, Whipple and Pickering and scores of Revolutionary heroes had slept beneath its roof. The house was nearly 200 years old and was the most historic in Stratham.

At Stratham Mr. Wingate preached some, but affairs of the nation called him to public duties. It is recorded, however, that by pecuniary support, and example, he maintained the ordinances of religion. Mr. Wingate, while still in Hampton Falls, had been appointed one of the deputies to represent the townspeople at the Fourth Provincial Congress at Exeter, and at the Congress later held at Exeter which voted that New Hampshire should side with the colonies.

In June, 1781, Mr. Wingate was one of the leading members of a Convention at Concord to improve the constitution which had been hastily drawn on Jan. 5, 1776. In 1783 he was Stratham's representative in the State Legislature. A letter written to Col. Pickering well expresses the character and personality of Mr. Wingate:

"Stratham, Jan. 1st, 1784.  
Dear Sir:

By a letter I received from you, dated last April, I find that mine by Col. Dearborn to you has miscarried. When, or by what conveyance, this will reach you, I am uncertain, as my situation is such that I know of no opportunity for sending. You will perceive by this that I still live at Stratham. I principally employ myself in the concerns of husbandry, and, I believe, enjoy as much contentment and happiness as is common to humanity. I have five child-

ren; two of whom you once knew, my two next are sons, named George and John, which names I think I gave them purely because they were agreeable, and convenient to pronounce while they were young, and would be short for them to use when grown up. My youngest child is a daughter, near nine months old, called Elizabeth. You know enough of our family not to doubt of my fondness for my children, nor to think it strange that I take singular pleasure in my two boys, one of which is three and the other almost five years old. We have a good share of health in general, and particularly at this time. My farm affords me something more than a bare subsistence. I have an agreeable and extensive acquaintance. I have leisure to look upon the affairs of public life; and if I would practice the low arts of some, I suppose I might have a share of them, perhaps I may sometime or other without. It is likely you will think it trifling to give you thus so long a detail of my domestic concerns, but I have nothing at present more interesting to inform you of.

In your last letter but one, you made some inquiries regarding Siberia wheat. It is probable that, since that time, you have heard the fate of it. That grain (as is common to most if not all exotics) has become naturalized to the climate, and subjected to the disasters of other wheat. I suppose that a new importation of that kind of seed might answer the purpose again as it did heretofore. I have nothing new in husbandry to communicate. I go on pretty much in the old track of culture. By attention, neatness and labor, the products of a farm may be greatly increased; but I do not expect, by any kind of magic, to cause the earth to bring forth plentifully and durably.

I join with you in welcoming the happy event of peace, and hope the Independency of the United States will conduce to an increased freedom and happiness. It would have been an addition to my satisfaction to have had the return of peace return



ed you and family to your native town and connections again. You are not insensible that you have a large share in the esteem and affections of your relations and friends; and I cannot think but that you might have gratified them, and, at the same time, have provided for yourself in your return. But I do not pretend to be judge of your prospects in business at Philadelphia. I would not attempt to dissuade you from your interest, so far as is consistent with your own ease and enjoyment of life, and that extensive usefulness which you owe to society. You may depend upon every cheerful aid in my power in whatever situation you are and my most ardent wishes will ever attend you of prosperity and happiness. I rejoice in your domestic welfare, the restored health of your wife, and increase of children. I hope that you will find leisure to visit us, with your family, before long, although you should think it best to fix your stated residence at the southward. In the meantime, any opportunity of writing to me of your welfare, if you will embrace it, will afford me the greatest pleasure. I desire that my affectionate regard to your wife and children may be mentioned, and be assured that with particular esteem and friendship, I am yours, etc.

Paine Wingate".

Mr. Timonthy Pickering."

In 1787 Paine Wingate was sent as a member of the Congress under the Confederation, and began his eight years of continuous service in the National Legislature. Letters written at that time and copied in full in the History of the Wingate Family by C. E. L. Wingate, give a realistic view of the struggles of our nation toward a permanent union. Doubt, despondency, but ever with a courage that never faltered, and an undying faith of the leaders that the Constitution and the Nation would be established.

In 1788 Mr. Wingate was elected to the first National Congress as Senator from New Hampshire with John Langdon as his colleague. Congress met in March 4, 1789, and the senators were divided into three divisions. Senator Wingate drew for his division, which gave them a term of four years, so placing Mr. Wingate in the first and second Congress. An ivory sand box used by him on his desk in Congress is in the Historical Rooms at Concord. It was at this Congress, held at New York City, for a brief period the capital of the nation, that Washington was induced into office as the first President of the United States. The Congressional Records show that John Langdon, the other New Hampshire Senator, was appointed a member of the committee to receive President Washington upon his arrival at New York. It was here that a lasting friendship grew between Mr. Wingate and President Washington. As family treasures there are preserved in the Wingate Family invitations to dinner from Senator Wingate from President Washington.

Upon the completion of his term as senator, Mr. Wingate was immediately elected representative to the national Congress, and for two more years gave his counsel to the nation. In 1798 he was appointed a justice of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, which office he continued to hold until 1809 when he retired by limitation, being then 70 years of age. In his duties at court he "sustained the character of a well informed, discerning and upright judge."

For the rest of his years, Mr. Wingate spent his life on his farm, superintending the active work, even at

the age of ninety-five. At ninety he planted some apple seeds as an experiment in agriculture, and lived to eat the fruit thereof. It became the "Red Wingate apple", highly prized to this day, but grown only on a few farms. Mr. Wingate outlived all his colleagues, and was the oldest living graduate of Harvard. He took especial pride in his five grandsons, and was anxious that the Wingate farm should always be in the Wingate name. But in spite of so many descendants there is no heir to the Wingate name in his line.

Mr. and Mrs. Wingate entertained in their home friends from far and near. President Washington in his journey in New England, from Portsmouth to Exeter, stopped for a call. The chair in which he sat and the wine glass from which he was served, according to the custom of the time, are preserved by members of the family. As far as possible Mr. Wingate kept the old time customs, and he was the last to wear the cocked hat.

A leaf from an old diary gives an account of his death.

"March 7th, 1835. Wednesday, at 4 p. m.

Died in Stratham, N. H., the Hon. Paine Wingate, aged 98 years 10 months. Our venerable, esteemed relative and friend was struck with paralysis about six o'clock on Monday morning, which paralyzed his right side. He lingered along until Wednesday, p. m., when he gently fell asleep, to wake no more until the trumpet of God shall sound long and loud to call the nations forth to judgment. Judge Wingate was born in Amesbury, Mass., and was the son of Rev. Paine Wingate of that place, was educated at Cambridge, and graduated in 1759. Was the pastor of the Congregational Church in Hampton Falls from 1761 to 1771,

then removed to Stratham and for some time supplied the North Church in Portsmouth. He took an active part in the discussion which resulted in our glorious Revolution. Was a member of the first Congress in New York. From 1798 to 1809 he was a judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. At the age of seventy he retired to private life, being constitutionally ineligible to hold the office longer. Very few of our fallen race lived so irreproachably. Few have left behind them a name and reputation so unsullied. He died trusting in the merits of Christ, and we doubt not he now shines a star in the crown of our exalted Savior and Redeemer. Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his. His remains were committed to the tomb, Saturday P. M. March 10th, 1838",



HEADSTONE AT THE GRAVE OF  
PAINE WINGATE

Mrs. Wingate lived a few years longer, reaching the age of 100 years and 8 months. Upon her 100th birthday she entertained her friends

dressed in her wedding gown, a rich blue brocade.

In Stratham Cemetery, by the side of the Congregational Church, and in sight of the green fields and trees of the old home, Hon. Paine Wingate and his beloved wife, are

laid to rest. A marker is placed on his grave, as a son of the American Revolution. Such he was, living through all the struggles of the nation at that time, a memory and an inspiration to those who read of his life.

## Memento Mori

BY HARRY ELMORE HURD

O little pale white stone,

Did your dusty charge once live in the elephant-gray house just over the round green hilltop where lavender lilacs grow?

I mean the lonesome hill-house with deep, dark, vacant eye-sockets like skeletons with private thoughts.

You have secrets, old domicile, I know.

You know, O little marble stone.

O little pale white stone,

Did salt tears wash you coldly white?

Rain of those who spaded yellow earth?

Pain of those who ringed the rough pine box?

Surely no one cares a wild fig now!

No, not even the silver cinquefoil since its inquisitive roots failed to find anything worthwhile.

(Some persons think it dirty business transforming corpses into yellow poems).

Stand guard like a picket at Appomattox,

Stand silently, O marble stone.

O little pale white stone gleaming brightly in silver moonlight,

Those sleepy orbs blinking at you are not winking tears of sympathy.

True, there is dew on the glistening lashes of black Night but her sorrows are individually her own,

O little marble stone.

O little pale white stone,

Guard this sacred dust of bone

Though January draws a death-sheet over you,

Though February blizzards stab you with icy blades,

Though March spits boldly in your wan drawn face,

Though April washes you with bitter tears,

Though May flings wild flowers in your lap,



Though June, leagued with July and August thrusts spears at your  
breast, sheaves of phalanxed death as grim as the wheatfield at grue-  
some Gettysburg,  
Though September-October write their secrets on the dried parchment of  
old leaves,  
Though November and December cause you to remember days long gone  
when Love and Life held high the blue-shelled cider mug and quaffed  
its contents joyfully. (Alas, sometimes a bitter brew to drink).  
And so I say, Stand guard, O little marble stone!

O little pale white stone,  
Who knows but high God may command to hunt this spot on resurrection  
day,  
This grass-grown consecrated plot!  
So stand guard through the centuries,  
O little marble stone,  
O pale white little stone.

---

## Our Hillside

BY ELIZABETH K. FOLSOM

To walk on our hillside  
Is to walk through colors gay,—  
For Nature's been a-painting  
This many a long day;  
Painted the whitest daisies  
With hearts of beaten gold,  
And polished up the buttercups  
In such a yellow bold;  
And heal-alls so dainty,  
A rare and charming hue  
You wonder if you really see  
Them purple or blue.  
Right now the black-eyed Susans  
Are coming on apace,  
And Nature's pretty busy  
Painting them a yellow face.  
And see! She's gone a-tinting  
The grass tops so pink!

It makes me really shudder  
When of the scythe I think!

Exeter, N. H.

# An Indian Without a Tribe

BY JOHN B. MESERVE

There is no material status, aside from that of family, which so strikingly engages the affections of the full blood Indian, as does the fact of his tribal membership. He boasts himself in a glorious succession, which runs like a golden thread through the years of human life, upon this continent. He is of the blood of the first American and the services of no genealogical hound are required. The traditions of his race are preserved to him by the elder members of the tribe, who are cautious to correctly transmit to their posterity the stories of hardihood and courage of their forefathers. Not for him to delete from the pages of American history the tales of the crimson war path, with the atrocities of which his ancestry stands charged; rather would his imagination find support and justice in a brave protest, even though cruelly expressed, at times. Naboth strove to retain his vineyard. Perhaps the record of his race does not suffer so much when compared with some of the benevolent assimilative enterprises of the race that stood at Hastings and at Waterloo.

Tribal relationship was one of comity between the tribes. The traditions and practices of each tribe were respected by the membership of the other tribal families. The status of the banished member, or renegade, as he was more commonly called, was one of infamy. The hand of the tribe and of its individual members was against him; he was an uninvited guest among the other

tribes. The penalty of banishment which sent forth, like an Ishmael, the condemned member of the tribe was no less inexorable than were the decrees of ostracism imposed upon the hapless Indian, by a warped and superstitious tribal sentiment. A luckless Indian might find his membership disturbed or his social status destroyed, by situations to which he was wholly indifferent and over which he had no control. A strain of the superstitious has ever manifested itself in the character of the American Indian, but perhaps worse of the Salem witchcraft, cannot afford to be too paradoxical.

It is now more than five decades ago, that the superstitious passion of his race, fell with relentless force upon a young, hopeful and a strong member of the Osage Tribe of Indians. Haunting the deserted places and abandoned houses of old Pawhuska town, the ancient seat of his tribe, is the pathetic figure of an old Indian, from whose eye the fire of youth has vanished and in whose step the elasticity of his race has departed. The artificial situations and unrealities, with which Edward Everett Hale has environed the hero of his great story, find their prototype in the sorrowful experiences of Charley Carcass, the Philip Nolan of the Osage Nation. It was a rather forbidding name which fastened itself upon this hapless Indian, developed from the circumstances which resulted in his complete ostracism from association with the other Indians. A facetious trade

to whom the weird story of the Indian was related, made a reference to him as a carcass and this reference attached itself to him and still abides as the name by which he is known. The government carries him upon its roll of membership of the Osage tribe, under some attenuated Indian name given him by his mother, but to the other members of the tribe, he bears the name, which to them, more nearly expresses a contempt. As a matter of fact, to the other Indians, this Indian is an anonymous being—a ghost, from the presence of which, they are awaiting deliverance.

In the years now long past, Charley was a recognized member of the Osage tribe of Indians. His people became the richest of the Indian tribes in America, and his patrimony from the government was fully adequate for his most fantastic tastes. With dogs and ponies, he was fully equipped and the specter of toil never crossed his trail. Fifty years ago, Charley finely illustrated the hardihood of his race. Today, he is an outcast under the ban of ostracism pronounced by the vile superstitious passions of his people. Although a participant in his distributive share of the public lands of his tribe and of its tribal monies, this situation was preserved to him by the government only after its officials had overridden the vigorous and persistent protests of the full blood members of his tribe, who insist that Charley is a myth.

In those inceptive days of his youth, Charley was deeply in love with himself, with his dogs and ponies and whisky. The vice which has done more than any other one agency to degrade and demoralize his race, early in life enamored this Indian

and accomplished his utter damnation. With his four brothers and two sisters, Charley lived in the parental abode in Pawhuska town. He attended school at Lawrence during the scholastic season but was now at home during the vacation interregnum. His return to school at this particular time, was delayed by the approaching wedding festivities which were being arranged for his sister whose marriage to a young man of the tribe was shortly to take place. These nuptial affairs among the Indians were usually made the occasion for much celebration and not infrequently lasted for several days. Much eating and drinking was indulged in and under the influence of the latter, a list of casualties was sometimes developed. The vile contraband liquor which the Indians imbibed, was divergent in its effect upon their sensibilities. Some, once, saw visions of the war path and were disposed to revert to the most savage purposes of the race. With a peculiar foresight, one or two members of the party remained sober for the express purpose of caring for the Indian who was inclined to become "bad" under drunken conditions. A thoughtful provision, not wholly unworthy of some consideration at the hands of his more civilized brother. Others of the festive party became happy, some boisterously so and others mildly jocular. Some were disposed to extreme manifestations of their affections, by insistence in offering to embrace and caress the entire membership of the party. To some of those primitive children of the plains, there came flooding through a drink-befogged brain, all of the woes and misfortunes of the past, real and imaginary.



Copious tears coursed down his saddened countenance as he rocked his body backward and forward and moaned and sobbed the story of his tribulations. Young Charley was of the latter, and the distresses of none were equal to his, when rum had dethroned his simple reason. Quite naturally, a complete state of drunken exhaustion was the finality of the "party" from which the Indian would rouse himself long enough to imbibe again and then lapse once more into a drunken lethargy. The Indian never felt himself fully in touch with the amenities of the occasion, unless he had rendered himself "dead drunk."

Charley was in the flower of his glory during the wedding festivities and abdicated himself fully to the exhilarating qualities of bad whisky, of which there was an abundance in evidence. When the time drew near for the newly wedded pair to repair to their own home, it was Charley, in a helpless and sobbing condition, who was assisted to the back of his pony and insisted upon accompanying the happy couple to their home. The self appointed task of the home warming having been accomplished, Charley in a distressed and broken hearted condition, was mounted to the pony and started for home. The Indian swerved in his saddle as the slender pony raced across the hills, and it was well that no directing hand upon the rein was necessary. With unerring instinct and in due time, the faithful animal ran into the yard at home, but without its rider. Sensing some sort of mishap, two or three of the somewhat recovered Indians, immediately retraced the trail and came upon the body of poor Charley, some distance back in the

hills by the side of the path, where he had fallen from the pony. There was genuine sorrow in the home and among his friends who had lately been so gay, as the body was brought back and a medicine man of the tribe pronounced him dead. The scenes of the festivities were hastily changed into those of mourning, as immediate preparations were made for the burial. With the dispatch so characteristic of his race in the case of a sudden death, the mournful procession bore his body to the ancient burial grove, some two or three miles to the northeast of the town, where with the solemn rites and ceremonies of his people, the body of poor Charley, wrapped tightly in blankets and bound with hide thongs, was deposited upon a scaffold, in true Indian fashion. The burial scaffold was about eight feet high and consisted of four corner stakes on which a floor was built, upon which the body was placed. Food and drink enough to last until the last journey was accomplished, were placed upon the platform and some small items of personal belongings of the deceased together with locks of hair taken from the heads of his friends, were bound up with the body. This sacred service having been accomplished, the mourning Indians retraced their steps to the town where the dogs and ponies of poor Charley were divided among the members of the family, and Charley became but a memory.

It was in the fall of the year and when the nights were beginning to evidence the cooler temperature of the approaching season. Despite the warmth of his burial garments, the cold night air began its sobering effect upon Charley in his lofty grave. With much difficulty, he began to dis-

engage himself from his numerous wrappings. With awakened senses, he surveyed the surroundings which betrayed to him the situation in its every detail and Charley knew of the grim mistake that had been made and of which he was the innocent victim. Charley was a solemn and perfectly sober Indian as he straightened himself to a sitting posture upon his funeral scaffold and swore beneath the cold twinkling stars of the gathering morning, that never again would he touch the "stuff". This pledge, he has ever kept. Under the influence of the "morning after", but less grim than those of the poor Indian, has many a despondent representative of the more civilized race, sworn himself to total abstinence only to punish himself anew in moments of conviviality. Disengaging himself, Charley easily scaled down from his "four poster" and started back home. The daylight was beginning to break as he approached the town and greeting came to him from the swarm of dogs that inhabited the village. Some distance down the street, he was visioned by a well known neighbor, who gave one long look at him, rubbed his eyes and looked at him again and then fled through the town, shouting at the top of his voice. Other Indians appeared at their doors, which, after a hurried glance, they hastily closed. Charley reached his mother's house, only to be motioned away by his parents, who trembled in abject fear. A panic seemed to have seized the entire population, who either fled or secreted themselves, as he approached. There was none who would recognize him and none to whom he could speak. Friends and relatives

purposely avoided all contact with him and ignored his presence. The benighted Indians Charley was but a ghost, which for some unseeable purpose, had returned to annoy and harass the members of his family and the members of the tribe in general. The fact of his resurrection from a drunken stupor has never been accepted by the Indians, who have ever continued to pass him on the other side for half a century. The ban of ostracism was instinctively placed upon him by the superstitious passions of his people and from the inexorableness of this decree, the Indian suffers to this day. Many years ago, poor Charley reconciled himself to this most tragic fate, and has for years of his existence purposely avoided all association or contact with all human kind. The members of his family and the friends who knew him in his youth, all long since have departed to the Spirit Land, but to the members of the tribe, as now constituted, his story lingers as a tradition. Alone, he wanders among the desert places in old Pawhuska town. He is seen upon the streets of Pawhuska, the white man's busy bustling city where he strolls like one demented but where he is a well known and pitied character. When the shadows of evening fall, like a hunted wolf he creeps across the hills to his humble abode in the outskirts of the Indian village and thus his life is spent.

The American Indian is irrevocably chained to the traditions and rites of his race, and so this pathetic old Indian is slowly slipping into his grave, denied the fellowship of his kindred and kind—an Indian without a tribe.

## THE "UNCLE SAM" HOUSE—HOME OF THE LATE SAMUEL WILSON, NEAR MASON CENTER, N. H.

The origin of the term, "Uncle Sam," as applies to the United States government, may not be generally known. It is explained by the following note in the history of the town of Mason, N. H., published in 1858, page 209, referring to a native of that, Samuel Wilson, who had been a contractor for government supplies, a picture of whose home in Mason appears above.

"Samuel Wilson died at Troy, New York, July 31, 1844, aged 88 years.



It was from him that the United States derived the name of Uncle Sam. It was in this way. He was a contractor for supplying the army in the war of 1812, with a large amount of beef and pork. He had been long familiarly known by the name of Uncle Sam, so called to distinguish him from his brother, Edward, who was, by everybody, called Uncle Ned. The brand upon his barrels for the army was of course U. S. The transition from the United States to Uncle Sam was so easy, that it was at once made, and the name of the packer of the United States provisions was immediately transferred to the government, and became familiar, not only throughout the army but the whole country.' "





# Katherine Call Simonds

BY ALIDA C. TRUE

---

When the good Lord fashioned New Hampshire, He peopled her with great men, who grew from sturdy youth to men famous in national life, men also who followed the quiet paths of home duty; and out of His divinely planned program, by way of completeness, He gave her women to match her men.

Since it has been the custom of our worthy Editor, through the years, to note occasionally New Hampshire women, who are doing notable things at home and abroad, it seems very timely to tell the story of worthy achievement which has grown out of the public service of the subject of this sketch.

Katherine Call Simonds, musician, author, composer, and dramatic soprano, born in Franklin, New Hampshire, where she now resides, has to her credit many poems and musical compositions of note.

Her songs have been published in the east and in the west. "The Nation's Going Dry", "The Land Where Old Glory Waves", and "A New Song of Freedom", published by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, have been powerful agencies in helping to fulfill the prophesy of "The Nation's Going Dry". This song was used in the recent Australian prohibition campaign. "New Hampshire Voted Dry" was sung by Mrs. Simonds at the 1917 National W. C. T. U. convention in Washington, D. C. "A New Song of Freedom", written to celebrate the National Prohibition victory, she sang at the

World's and National conventions of the W. C. T. U., in Philadelphia, 1922.

For several years Mrs. Simonds was Secretary of the Prohibition Party of New Hampshire, said to have been the second woman in the country to be thus honored. Mrs. Simonds and Mr. Simonds attended the Prohibition Party National Convention as delegates, in St. Paul, Minn., in 1917, when Mrs. Simonds sang in Convention "The Nation's Going Dry". She continues her temperance work through the office of State W. C. T. U., Director of Music.

A patriotic song cycle; "Going Across", "There's a Soldier Lad in Khaki Over There" and "Oh, the Lads, Triumphant Lads in Brown and Blue" was written and published by herself during the early part of the World War. These stirring songs were devoted to patriotic needs during and since the close of the war upon numberless occasions at home and abroad, and will ever remain a signal monument to the talent and patriotism of the writer.

How well I recall, particularly, one of our concert trips, when our path led to Portsmouth, one stormy winter day, when an afternoon concert consisting of an entire program of original songs, both words and music was given in the historic Community House, at a representative club gathering, and the same program repeated for "the boys" at the Newcastleton Cantonment on the Island in the evening. The thrilling strains and

still ringing in my ears of "Old Glory Leads the Way, while the dear old U. S. A. sounds the call to arms to set the Nations Free" and

"Going across with a purpose true  
Going across with the Brown and the Blue."

and

"Home, home from over the sea  
Home, home, God grant it may be".

The compositions of Mrs. Simonds are not confined to expressions of Temperance and Patriotism as called forth by the needs of the hour. Her sacred and secular works form a repertoire for many concert and church programs. Perhaps among the best loved songs are those from which these lines are quoted,

"Help me dear Lord to remember  
That all thru the still of the night  
Thy care has been tenderly o'er me  
Till even the dawn's early light."

and

"Tis Raining rain but just beyond  
Are skies of azure blue,  
And all the while 'tis raining rain  
'Tis raining blossoms too."

Her song, inspired by love for her native State, "New Hampshire, Our New Hampshire" and her Florida song: "Florida Calls to You Over the Way" are popular in State Society gatherings.

Mrs. Simonds has been signally honored by being made an active member of the League of American Pen Women, headquarters in Washington, D. C., and is vice president from New Hampshire, and member of the National Executive Board. As an official member of this exclusive organization of famous women Mrs. Simonds is in close contact with its nation-wide activities. At the 1924 Bi-ennial Convention of the League,

held in Washington, D. C., she sang a group of her songs.

Mrs. Simonds is vice president of the New England Society of St. Petersburg, Florida, with a membership of five hundred; is chairman of the program committee and a member of the President's Union, composed entirely of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the several State Societies. Mr. and Mrs. Simonds are members of the Christian Church of Hill.

For several years they have passed their winters in St. Petersburg,



KATHERINE CALL SIMONDS

where they enjoy that active and prosperous "Sunshine City," but just as eagerly each spring season do they return to their beloved home State, when Mrs. Simonds resumes her activities on behalf of the Golden Rule Farm Homes Association, as President, Solicitor and Collector. With no children of their own Mrs. and Mr. Simonds find themselves responsible for a large and rapidly growing

family of other people's children. They have given of their time, thought and highest endeavor for years to the work, sponsored by this Association, of caring for, educating, training and fitting for life work, delinquent and dependent boys. With the official board and the wonderful co-operation of the generous people of New Hampshire and neighboring States, a magnificent work is being wrought at these Homes, where boys who are on the road to crime are nearly one hundred per cent salvaged.

Following a visit to the historic shrines of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Concord and Lexington, with its attendant emotional experiences, it was my privilege to visit with Mrs. Simonds the district school where thirty-seven of the Home boys were in attendance. In answer to the questions: "What does America mean to me" and "Why do I love the Flag" a little Greek boy answered "I love America and the Flag because they stand for freedom and protection". At the close of the session I said "The visit to the intensely interesting historic places of Massachusetts gave me no such thrill as did this wonderful hour spent with this group of boys eagerly interested in

learning to be normal, live American citizens." Nothing could demonstrate to me more fully the magnitude of the work which is engaging the best efforts of this Association under the guiding hand of its beloved president.

May I not fittingly close this article by one of her best loved poems

Face forever toward the sunrise,  
Toward the radiant morning light;  
Answer now the call to action,  
Win the battle for the right.

Face the sunrise, let the shadows  
Fall behind thee in the race;  
Thru the maze of tangled by-paths  
Learn the onward way to trace.

Look not backward o'er the failures  
That perchance have marked the years;  
Grieve not that the promise golden  
Ended oft in naught save tears;

But look forward, ever forward,  
Face the shining, sun-lit way:  
Seek from lofty heights the vision  
That shall ope the gates of day;

Hoping ever, fainting never,  
Thou shalt win life's promised goal.  
Face forever toward the sunrise  
'Tis the birthright of the soul.





# I Would Not Live Too Long

BY GUY E. McMINIMY

I would not live too long,—until the day  
 When all my better things sink to decay.  
 I would have life, but have it wholly full  
 Of strong and sturdy thoughts and work-filled ways.  
 I want no time of impotence, no lull  
 That wastes away my strength, no senile days  
 When I will be a burden to my kind,  
 No easy drifting to another world.  
 My prayer is this: to live my years with mind  
 To march straight forward with my flag unfurled,  
 And keep my head erect, my eye undimmed,  
 My armor shining and my soul lamp trimmed.  
 Ah, thus for me while I, unbowed, draw breath  
 And then, somewhere, taste full the spice of death.

404 West Archer Avenue.  
 Monmouth, Illinois.

## Night

BY MAUD FRAZER JACKSON

When life to me was kind  
 And the heart within me gay,  
 I loved most the radiant Day.  
 But, stricken, now I find,—  
 As wounded creatures will,—  
 The Night a mother dear.  
 So gently and so still  
 Her dark robes me enfold,  
 Her tender arms embrace.  
 Time was when I of her had fear . . .  
 Not now, not now . . . To me the Night has told  
 Eternal things to which Day dulls the ear.  
 Resting on her calm bosom, I behold  
 The stars Day hides, the Father's pitying face.

Laurel Springs, N. J.

# Franklin P. Rowell

Funeral Address by Rev. James Alexander, in the Congregational Church,  
Newport, N. H., August 10, 1927.

---

I wonder if we realize the rapidity with which we are living. Apparently the great aim of our materialistic age is speed. However fast we move we want to go faster. We are making heroes of men who can travel in 33 hours a distance which takes our swiftest Ocean Greyhounds 6 days. We are not satisfied any longer with cablegrams or telegrams; we must talk with our friends and merchants across the continent and seas by telephone; listen to their voices and get an answer to our messages immediately. In the matter of production, in all our industries, our modern machinery—the best so far that inventive genius has made—is going too slow; we must speed up. We must reduce time to a minimum and production to its maximum. Our Age is restless, feverish; our dreams, our desires must reach their realizations as quickly as possible. That is constantly impressing itself upon us.

Not so the rapidity with which life passes through this world. Seers of a past age likened it to a "vapor" a "dream", the "flight of a weaver's shuttle" across its loom, "a tale that is told," a "handbreadth" and the like. "We fret and strut our hour upon the stage, and then are seen no more."

This thought comes to me as I find myself here to help lay away the dust of an old friend. Mr. Rowell was a man of marked peculiarities. Isn't it a good thing that we are not all run in the same mold? What a featureless world it would be! How would we like every one around us to be an exact duplicate of ourselves? In Nature what if all our trees were of the same species, all our flowers were a rose, all our birds were of a feather, all their songs were of the

same lilt, all our colors were of one shade of the spectrum, and the habits of all living things alike? What a world of sameness it would be!

All beauty lies in diversity and in the blending of those diversities. Surely the values of men lie in the complexity of their personality, their diversity of talent, aptness for doing different things, their view-points, motive ideals etc. How thankful we ought to be for it. We owe to it not only the beauty of the world but the great achievements of civilization—the world's art, literature, science, philosophy, moral values and industries.

In coming back, therefore, to the impress of Mr. Rowell upon the life of this community, we shall have to find a place for his own self-expression. In that a few things stand out very clearly.

His contribution to its business life was far from being small. All of his executive life was given to the town and its environment, and it covers a period of some 50 years. He was a tireless and an abounding energy. As in all places of this size you will find some easy-going people you will find also some who are really live wired. Much to his credit Mr. Rowell was one of the latter, and the town owes him no small debt. He was nothing if not active. He was always busy about something. He was blessed with a good share of native shrewdness, common sense and a vision of the commercial future of this town. He knew what he wanted to do, and did it. He had his disappointments, of course, as all other live men have, but he never lost sight of his main purpose; he never allowed his failures to discourage him. He rose to measurable success in the community, and he certainly did, he earned it. It did not fall into his

lap. He struggled like all up-rising men, and I think he enjoyed the struggle. He invested himself and whatever else he could command, and I am very much mistaken if he was not respected for it. He found his way at least into positions of trust and responsibility. For some 33 years he was one of the directors of the First National Bank, and for almost an equal time as Vice president and president of the Newport Savings Bank. He was also one of the men who controlled the interests of the Brampton Mill, and helped the incoming of the shoe industry into the town. For many years he also served as a Justice of the Peace.

Neither was his a selfish life. He probably would not have claimed for himself that he was a large benefactor in the life of the town, but what he had he shared with his fellow citizens. He took a great deal of pleasure in what he did from time to time. The watering trough in the centre of your town was his gift, and surely a blessing to the people it has been. In watching the growth of the town, the new school-houses that have been built, and the number of children and youth in them, he saw a dearth of space for recreation purposes, and he bought a field down in the meadow and placed it at their service. A more welcome gift he could not have bestowed. And when the children came in a large body to thank him for what he had done, the tears flowed freely down his cheeks and he found his compensation. He was a lover of children, and many were the little tokens of affections he bestowed upon them. It would be hard to find a young person in Newport who did not look upon him as a personal friend. Of the poor he was mindful, and relatively few of your citizens, even of his own family, ever knew what he brought into their homes. These things must be taken into account in any appraisal of this man's character. It is not hard to see defects in anyone if one is set on looking for them, but the good Samaritan often passes by unnoticed.

On account of Mr. Rowell's outspoken and forceful way of going about things, he made for himself many enemies. The warning, "Woe unto you when men shall speak well of you," could not have applied to him. It did not matter much to him whether they spoke well or ill; in either case he went along his way although not always "with rejoicing." A compliant man, like a dead fish or a chip of wood, can float with the stream; it takes a man of brain and will to swim against a current. Mr. Rowell's opinions were not of a vacillating sort—this today and something else tomorrow—and his convictions were positive. They frequently brought him into trouble, but this did not change them. He might have saved himself many hard knocks by going with the crowd, but he preferred to take the knocks. I am not saying that his opinions and convictions were always right, but to him they were so, and that gave him a right to express them and to stand by them. Like all the rest of us he had his failings, but the lack of courage was never one of them.

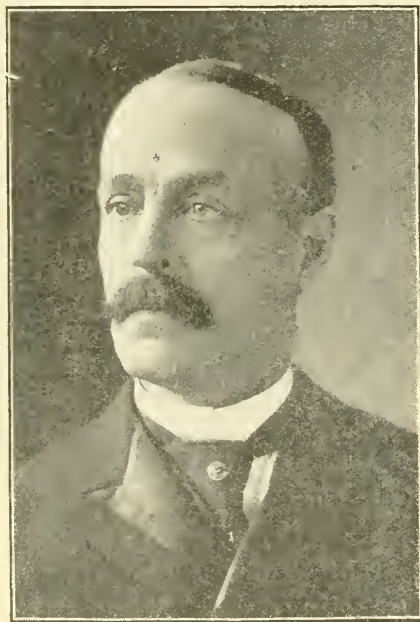
That he was a patriot goes without saying. On political questions one always knew where to find him, and I have known of occasions when those whom he helped to send to Washington did not always act according to what he considered to be right and gentlemanly principles, he did not hesitate to write them and tell them bluntly what he thought of them.

I happened to be a pastor in this town when the Spanish war broke out, and remember well the enthusiasm with which he threw himself into the cause of the government and the work he did among the boys who went forth from Newport. This activity was again shown during the more recent World catastrophe, and everyone of the 120 men who went forth from this town knew him, for his face was among the last faces they saw when they left and among



the first to welcome back those who returned.

For the greater part of his life in the community he was closely identified with its religious interests. Although affiliated with the South Church, a regular attendant at its services, a generous contributor to its work and benevolences, and prominent as an usher in the congregation for a longer time than I can remember, he was not a narrow, hide-bound sectarian. He was a well-



THE LATE FRANKLIN P. ROWELL

wisher of every other church in town, and a friend of all the pastors I have known in it. His religious sympathies were very broad. He recognized, as I think every follower of Christ should, that all those different folds had but one Shepherd, although calling themselves by different names, and were all equally precious to the Master, all helping to realize His Kingdom in the world, and all living in the faith and hope of reaching the Upper Fold—the

Father's House—where all earthly distinctions are lost in the love of God for all His children.

I have given you little more than an outline of only some of the outstanding traits of Mr. Rowell's personality. His last days gave evidence of encroaching physical weakness and the presence of an insidious disease, entailing much suffering and finally opening the door of the "earthen house" for the escape of the spirit to God who gave it.

In Richard Le Gallenne's "In Memoriam" of George Merideth, whose intimate friend he was, he speaks of a time, mentioned in a poem, (The Test of Faith) when the Poet and Novelist was overtaken by a crushing experience, which left him utterly broken. In this supreme test, he went out one April day to walk up the hill leading into the woods that lay back of his Summer home. Here he found a wild cherry tree which had forced its way up among the rocks by its indomitable life-force and its branches and twigs were covered with a mass of white blossoms. Meredith looked in wonderment at this symbol through struggle of spiritual resurrection; a new vision of life opened before him, a new force took possession of him, and he walked down the hill a new man. When he died and his body laid at rest, Richard Le Gallenne wrote—another Spring day—"George Meredith is dead. I will walk up the hill to the cherry tree".

In Nature symbols of resurrection lie all about us in Springtime—out of struggle into victory, out of death into life, out of the broken purposes and hopes of the human spirit into the blossoms of Paradise.

Mr. Rowell has finished his course here, but he knew that it was not ended. Out of all his joys, successes, heartaches and sufferings, his spirit has passed—might we not say "blossomed"—into that eternal Life where hardship and tears are found no more.

# New Hampshire Necrology

---

## MISS ANNIE A. McFARLAND

Annie A. McFarland, born in Concord, July 24, 1842; died there, August 2, 1927.

Miss McFarland was the daughter of Asa and Clarissa J. (Chase) McFarland, her father being a well known printer and publisher of Concord and son of the Rev. Asa McFarland, D. D., third minister of the old First Church. She was educated in the public and private schools of Concord. She was an active member of various religious, benevolent and charitable organizations, having long served as President of the Concord Female Charitable Society and Treasurer of the N. H. Female Cent Institution, both founded by her grandmother, wife of Rev. Dr. McFarland. She had also served as Secretary of the National Home Missionary Federation; President of the Avon Shakespeare Club, and held membership in many other organizations, including the N. H. Anti Suffrage Association. She was a member of the South Congregational Church, of which her father was one of the founders, also of the Woman's Club, the Friendly Club and the Concord Charity Organization.

By her will Miss McFarland left nearly \$50,000 to various public, religious and benevolent institutions.

## CHARLES C. HAYES

Charles Carroll Hayes, born in New London, N. H., May 31, 1865; died in Manchester, July 29, 1927.

Mr. Hayes was the son of John M. and Susan (Carr) Hayes, and was educated in the public schools of Manchester, to which place his parents removed in his childhood. After graduation from the high school he was for some time engaged in the grocery trade; but subsequently entered upon the real estate business, in which he was actively engaged till death, and having charge of more

real estate than any other man in the city.

He was long active and prominent in politics, as a Democrat, serving as a member of the State Committee many years, and as President of the State Convention in 1912. He was Mayor of Manchester in 1913-14, and long a member and treasurer of the Democratic City Committee. He was a trustee of the Mechanics Savings Bank, and a former President of the Chamber of Commerce. He was a 33d degree Mason, and had been Grand Master of the Grand Lodge and Commander of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar. In religion he was a Baptist. He was twice married; first to Belle J. Kenwood, who died in 1890; second, to Carrie M. Anderson, who survives, as do a son and two daughters by the first wife and a daughter by the second.

## HON. FRANK B. PRESTON

Frank B. Preston, born in Strafford, February 11, 1856; died in Rochester, August 29, 1927.

He was the son of Wingate T. and Mary (Jewell) Preston, and was educated in the public schools, neighboring academies and New Hampton Literary Institute. He resided for a time, in early manhood, in Barrington, where he was town moderator in 1881, but soon removed to Rochester, where he ever after lived. For some years he was a contractor and builder, and was afterward associated for a time with Ex-Gov Samuel D. Felker in the lumber business; but for nearly a quarter of a century past had been a successful operator in real estate.

In politics he was a life long Democrat, and had served as moderator in Rochester before the city organization; as a member of the school board, and as a delegate in the Constitutional Conventions of 1889 and 1912. He was a candidate for Pres

idential elector on the Democrat ticket in 1900, and was Mayor of Rochester in 1913 and 1914. For a number of years he was a member of the Democratic State Committee. He was a trustee of the Gafney Home for the Aged, and president of the People's Building & Loan Association, and held various other positions of trust. He was an Odd Fellow, Patron of Husbandry, a member of the O. U. A. M., and had been for twenty years president of the True Memorial Free Baptist Church Society.

He had been twice married, and is survived by his second wife, and two sons, Vinton W. and Verne F. Preston, of Rochester.

#### REV. W. STANLEY EMERY

W. Stanley Emery, born in Portsmouth, R. I., May 6, 1858; died in Concord, N. H., August 29, 1927.

He was the son of Charles and Susan (Kelley) Emery, and was a graduate of St. Paul's School, Trinity College, and the General Theological Seminary of New York. For a few years he was a master at St. Paul's School and then served churches in Sanbornville, New York city, where he was a vicar of Calvary Chapel; Norwich, Conn.; Tilton and Franklin, before going to Concord where he was vicerector of St. Paul's Episcopal church for 24 years.

He represented the town of Tilton in the Legislature of 1907. For several terms he was a member of the Concord board of education and was a trustee of St. Mary's School for Girls.

Within the church he was a member of the standing committee of the New Hampshire diocese and was several times a delegate to the general convention.

He is survived by his wife, who was Ethel N. Julian of St. Andrews, N. B., and by four daughters and two

sons, all residents of Concord except Mrs. Richard T. Lyford of Longmeadow, Mass.

#### DR. GEORGE M. KIMBALL

George M. Kimball, M. D., born Dardanelles, Ark., June 17, 1855, died in Concord August 9, 1927.

Dr. Kimball was the son of Samuel S. and Hannah L. (Mason) Kimball. He was graduated from Phillips Andover Academy in 1875, Yale College in 1879 and the Harvard Medical School in 1884. After a few years of hospital work he practiced his profession in Concord for 13 years, retiring to give his attention to his extensive business interests.

He was a trustee and for several years president of the New Hampshire Savings Bank. He was also president of the Boscawen Mills, the New Hampshire Spinning Mills and the Concord Mutual Fire Insurance Company. He was a director of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, the Eagle and Phenix Hotel Company, the Abbot Downing Company, the Page Bell Company and the Mechanics' National Bank.

A Republican in politics, Dr. Kimball served on the local Board of Aldermen and on the Board of Education. He was Surgeon General on the staffs of Govs. Charles M. Floyd and Henry B. Quinby and was for some time a trustee of the New Hampshire State Hospital. He was a member of several medical societies, of the Union Club of Boston, Army and Navy Club of New York, and the Wound and Lancet Club of Concord, and held life membership in the New Hampshire Historical Society.

Dr. Kimball married Miss Ann Louise Gage of Boston on Oct. 1, 1886. He is survived by his wife and two children, Robert G. Kimball of Boston, a member of the 1911 class at Dartmouth College, and Louise M. Kimball, Abbott Academy, '16, of Concord.



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

OCTOBER 1927

NO. 10.

## Franklin Pierce and Edmund Burke

A PRESIDENT AND A PRESIDENT MAKER

BY HENRY H. METCALF

---

This article does not assume to be a biography of either or both of the distinguished lawyers and statesmen whose names appear in the caption. It would require many pages of this magazine to present the same even in condensed form. Moreover a somewhat extended sketch of Mr. Burke's career was presented in Volume 3 of the Granite Monthly for 1880.

It is intended now simply to show the relations of one of these men to the other, in an important episode in the political history of the country.

The people of New Hampshire today, generally speaking, take pride in the fact that their little state has furnished an occupant of the highest office in the gift of the American people, though time was in the days of partisian bitterness, engendered by the Civil War, when a considerable portion of the people were inclined to regard General Pierce with something decidedly at variance with the sentiment of pride. Happily that time passed some years ago; so that even his strongest partisian opponents were ready to honor his memory, and joined in doing the same through the movement for the erection of his statue in front of the State House Park at Concord, and the exercises at its dedication, in December, 1913.

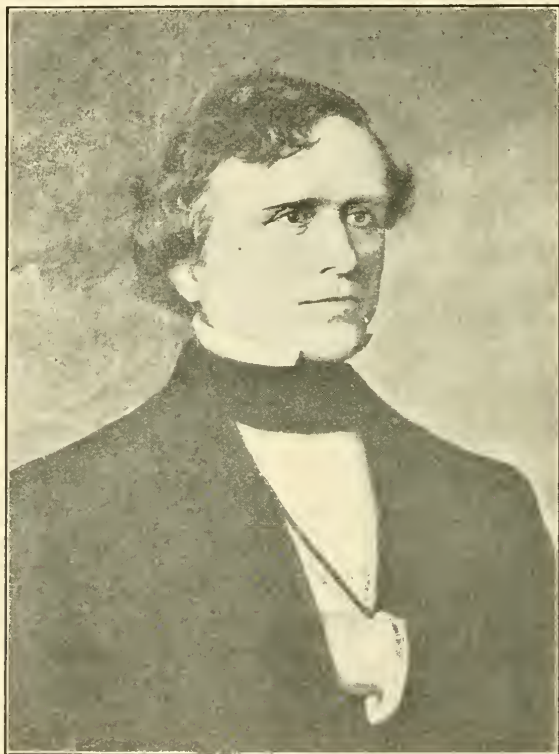
Some time before the holding of the Democratic National Conception at Baltimore, in 1852,—a year previous in fact—when the people were beginning to think of the coming campaign, and the merits and claims of the different aspirants for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency were being considered and discussed throughout the country, (which nomination, by the way, was then generally regarded as equivalent to an election) the Democrats of New Hampshire, in their State Convention at Concord in June, 1851, nominated Luke Woodbury for Governor, and presented the name of Levi Woodbury, his brother, then an associate justice of the Supreme Court, who previously had been a senator and Secretary of the Treasury, as New Hampshire's candidate for the presidential nomination. But few months had passed, however, before both these men had "gone hence to be here no more;" and another convention, to nominate a Governor was called for January 8, 1852, at which it was voted that Franklin Pierce was "worthy of high place among the names of eminent citizens who will be conspicuously before the National Convention", the idea then being that he

might be given the nomination for the Vice Presidency.

Various candidates for the Presidential nomination were already in the field, so to speak, and their friends were actively at work in their interest; while others were held in reserve, awaiting emergencies. The most prominent were Lewis Cass of Michigan, native of New Hampshire,

younger element in the party. William O. Butler of Tennessee, who had been the running mate of Cass in the previous campaign as the candidate for Vice-president, was also favored by his own state and friends outside as was Gen. Sam Houston of Texas.

Meanwhile, as the friends of all the various aspirants were at work, General Pierce's name having been project-



GEN. FRANKLIN PIERCE

who had been the nominee in 1848, and James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, who, by the way, was nominated in 1856. Others considered were William L. Marcy of New York, who had been Governor and United States Senator, and Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, then, although a young man, looming with prominence in the Senate and strongly appealing to the

into the field through the action of the New Hampshire Convention, he took occasion to write a letter, soon given out, in which he declared that the use of his name before the Convention would be utterly repugnant to his wishes. It was well known moreover, that he had resigned from the Senate, ten years before, to escape the temptations of Washington.

social life, and that his wife was distinctly averse to his return thereto. Circumstances had arisen, however, that eliminated Butler from the field, and it had begun to be felt by those best informed that the remaining candidates were all hopeless.

In a publication entitled "The Democratic Machine—1850-1854", being No. 1 of Volume CXI, in the Series of "Studies in History, Economics and Public Laws", edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University, is a careful and exhaustive account of the operations preceding the assembling of the nominating Convention, as well as of the Convention itself.

On page 121 of the publication, appears the following:

"Even before Butler's end the knowing ones began to perceive that the many candidates were all hopeless. Some new man must emerge. Some possibly harked back to 1844. Was there another Polk? Edmund Burke essayed to be the Warwick, and few men were more familiar with the field of politics than he was. He had served New Hampshire in Congress and Polk (whom he had helped to nominate in 1844) had appointed him Commissioner of Patents. From 1849 to 1850 he had been joint editor of the Washington Union with Ritchie. These positions had made necessary contact with politicians of every variety, from everywhere, and Burke had used his opportunities well; there were not many with whom he was unacquainted. Now Burke had ambition to return to Washington as a Senator; but he had enemies. He had never been sure of the good will of the Concord group. If he could make Pierce president the latter might feel under obligations to Burke to aid his ambition."

It may be said for Mr. Burke, in this connection, that there was no man in the country at this time who

stood higher than he in the regard of the Democratic party leaders. He had not only rendered efficient service in Congress, but he had demonstrated a thorough mastery of economic conditions, especially as affected by tariff impositions, and the exhaustive series of essays upon the subject, written by him for the Washington Union, over the signature of "Bundlecund", had formed the basis for the celebrated "Walker Tariff", so called, enacted by Congress in 1846, which is still admitted by impartial judges to be the finest tariff measure ever enacted.

He was especially intimate with Senator John S. Barbour of Virginia, head of the delegation from that State, and one of the most influential of the Southern leaders, who were particularly interested in the selection of a candidate, who would not be inimical to the interests of that section of the country; and so interested him, and many other Southerners, and men from other sections, that they generally concluded that if the candidates then prominent could not win, and Pierce would accept, he would be just the man for the occasion.

It then became necessary to secure the assent of Gen. Pierce to the use of his name as a candidate, and to this task Mr. Burke next addressed himself. He wrote Gen. Pierce, explaining the situation, and induced, Benjamin B. French, Clerk of the House of Representatives, and a personal friend of the General, also to write and urge his consent. He also engaged the interest of Senator Bradbury of Maine, who was a Bowdoin student with Pierce to the same end. The result was that Pierce consented to go before the Convention when,



and only when there was no hope of the nomination of any of the other candidates.

As was stated, the publication to which we referred gives a comprehensive account of the operations of the friends of the various contestants previous to, and during the sessions of the Convention itself, and the fluctuating fortunes of the candidates through the exciting days of the Convention, which met on the first day of June 1, reaffirmed the two-thirds rule, and elected John W. Davis of Indiana as its presiding officer.

On Saturday morning, the fifth day of the Convention, thirty-four ballots had been taken without result. One candidate and then another had been in the lead; but it was obvious that neither could win. The thirty-fifth ballot was in order. What should be done?

Says the previously quoted publication: "The Pierce leaders had been at work. Burke's efforts were taking effect. John S. Barbour was for Pierce, and had talked to many of the delegates in his favor."

The Virginia delegation had taken a vote in Conference. Six districts went for Pierce, one for Butler, two for Marcy, three for Douglas, two for Cass and one divided. Six then changed to Pierce, and that settled the vote of the delegation for him. When the thirty-fifth ballot was called, the vote of Virginia was given to Pierce, with votes from Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, to the number of 29 in all, and for ten successive ballots he received the same number. Meanwhile, says the quoted publication: "The New Hampshire men were making appeals to delegation after delegation, emphasizing

Pierce's availability and the claim of New England to name the candidate. New England had never had a nominee on the Democratic ticket. Would such a nomination not help to redeem the Whig States there? New Hampshire had ever gone Democratic: who had a better right to be heard now? Burke's wide acquaintance stood him in good stand; there was hardly a delegation in which he did not know some one".

On the forty-sixth ballot these arguments seemed to be taking effect when Kentucky retired, and returning, voted for Pierce. On the forty-seventh Maryland and four more from Massachusetts joined the Pierce column. On the forty-eighth Pierce had Maine, New Hampshire, eleven from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, Kentucky and Virginia.

Then followed the roll-call on the forty-ninth and final ballot. There was no change in the voting till North Carolina was reached where James C. Dobbin with eloquent words announced the vote of that state for Franklin Pierce. Georgia, Mississippi and Tennessee followed in the same line. The new York and Pennsylvania delegations withdrew for consultation. Alabama voted for Pierce. The Illinois delegation retired. Vermont and New Jersey then changed to Pierce. Indiana then spoke by the voice of Jesse D. Brigham who cast her thirteen votes for Pierce. The New York delegation returned, when Seymour withdrew the name of Marcy and cast his votes for Pierce. The Pennsylvania delegation returning, went solidly for Pierce and one after another, the states fell into line, till Chairman Davis, in announcing the final result, said Cass 2, Douglas 2, Butler 1, Houston 1.

Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire (God bless him) 282!

The die was cast and the next President of the United States had been named. In the November election following, Gen. Winfield Scott, the Whig nominee, carried but four states. Franklin Pierce was President elect and on the 4th of March following was duly inaugurated. But what of the man who had made him, but for whose persistent and long continued efforts, previous to the Convention, and cool judgment and sagacious management during its heated sessions he would not have been considered or even thought of? What of Edmund Burke, who, when some of the Southern leaders not so sure of Pierce, had urged him to be himself a candidate and assured him their support, had disdained the proposition, scorning to enact the role which James A. Garfield enacted in a Republican National Convention many years later, when, pledged to John Sherman, he himself bore away the nomination? Echo answers—What!

From first to last, while arranging his cabinet and other appointments, and mapping out the policies of his administration, Edmund Burke was neither consulted nor considered by the new President, though other men from all sections were frequently called in consultation! Such an exhibition of rank ingratitude had never before been manifested in the nation's political history, and never since has been.

And what was the cause? The little "Concord group" of politicians, referred to in a previous quotation, including such men as Charles H. Peaslee, Josiah Minot, John H. George and William Butterfield, who had

been close friends of Gen. Pierce, ever jealous of Mr. Burke as smaller men often are of abler ones cherishing like ambition, had persistently set to work to prejudice the mind of Gen. Pierce against his political benefactor. They even persuaded him that Mr. Burke had not been true to him in the nominating convention, and put stories to that effect in circulation in New Hampshire, carrying the nefarious work to such extent that he felt compelled in defense to issue a pamphlet, copies of which are still in existence, embodying testimonials to his efforts and labor in Gen. Pierce's behalf by various delegates from this and other states.

It is not strange that from that time forward there were no friendly relations between Franklin Pierce and Edmund Burke; and yet Gen. Pierce was to be blamed only for the credulity with which he accepted the false representations of his chosen friends.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the character of President Pierce's administration, or the question of his loyalty to the Union in subsequent days. That he and his administration were bitterly and unjustly assailed by his partisan opponents, for many years, is matter of history. That justice has finally been done him in the public mind; that he holds high place in the roll of New Hampshire's illustrious sons, and that his election to the chief magistracy of the Republic is counted as one of the State's greatest honors is now to be conceded; but when the honor to the state involved in that election is considered, the service of that other New Hampshire man, but for whose earnest efforts that election would never have been possible,

unrewarded and unrecognized though it was by the beneficiary himself, should be duly reorganized by the people of the state, and his memory honored accordingly.

Mr. Burke had returned to his home in Newport and resumed the ac-

with such eminent lawyers as James T. Brady and William M. Evarts of New York and Edmund J. Phelps and George F. Edmunds of Vermont. He did not, however, neglect his general practice, in which he was extensively engaged in both the State and Fe-



HON EDMUND BURKE

tive practice of his profession, making Patent law, with which he had become thoroughly familiar through his service as Commissioner of Patents a specialty, and in which line he was associated, in important trials,

eral Courts, until well up to the time of his decease on January 25, 1888 at the age of 73 years.

While his interest in political affairs, State and National, never ceased, his personal activity there-



was less manifest in his later years. In 1860, however, he was an ardent friend of the cause of Breckinridge and Lane and their ablest supporter in New Hampshire. He also presided in the Democratic State Convention at Concord in January, 1867, which gave John G. Sinclair of Bethlehem a nomination for Governor and up to the time of his death was consulted by politicians, in and out of the state, upon questions of state and national interest. It is not recorded, however, that there was ever any meeting, friendly or otherwise, between Mr. Burke and General Pierce before the death of the latter, October 8, 1869, a little more than twelve years previous to that of Mr. Burke.

Both of these distinguished citizens of New Hampshire were men of great ability, of whose service and record all her people may well be proud. General Pierce excelled as an advocate and orator, and in that capacity had few equals and no superiors in his day. He is said to have been the first President to deliver his inaugural address without manuscript, and it is also a matter of note that he was known as the most courteous

gentleman who had ever occupied the presidential chair up to his day.

Mr. Burke was not an orator, or a forceful public speaker; but as a writer he had no superior, in concentration of thought, rapidity of action and force of expression. His written arguments, whether upon legal or political issues, were always convincing and generally unanswerable.

Differing widely in their mental characteristics, and methods of procedure, these two men were in unison upon one subject, politically, at least. They were both earnest defenders of the doctrine of State Sovereignty, in its legitimate sphere, and opposed to the anti-slavery agitation that precipitated the Secession of the Southern States and brought on the Civil War. Whether right or not, there is no question today of their sincerity of purpose, or their patriotic devotion to the welfare of their country.

Let New Hampshire remember with pride her one time President of our great Republic; but let her not forget the man who made possible and certain his nomination and election to that exalted office!

---

## Altars

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Stones there were in New England  
Choking the verdant meadows,  
Scattered thick on the hillsides,  
A menace and a warning.

Walls there are in New England,  
Covered with fruit and with blossom;  
Walls that hold strange comfort—  
Peace and a benediction.

2737 Macomb St., N. W.,  
Washington, D. C.

# Three Notable Women of North Haverhill

BY KATHARINE CHILD MEADER

Past Regent Coossuck Chapter D. A. R.

Out of the many interesting and influential women who have lived in this village and played an active part in its affairs I have chosen three to present to you in this brief sketch—Mrs. Sarah Hazen Merrill, Mrs. Mary Powers Filley and Mrs. Frances P. Keyes.

Differing widely as regards their early environment and the period in which they lived, they are alike in this respect—they were all “pioneers”, independent and courageous, capable of thinking and choosing for themselves.

The first of these three notable women, Sarah Hazen Merrill, was the oldest daughter of Capt. John Hazen, the founder and leading proprietor of the town.

She was a “pioneer” in a literal sense, being but ten years old when her father brought his family up from Hampstead, N. H., in 1763, to settle in the “hitherto unknown region of Coos”.

The Hazens as a family were prominent in the early history of New England, being first mentioned in the records of Rowley, Massachusetts, in 1649.

In 1752 John Hazen married Anna Scott of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Her three children were born in Hampstead, where they lived for a few years before coming up into the wilderness.

One old chronicle speaks very highly of Mrs. Hazen and says “she was born of gentle blood and was a most

remarkable woman”. Her frail physique and gentle, refined nature could ill cope with the hardships and privations of pioneer life, and on September 29, 1765, she died leaving Sarah the subject of this sketch, aged 12, John aged 10 and Moses only 8.

What Sarah Hazen’s life must have been as a young girl in this new settlement, deprived so early in life of a mother’s care, we can hardly imagine, but we know she must have had some advantages, for the old records say that in 1765 a minister was engaged to preach half the time in Newbury and half in Haverhill, and about the same time a schoolmaster was hired.

In 1766 John Hazen married for his second wife, Abigail Cotton, the daughter of the Rev. Josiah Cotton and they had one daughter, Anna, born August 1, 1768.

As the Hazens lived in the first (and for many years the only) frame house in the vicinity, and were noted for their hospitality, Sarah probably did not lack for company, but of the details of her daily life we know nothing. We do know however that she was one of nature’s gentle women and if we are to judge from the way in which she brought up her own daughters later, she must have been well trained and proficient in all the household arts.

In 1771 at the age of 19, she became the wife of Maj. Nathaniel Merrill, one of the proprietors of the town of Newbury, Vermont, just

across the river from Haverhill. Nathaniel Merrill, born March 2, 1747, was a man of powerful physique, great energy and good common sense,—somewhat blunt in his speech but full of fun and a great favorite among his fellow townsmen. He took an active part in public affairs, was Town Clerk for 12 years and Representative for four, besides carrying on his large farm at what is now the upper end of Main Street, and we know Sarah must have been a help-mate worthy of her husband.

They built a beautiful home on this farm, later owned and occupied for several generations, by the Eastman family. Though the house has been remodelled and modernized many of its original features still remain intact, among them the exquisite panneling in the parlor, the quaint corner cupboard with its glass doors and the immense fireplaces.

Of their 13 children, the only son, to the great grief of his parents, died when about 21 years of age. Of the twelve daughters two died in infancy, but the remaining ten all lived to grow up and many of them to rear large families of their own.

I love to think of the beautiful mother Sarah, surrounded by her 10 beautiful daughters. It is no wonder that their home was a great social center. There must indeed have been some lively times in that house on Petticoat Lane as it was called, while the two spinning wheels, the little flax wheel and the loom in the big open chamber, showed that life was not all play for Maj. Merrill's daughters.

All honor to that noble mother. She indeed looked well to the ways of her household and now her child-

ern's children to the tenth generation "rise up and call her blessed".

These daughters all chose husbands worthy of themselves and their ancestry and many of the leading families of this and neighboring towns,—the Pages, Morses, Hibbards, Swaseys, Poors, Runnells, Pearsons, Bayleys, Southards and Pattersons—are proud to trace their descent from Nathaniel Merrill and his wife, Sarah Hazen.

#### MARY ANN (POWERS) FILLEY

The second name which I have chosen, as belonging to a notable woman of our town, is that of Mary Ann (Powers) Filley.

She too was a "pioneer", but in the moral and intellectual sense of the word. She was the oldest daughter of Jonathan and Ann (Kendall) Powers, highly respected citizens of Bristol, N. H., and it was in that village that she first saw the light, December 12, 1821.

As a child she attended school in the "little red schoolhouse", and within its walls enjoyed the somewhat meager educational advantages of the times. Her ambitious nature, however, was not satisfied and later she spent a year at Locust Hill Seminary, N. Y., of which institution Miss Abbie Coates was Principal.

On September 1, 1851, she married Edward A. Filley of Lansingburgh, N. Y., the bridal couple leaving immediately after the ceremony for their new home in St. Louis, Mo. The trip lasted over a week and it was said that they made remarkably good time at that.

Here Mr. Filley was engaged in business for many years and here their children were born and received their education. Mrs. Filley was



great reader, especially of the newspapers and a deep thinker—possessed of a remarkably keen intellect. She was resolute, independent and full of courage. Her daughter once remarked to me “My mother was absolutely fearless”.

These characteristics, combined with her advanced ideas on anti-slavery, temperance, woman suffrage and a single standard of morals for men and women, made her a prominent and efficient worker along progressive lines, at a time when such ideas, particularly in a conservative southern city, were far from being popular.

However, her New England training stood her in good stead, and she never faltered in the pursuit of her high ideals—never hesitated in writing or speaking to put in her “entering wedge”, as she laughingly termed her advanced thought put in words. She was forty years in advance of her times, yet full of confidence that the day was not far distant when her lofty ideals would be realized. A born reformer, indifferent to scoffs and sneers, she gloried in the thought of helping to make the world better and happier at whatever cost to herself.

In 1875 the Filleys came back to their native state and for a time lived with her uncle, Mr. Joseph Powers, on his large farm, finely situated just below this village, and fully equipped with commodious buildings and up to date improvements. After Mr. Powers' death they purchased the farm and here Mr. Filley raised his famous herd of full blooded Jersey cattle, the first and probably the finest ever known in this vicinity. Here Mrs. Filley, with her accustomed energy and thoroughness, proved herself to

be a most notable and accomplished housewife. One year she made over 4000 pounds of butter with her own hands. In spite of the many cares attendant on carrying on a large dairy farm she still stood firm for her ideals, and here Prohibition was her chosen field.

She often lectured on the subject and visited every home for miles around urging people—especially mothers, to sign the pledge. Once she hired Metcalf's dance hall and gave a temperance lecture there when some rowdy, thinking to be funny, threw an empty whiskey bottle at her. Her eyes flashed but she kept calmly on with her lecture as if nothing had happened. At another time, while giving a lecture on Social Purity at the Methodist Church, she uttered such plain truths, that some of the more conservative in her audience were shocked and one prominent citizen declared that she ought to be tarred and feathered for saying such things.

With all her reading, lecturing and plans for the future, Mrs. Filley was no idle dreamer but a practical business woman, every inch a lady, modest and gentle in her manners and living up to the highest standards of wifehood and motherhood. Mr. and Mrs. Filley were the parents of four children, none of whom are living at the present time, 1—Frances Amelia, born August 2, 1852, married D. E. Kittredge of Mt. Vernon, N. H. in 1878, died in Rochester, N. Y. December 1922. 2—Chloe, born February 20, 1856, died July 5, 1858. 3—Augustus, born July 26, 1858, died April 25, 1904 and 4—Anne K., born August 22, 1861. Miss Anne Filley, whose death occurred but a short time ago, was greatly beloved and

will be sadly missed by a large circle of friends.

Equally dear to Mrs. Filley with the temperance cause was the hope of universal suffrage with equal rights for women. On her 50th birthday money was given her with which to buy a nice silk dress but it is characteristic of her that she laid the money aside and the next year (1872) used it to take a trip to Washington to attend a Woman Suffrage Convention, an event long and eagerly anticipated and greatly enjoyed. Here she met congenial spirits, the most progressive women of the century, among them Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Martha Wright, Lucy Stone Blackwell and Susan B. Anthony.

A warm personal friendship sprung up between her and Miss Anthony which lasted until Mrs. Filley's death, May 6, 1910, and Miss Anthony visited at the Filley home, lecturing at Haverhill, while on a tour through New England. Among others who lectured here through Mrs. Filley's efforts was Miss Phebe Cousins, a brilliant speaker and the first woman lawyer of St. Louis.

Once when the call was sent out for funds to carry on the Woman's Suffrage work, Mrs. Filley was very anxious to contribute but the ready money was not available. Being a woman of infinite resource, she, without hesitation, sent a tub of her fine Jersey butter to the chairman of the Committee, asking that it be sold and the proceeds given to the cause.

In the spring of 1888 she was again able to go to Washington, this time, to attend the first meeting of the International Council of Women. Here again she met the leaders in the various movements which were so dear

to her, and for which she stood so staunchly in spite of all criticism.

Among these friends she counted Mrs. Caroline B. Winslow, the gifted editor of the Social Purity Journal for many copies of which Mrs. Filley subscribed and distributed among her friends and relatives.

Mrs. Filley was a true friend, an interesting talker and a delightful hostess. Her beautiful home, with its splendid shade trees, its well-kept lawn and old-fashioned flower beds was most attractive and within—the many books, the well chosen pictures—the homelike rooms furnished so comfortably with many a priceless antique—all were but visible expressions of her intelligent and cultivated mind.

Mrs. Filley was singularly unselfish, asking nothing for herself. She desired no honors, no public recognition. Her only wish was to help others and especially to help those who were not able to help themselves. She freely gave to her townspeople the best fruits of her mature experience and occupies a unique place in their memories.

Many of her cherished dreams have come true, but too late, alas, for her to realize and enjoy. Some of the victories for which she strove have not yet been won. It is for us women of this generation to "pass along the torch" and by making the most of our opportunities and privileges, to accomplish the ideals for which heroic souls like Mrs. Filley so freely sacrificed and so bravely fought.

---

#### FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

The third and last notable woman of whom I wish to speak is Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, no less

pioneer than the two whom I have already mentioned.

Young, gifted, full of courage, bravely venturing along untried paths, yet fortunate in having had every opportunity for self development and self expression, she may surely be counted as one of the most eminent women of the town and indeed of the state. Her natural talents, her charming personality, her social position and her husband's political status, combine to make her a success in whatever line of activity she may undertake.

We daily scan the papers to see whether she has just been presented at St. James, resplendent in her white satin gown, with feathers and train, or crossed the German frontier to explore the coal mines of the Rhur. She may have published a new book or made a friendly call on her majesty, the Queen of Spain. Perhaps she has just returned from a flying trip to California, been appointed on some important committee or given a luncheon to the leading literary lights of the country or the ladies of the Cabinet. But we may be sure that whatever she does she does well and with her whole heart; then she is ready for the next thing. Mrs. Keyes is very exact—very punctual and expects others to be the same. A promise once given, or an engagement made, is never broken.

Though she herself, is a child of the sunny south, having been born in Virginia, she comes from distinguished New England ancestry. Henry Parkinson, her great, great-grandfather on her father's side was an intimate friend of General Stark, and served as his Quartermaster during the Revolutionary War. He, later, was the Headmaster of a school

at Canterbury, the first private school for boys in New Hampshire and was known far and wide as the Canterbury schoolmaster.

Her grandmother, too, for whom she was named, Frances Parkinson was born in New Hampshire, and was one of the first graduates from Mt. Holyoke College then known as Mary Lyon's Seminary.

Her father, Professor John Henry Wheeler, a distinguished Greek scholar, has a remarkable record. He graduated from Harvard with high honors in 1871, at the age of 19, and later graduating from the Law School, received the Post Graduate Degree of M. A. He then went to John Hopkins, Baltimore, as a Fellow and from there to Europe for three years study, being awarded the Parker scholarship by Harvard. He took his degree of Ph. D., at the University of Bonn, Germany, with the highest honors ever given to an American at that time, and was the first American admitted to the Vatican to study the old Greek manuscripts.

For a time he taught at Harvard Radcliffe and Bowdoin and in 1877 accepted the chair at the head of the Greek department at the University of Virginia—near Monticello, the beautiful old home of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the University. Here Mrs. Keyes was born in the fine old colonial mansion once occupied by President Monroe, one of the governors of the University. In the year of 1887 Prof. Wheeler was obliged to resign his position on account of ill health and came to Newbury where he died shortly after. It is from him that Mrs. Keyes inherits her keen discriminating mind and scholarly



tastes, as well as her gift for the languages.

On the maternal side too, she comes from good old New England stock, her mother, Louise Johnson, being the granddaughter of Col. Thomas Johnson, one of the founders of the town of Newbury, Vt., and a very influential man in the early history of Coos.

Mrs. Keyes' early life was most cosmopolitan, much of it after her father's death being spent in Boston, the summers usually at the ancestral home in Newbury. When she was nine she and her mother spent a year in France. They later travelled extensively and she attended school in Geneva, Switzerland for several months. Mrs. Wheeler was a most devoted mother and gave her daughter every possible social and education advantage—a fitting preparation for the position she was destined to occupy later.

Married when she was but 18 to a man 20 years her senior, one already deeply engaged in public affairs, well and favorably known in political and business circles—she most gracefully and efficiently accepted the duties and responsibilities which devolved upon her. Not the least of these responsibilities is the care and training of her children, her three splendid boys: Henry W. Jr., now in his 4th year at Harvard, scholarly and thoughtful,—John still in preparatory school and Francis who has attended school in Washington for the past few years. They are fine, manly boys, of whom their parents may justly be proud. With Mrs. Keyes home ties come first, and she considers her carer as a mother quite the most important and successful one she has had.

As a near neighbor and a warm friend of Mrs. Keyes, I am often asked about her home life, at Pine Grove Farm, where she is proud to say her husband is a farmer and she a farmer's wife. Their house is a modern brick building, very artistic in design and finish, situated about a mile from this little village, far back from the highway on a bluff overlooking the Connecticut river. The view down the valley is unsurpassed even in this region of beautiful views. Within, the house is ideal, reflecting as it does the refinement and good taste of its owners. The spacious hall, with its broad stairway, the big living room, with the great open fireplace, the very heart of the house, the library, a little more formal and elegant, then the Senator's study—the most delightful room of all, and the dining room with its exquisite appointments—everything fine and dignified but nothing too good to be used. As for the kitchen, I should need several pages to describe that with the pantries, serving room etc., but let me say that this part of the house was carefully planned by Mrs. Keyes and that she is just as much at home here as in the drawing room. She is a fine cook and can herself do almost anything in the line of household work if necessary.

However, she has always been very fortunate in the matter of domestic help. She gets the best and has the faculty of keeping them. Her executive ability has been shown not only in her own home but in the war work she did while her husband was Governor, when she was a certified teacher of surgical dressings, in the Red Cross; serving actively in the Liberty Loan campaigns and food conserva-

tion campaigns, to say nothing of the various activities, literary, social and economic, in which she has been engaged since she went to Washington.

From the very first Mrs. Keyes has closely identified herself with her husband's home people. She has always entered into our plans and pleasures and taken an active part in all that interested the young people of the neighborhood. We are very fond of her and very proud of her.

We have enjoyed her help in the Dramatic Club, where she was always a success whether as the "star" or the Irish maid; in the Library Association, in the Red Cross, the D. A. R. and in our little Episcopal Mission. She was always ready and full of original ideas, a charming hostess and a tireless worker.

From a child Mrs. Keyes was very fond of writing, but until after her marriage had published nothing. Her mother looked upon her writing as a girlish fancy, which she would lay aside when she met the realities of life and had more important things to occupy her mind. Her husband too had the same idea but both were mistaken. Soon after her marriage she took up writing in earnest and poems, short stories and historical sketches came from her pen in rapid succession. These, and of late, more serious articles have been published in the Delineator, Pictorial Review, Good Housekeeping, Atlantic Monthly and other leading magazines.

Lack of space forbids any extended mention of her two books, "The Old Gray Homestead" and "The Career of David Noble" which, however, have had a wide circulation.

Of her shorter articles the "Satisfied Reflections of a Semi-Bostonian" is perhaps the cleverest thing she has written, while "Our Doctor", a brief but sincere tribute to the late W. E. Lawrence of this village, has deeply touched the hearts of all who knew him.

As her husband has advanced in his political life, first as Governor of the state, and then as Senator at Washington, the field of her activity has greatly broadened—new duties, new pleasures have demanded her attention and taken up her time, but her literary work has not been neglected and we are proud to note that in recognition of her attainments in this line she has been given the Degree of Doctor of Letters from the University of Washington, an honor which has as yet been bestowed upon very few women.

Her "Letters from a Senator's Wife" and "The Senator's Wife Abroad" are most delightful and have been widely read, while the "Average Woman" articles, which came out not long ago in the Pictorial Review, show remarkable depth and clarity of thought and expression.

Mrs. Keyes is no "rosy optimist" and knows full well that sin and sorrow, envy and crime, do exist in the world, yet she prefers for the most part to dwell upon the happier side of life and it is refreshing to note that while she is a keen analyst of the character and motives of men and women, she never indulges in unkind criticism or sarcastic personalities.

In the fall of 1925 she embarked upon the realization of one of her fondest dreams—a trip around the world—and it was with eager delight



that we read her fascinating letters, written from many a foreign port, showing remarkably keen powers of observation and full of delightfully vivid descriptions of men and places, yet deeply tinged with the mysterious and subtle charm of the Orient.

As I write Mrs. Keyes is attending the greater International Evangelical Conference, now being held at Lau-

sanne and we are looking forward with the deepest interest to her account of that wonderful assemblage that gathering of the most devout preachers, the most profound thinkers and the most gifted speakers to be found in the world, all working together for the cause of Christ and looking forward to an ideal state of Christian unity.

## A Growing Tree

BY WALTER HENDRICKS

Outside my cabin door,  
There are of trees a score,  
And then a thousand more.

Far as they can be seen,  
Varying in shades of green,  
They form a lovely scene.

Hidden within this woods,  
I note its changing moods  
Till I do come to be

Much like a growing tree,  
Prizing serenity  
Above all earthly goods.

Associate Prof. of English,  
Armour Inst. of Technology,  
Chicago, Ill.





# A Legend of Red Mountain

Translated from the German of Koehler's *Marchenstrass aus dem Weissen*

BY ELLEN McROBERTS MASON

---

Far from the palaces, rich men's mansions, and wharves of the great commercial city, alone and under thick-foliaged trees, in a sheltered valley that lies enclosed on its sides by mighty, wooded mountains—and not far from Lake Winnepesaukee, that with its numerous harbors and hundreds of little, green islands, presents a most lovely scene—stands a simple, little house in the midst of green meadows and fruitful fields.

On this spot of earth, that distant from the populous dwelling places and great commercial streets, rules the charm of quiet peace—never shrieks the shrill whistle of steam-steeds through the blossoming fields, only here and there one heard the melodious ringing voices of playing herds of children or the proud cock-a-doodle-do of the farm chanticleer.

In the little house there lived an industrious widow with her three children. The family supported itself plainly and well, upon the proceeds from the property the father had left them. Contentedly they were passing their days and concerned themselves little about what was happening in the world abroad; always cheerful and happy, they did their day's work and sweet slumber strengthened them nights, after honest labors there were no treasures for which they would be willing to change their lot.

Now since such contentment is only seldom to be met with, there must probably here exist a special

reason why they had settled themselves in the tiny cottage, and this was so, as you soon shall hear.

The little house in which these contented persons lived, stood near the foot of a high mountain which is overgrown so thickly with trees and thicket, that yet no human foot has been able to push through.

When the rude winds of Autumn turned the fresh green of the summer into bright colors, then glowed the trees in scarlet-red splendor, and it looked as though a great, red mantle were spread over the cliffs. And for that reason, the mountain has been christened and retained its descriptive Christian name of "Red".

High above on the summit, the mountain genie have built them a fortress from great, granite blocks, and this—that they could be disturbed by nobody—they surrounded with a thick wall of wild vines and thorn-briers.

Woe to the man who should lose his way therein! No path would guide him out from the enchanted woods. In the rock-stronghold, the mountain genii had already housed many hundred years, and only seldom a human being got a sight of them, for they stayed mainly in the great halls that were embellished with shields and primitive accoutrements, or the wide-extending courts, or in the splendid gardens that closed the citadel. There they carried on all sorts of sport with lances and spears.

they slung huge blocks of rock, and contended in friendly conflict.

And often they sat together at great golden tables, and nimble slaves served them with the wine of the gods. At times too, they fought a mock battle among themselves, and then it rumbled from mountain down to valley, fierce lightnings flashed through the heavens, men hurried frightened into their houses and said "the Old Ones on the mountain are quarreling".

But by the mountain genii a young maiden had been captured and was held prisoner: She was lovely of face, with graceful figure, and of sweet and lovely character. Strictly guarded, it was only seldom permitted her to leave the castle—for she was under a spell of enchantment—and to associate with others. Toward them she was mild and friendly; the good, wished her happiness and blessings, pleasure was diffused wherever she appeared.

But unutterable melancholy seemed molded upon her features, as though deep pain and inner longing filled her heart, so that all who saw her felt sympathy and pity for her, and lamented her lot, that must so inevitably be so sorrowful.

When on moonlight nights there sounded from the forest, low, heart-stirring strains, like those of a distant aeolian harp, then they said "the mountain sylph chants her dirge to the harp".

Very wonderful stories were related by the peaceful valley-dwellers, about the castle, and the unhappy maiden who there sorrowed and wept in secret pain, and only with abhorrence they gazed upon the enchanted Red Mountain.

Now, one fine day, a young man

took his way to the quiet valley. He carried a small knapsack that might well hold all his goods and fortune. While he strode vigorously along singing a gay song, he gazed good humoredly, contentedly about him, though the whole world belonged to him. He was surprised at the loneliness of the region, and thought of himself, "here, I could be well pleased. I hope that I may find rest and refreshment and a night's lodging in the little house that peeps out friendly from under its sheltering trees".

And in truth he received heartily welcome, as he knocked modestly at the door, and soon felt quite at home in the little family circle. After he had rested a while talk began.

The wanderer told about distant lands, and where he had passed his childhood days; the countries through which he had roamed, and the strange men that he had seen. The simple country-folk for their part related of the wondrous things they knew about "Red Mountain."

But the mother took up the tale and related the following: "Many hundred years ago, my ancestor, a poor peasant, came to this little valley that then was still a dense wilderness. He thought of all the hindrances, for he saw the objections to settling here, and, already discouraged, would have gone away, when the captured and imprisoned maid of Red Mountain, came to him and said, 'here in this place build your dwelling. I will bless you with industry, that you—you and your descendants—to the longest age of life shall have a modest but contented and care-free competency. One condition however I make with my gift, and that is this; that the dwelling place always have a hospitable, open



door to strangers. Perhaps among them there might be one of whom it is granted to free me from the imprisonment in which I have already languished many, many years. Know that I was by force torn from the arms of my beloved, and fast-banned by enchantment. Only a worthy, enthusiastic youth could have power to set me free and again unite me to my beloved. No wanderer will be turned away from your door for at last my deliverer will and must come. When some day seven ravens fly down from the mountain and circle around that tall oak, then is the best point of time for my deliverance here."

The young man had listened to the mother's story with intense interest and, touched by the sorrowful lot of the maiden, felt only the one wish, that it might be granted to him to rescue her from her captivity.

At this moment he heard—Oh wonder!—the croaking call of seven coal-black ravens that flew down from the Red Mountain to a tall oak tree and flew seven times round it! Then he knew that he was called upon to be a deliverer.

Without knowing the risk existing in the venture, he seized his staff and hastened to the mountain. Soon he reached the wood, which was however almost surrounded with briery thicket, that it was almost an impossibility to force a way in. Undecided he stood before it, and knew not what to begin. Then there came to mind a rhyme that he had dreamed the night before:—

"Thorn-hedge, fear thou me,  
Be quick and open thee."

As he said this aloud to himself, the bushes bent apart forming a narrow foot-path that led over loose stones and broken tree-trunk, up a steep

ascent. Everywhere obstacles—to overcome which called for great exertion—were placed against him. Right and left, snakes darted at him. Ravens and jack-daws swarmed about his head, with hateful cries, disgusting toads and other monsters stared at him with dismal eyes; it seemed as if all would hold him back from going farther.

Nevertheless he pushed bravely forward, not minding the deep scratches that the thorn-hedge tore nor the rock wall that blocked the way, nor the sounds of vicious reptiles that spit out fire and poison. With great exertion and fatigue, he arrived at a dark rock-cavern from which an enormous black snake stretched out its poisonous-swollen tongue.

Seized with fear and horror he would have fled—when an inner voice called, "The Brave win!" And as though inspired by new zeal, he snatched his staff and neared the snake. With three hard blows he killed the horrid monster that snapped with its fangs at the dauntless youth.

As he turned the dead reptile over, he saw a shining, gold ring, and he took it up and put it on his finger. In that moment he saw before him a white-veiled, heavenly vision; it was the mountain maid who in friendly melancholy, smiled on him and said, "brave youth, you have endured the trial of courage, and given me hope that you may free me from my captivity. Much have you overcome. Still one thing remains beside to do, in order to set me free."

"Know this, my Beloved waits before the castle for me, to carry me off, yet lacks the magic word that could gain him entrance, and only to



a mortal that is pure in heart and character, is it granted to wrest this word from the tyrant of Red Mountain, who houses deep within these rocks. The ring on your finger, will conduct you through the cavern, to the palace of that tyrant; stand firm before him, and as soon as he utters the magic word, come back and announce it to me. In the meantime allow no sound to escape your lips. Rich return shall you have for your deed.

The youth indeed experienced a secret tremor, but the fervent entreaty of the maiden, and the compassion that he felt for her fate, impelled him to achieve his hardest. He held the ring before the rock-wall of the grotto—this opened of itself and formed itself to a splendid portal, from which a long, columned gallery, glittering with gold and precious stones, led to a spacious hall. Dazzled by the glitter and the magnificence in which all parts of the palace, even the walls and the high dome shone, the youth was unable to discern only a lofty, sumptuous throne of costly, white marble, upon which sat a primeval, old man with long flowing hair. He and the serfs around him were sunk in deep sleep. The youth stepped briskly to the sage and held out the ring. Then the czar, startled, called out "Ossipee," that is to say, "Open!"

But scarcely—against his will—the word uttered, when he fell into a frightful rage, his hair fluttered wildly about his head, his eyes darted lightning; a violent thunder-clap quaked the edifice as though the mountain would burst, and, threatening, the tyrant rushed upon the terrified youngster who fled, holding the ring, and fortunately succeeded in

reaching the egress, though frightful monsters pressed upon him on all sides, snapped and snatched at him threatening to tear off the ring. Thunderingly the rocks struck together behind him, and he was barely able to breathe the word "Ossipee," as he fell, stunned, to the ground.

As he came to consciousness again sullen, black clouds had overcast the whole mountain, a hollow thunder sounded incessantly in his ears, capricious lightnings flashed across the firmament, and high above, upon the summit, he glimpsed the mountain genii involved in a furious combat. Here and there, rushed the raging contest, wild battle-cries, bellowings of rage filled the air, shields and swords clashed upon one another, so that glowing sparks flew from them; the white vestures waved in the fray—wilder and more frightful grew the struggle.

Yet at last, quite ensued, the infuriated combatants had disappeared and stillness again reigned around.

And a heavenly beautiful pair—the maiden, holding her harp on her arm and her lover, sword in hand—waved to him from the mountain top, where now the golden sun again cast his rays below.

And the maiden came to the youth and said, "fervent thanks to you for the service that you have given us. The magic word you allured from the tyrant, opened to my Beloved and his troops, the approach to the forest and to the citadel. In hot combat, he has overcome my jailer, so that now, they must let me leave with him."

"And now I hasten with him, to our fairyland where joy and jubilee always reign. Please entreat a favor

from me, your wish shall be fulfilled."

"Gracious Fairy," replied the youth, "nothing for myself, do I desire. The most-priced reward for me, comes from recalling that I was chosen the instrument for your deliverance."

"But should you wish to leave a remembrance to the family with whom I found hospitable welcome, and who now must fear that when you depart from here, the blessedness and happiness will depart from their homestead, so I intreat that these be regarded as my wish."

"It shall be", answered the maiden, and at that moment, a golden chariot with spanned swans, carried off the fortunate pair from the sight of the amazed youth.

At the same time, three fairies drew near the cottage and one after the other announced to the astonished occupants, the message of the maid.

And the first said, "I give you, in the name of my mistress, possession of this ground for all time. Fruitfulness of the soil, increase of cattle

and poultry. Then the second took the word: "I grant you health and strength and energy to labor."

"And I," so said the third, "I guarantee you, as the most valuable gift—contentment and continuous cheerful spirits."

Joyfully excited the good family would have expressed their thanks to the fairies, but in an aurora of rose-fragrance, they had disappeared.

The little mother and the children could scarcely recover from their astonishment, and could not understand what had happened to them.

But the youth told them about the enchanted forest, and the ring, and of the furious battle on Red Mountain and the gracious maiden who now delivered and free—would dwell with her Beloved in lasting happiness.

With words of heartfelt thanks, he departed from the hospitable house, after they had urged him to promise that he would come again next year, and take part in their good fortune.

And to the travellers that pass through the lonely valley, they relate the wondrous story of Red Mountain.

---

## Open Season

By ISABEL FISKE CONANT

The bird's flight veered suddenly; his calm wings dipped and slanted,  
 Again there passed beneath him the killer and he knew  
 That though for this once again reprieve had been granted  
 The flash and sting would fell him, or his own, ere time was through.

# Prof. Bartholomew Van Dame

BY JOHN SCALES, A. M.

---

Bartholomew Van Dame was a wonderful man and successful school-master. He was born in the village of Arlandeerven, Holland June 21, 1807; came to America in 1819; died in Nottingham, N. H., April 3, 1872. His parents were of the laboring class. He was the oldest of five children. At the age of nine he was able to read a little, but had not learned to write.

In 1815 he saw the great Napoleon march through the village with a part of his army, going to some field of battle. The scene impressed him with great awe, and he never forgot the magnificent scene, while later in life he came to abhor war.

When he was nine years old his father placed him in the care of his uncle, at Alkmaer, Holland, with whom he lived till he was twelve. His uncle was a druggist and kept his nephew busy doing errands and keeping the shop in order. During the three years he was in this work he saw naval officers, in full uniform, enter the store, for medicine. The sight of their uniforms impressed him powerfully and he began to wish he could be a sailor and go to sea; maybe he would then, some day, get to wear such uniforms.

He told his uncle he wished he could be a sailor; his uncle and father discussed the matter and finally concluded he might become a sailor if they could find a good English or American captain who would take him and teach him to speak English. There happened to be in port the ship "George Long" from Ports-

mouth, N. H. It was in command of Capt. John C. Long, who later became an officer in the U. S. Navy; in the Civil War in America he came to be Commodore Long.

He sailed from Holland in July 1819, to the ship's home port, Portsmouth, N. H. During the voyage Captain Long, as agreed, taught the boy to speak English, and let him have a spelling book to study, and by using that book he commenced his wonderful career. After making several voyages he decided he wanted to give up that sort of life and try his luck on shore, in New Hampshire. He studied and planned how to escape from the ship, while in port, at Portsmouth.

When he had been at sea a little over two years and a half, a return voyage landed him at Portsmouth; his term of indenture with Capt. Long had not expired, so he was legally bound to stay in service on the ship. The ship remained in port several weeks, and during the time he lived in the Long family. During the time Miss Long, sister of the Captain, gave him instruction in reading and spelling and talking in English; but he was hoping to get a chance to desert the ship; it came unexpectedly.

A brief of the story, as he told it later in life, is that on the day the ship was to leave Portsmouth all sails were spread to sail; everything was on board; the captain and the crew were ready to pull up anchors. Van started out from the family residence to go on board the ship with



Capt. Long's father, having in his hand his box of clothing etc. As they walked along and reached a dividing of the streets, Mr. Long said:—"I will go down Market Street and get some fish for dinner on the ship; you go direct to the ship and get on board. Van did as ordered; went on board and placed the box in the cabin, and was about to step on shore when Captain Long said:—"You boy, where are you going?" Van replied: "Your father has gone to the market to get some fish for dinner and wants me to meet him. "Capt. Long said:—"Go quick and haste back to the ship; we are all ready to pull up the anchors and sail down the river."

Van made haste, as ordered, but went in an opposite direction from that to meet Mr. Long, Sr. and get the fish. Then he kept hidden till the ship had time to get far at sea. He then watched for an opportunity to get out of Portsmouth and find a home with some good farmer, far enough away from Portsmouth for him to keep concealed from Captain Long's parents.

This was in January, 1822. He watched the ox-teams on Market Square. About noon he spoke to a teamster, who proved to be Josiah Clark, a farmer of Epping; having told his story of deserting the ship to get a place to learn how to be a farmer's boy, Mr. Clark consented to take him home and give him a chance to work on his farm. They arrived in Epping late in the evening. Mrs. Clark gave him a kind greeting and a hearty supper of brown bread, pork and beans, appeased his appetite, which had become voracious. He was then given a good, warm bed to sleep in; it was the most comforting and

refreshing night's sleep he had ever had, since he had left Holland.

When he was 12 years old he had signed an indenture to serve Capt. John C. Long until 21 years of age; he was afraid Capt. Long might get him when the ship returned to Portsmouth; to guard against that Mr. Clark took him to the court in Exeter and had Van sign to serve him till he was 21. Later Capt. Long agreed to let that indenture take the place of the one signed in Holland. About a year later Mr. Clark made an agreement with his neighbor, John Dow to have the indenture transferred from Clark to Dow: The substance of the indenture was that Van should live with and work for Mr. Dow till 21, during the time receive his board and clothes, and have the privilege of attending the district town school during each winter. The term of school was usually about six weeks. The curriculum was confined to reading, writing and arithmetic; in these Van Dame was quite proficient at 21 years of age.

During his term of service with Mr. Dow he did considerable teaming as well as general work on the farm. The team was usually two or three yoke of stout oxen; the market place was Portsmouth, distant about 20 miles from the Benjamin Dow farm in the North River district in Epping; the load carried down was cord wood, or lumber of some sort; that taken back was such as the country stores then dealt in—dry goods, groceries and West India molasses and rum. With a heavy load the oxen traveled about two miles and a half in one hour; four hours for the journey down, and the same going home. At Portsmouth he would have to wait for a customer to come along and

purchase his load of wood: often times it took quite a while to make a sale at a reasonable price. The oxen came to know the road home so well that they needed no directing; at times when Van felt tired and sleepy he would get into a comfortable place in his load home, and let the sturdy oxen keep the homeward journey alone, and always kept the road, while he took short naps, as he affirmed in his "diary", in which he recorded his autobiography.

When Van Dame was 21, and received his "freedom suit of clothes" from Mr. Dow, he decided to acquire an advanced education so he could teach district schools. He possessed what was called "common school" education; he had access to no textbooks of higher education. Dr. Timothy Hilliard was then the "perambulating" schoolmaster of southern New Hampshire; he was a good doctor, more distinguished as a teacher, being college educated, and proficient in knowledge of Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics. It was his practice to keep tuition, schools, of maybe three months in a locality, to which all the neighbors could send their children, boys especially.

In 1828 Dr. Hilliard conducted a term school, in the Edward B. Nealley hall, on Lee Hill. Van Dame attended it; during the time he boarded with that Cartland family of that town. He made a beginning of the study of Latin and Greek, and geometry. The ability he manifested in these studies was marvelous; his memory was tenacious, and his judgment discriminating. Next year he commenced teaching a district school, and did the work so well that he at once became a popular and successful school master, and became in great

demand by school committee men. When he began teaching his salary was \$10.00 a month and "board around", that is one family would give him his board one week, another family another week, or such length of time as the families might be willing to give free board.

In the spring of 1830 he went to New Hampton Academy, and remained to the close of the summer term about the first of July. Here he made rapid progress in the language and higher mathematics, holding the highest rank in whatever he took in hand to study. When the weather became too hot for winter clothes Van Dame wanted a summer suit. He was obliged to practice extreme economy to get it. He bought several yards of cotton cloth, at 10 cents a yard; his boarding mistress colored it, for him, with yellow oak bark which made a bright, clean looking color for the thick, coarse cloth. Then he had the town tailor measure him and cut the cloth for a jacket and trousers; he then did the sewing himself, and his boarding mistress pressed it for him, gratis. So the whole suit cost Van only 75 cents, in cash. He says, in his diary, it was perfect fitting, neat in appearance and comfortable in the hot days, but attracted much attention, when he first appeared at church. At the academy he became noted as a public off hand, brilliant speaker in whatever topic he took up. He had a smooth, distinct and far reaching voice. As he advanced in age and came into wider observation of men and public affairs, he was sometimes very sarcastic, often very witty and never at a loss for facts; his memory seemed illimitable in its store of knowledge, gathered and garnered

from wide and constant reading and observing.

One of the new studies he took in hand at New Hampton was astronomy; this led him to try his skill in calculating the eclipses, of the sun and moon; his instructor could not help him out of the difficulty which he met; so he decided to visit the famous almanac maker, at Meredith, a dozen miles distant. He started out early one morning; on, arriving at Meredith in the forenoon, having made the journey on foot, he showed his calculations to Mr. Leavitt, who pointed out the slight mistake in the work; then explained the whole process of almanac making. After dinner he sat down in Mr. Leavitt's study-room and made a correct calculation of an eclipse of the moon. Later he pursued a course of study, in the higher mathematics, under Mr. Leavitt.

At the age of 26 he appears to have received his "graduation" at Mr. Leavitt's Almanac School, but he kept on studying and teaching private schools in various towns in southern New Hampshire, till an academy building was erected for him at Nottingham Centre, when he was about forty years old. He held regular sessions there for twenty years, when his health began to fail, and he gradually ceased from work.

He did take a course of study in theology at Gilmanton Theological School and, being a devout Free Will Baptist, he preached occasionally, but declined to become a settled minister of any church.

Van Dame kept a diary, which is still preserved. About two years before his death, in 1872, he prepared a memoranda of his writings and career as schoolmaster, from which the

information I have given was obtained. In his memoranda he mentions books that he had written, beginning in 1834, when he was 27 years of age. It made an average of ten thousand pages. His writing is in a small fine hand; a page of it would make a page of print in an ordinary octavo volume. In some instances the books he mentions are a quire of "fools-cap" paper slightly stitched together, but in most cases they are in regular bindings.

These carefully preserved manuscripts are not all that Bartholomew Van Dame had written; during many years he wrote for the press; of these he made clippings from the Morning Star, Dover Enquirer, Dover Gazette, Exeter News-Letter, Boston Herald, Prohibition Herald, Anti-Slavery Advocate, The Crusader and other papers. These clippings he put into scrap-books.

He made a spelling-book, a grammar and a dictionary, as compilations and original rules, which bear marks of an efficient and long time teacher. His geometry and chemistry indicate the scholar, up to date. His arithmetic of almost 400 pages has to do with the most advanced of the science in his time of active teaching. He prepared a school manual for the use of teachers in district schools. As a pastime, he did not claim to be a poet, he delighted to state things in rhyme, but he was a master of the best English prose.

Van Dame examined every subject mooted among men; he read, he thought and made up his mind; then he espoused the side that his judgment dictated to be right; and if it was at all a practical matter, fought what he thought was erroneous, and



championed the truth as he saw it, fearless of all opponents.

Van Dame was short of stature; had a large, fine shaped head, prominent nose, large eyes and a pleasing expression of his face, as he spoke to anyone. In his active periods of life he may have weighed some over 100 pounds.

As a platform speaker Van Dame was ready, fluent, earnest, and pleasing, keeping his audience attentive to the close. He was especially interested in temperance, and abolition of African slavery. He led an inveterate war against the use of rum, hard cider, and tobacco, in any form. He was always prepared to speak on these topics, after he was thirty years of age; no question could outwit him; his answer would be as quick as a flash, and nearly always turn the laugh on to the questioner. When the occasion demanded it he was an expert in relating anecdotes that kept his audience laughing.

It was in the academy at Nottingham that I attended his school, in 1849. Up to that time he said he had been a teacher in 58 schools, and, the number of his pupils was 3,150, that is that number of different individuals. It was in his school that I saw and felt an electrical experiment; he had a large plate glass wheel, by the turning of which electricity was generated, and a group of the students, standing around in a circle, with clasped hands, were given a "shock" from the wheel. Van Dame kept posted in every advance of that marvelous science, as in every advance step in other studies. I hope this article will keep Bartholomew Van Dame from passing into oblivion.

Van Dame loved teaching and he

loved his pupils; he was impartial he worked patiently with the slow moving minded pupil, but of course was specially pleased with the quick witted, who could hold their own views in any discussion of a problem in mathematics, or a question of ethics; but he drew the line on those parents who found fault when he failed to make a Daniel Webster out of a numbskull. He was a very rapid talker, and also a patient listener; he let the pupil do the reciting; if he failed to have his lesson thoroughly in mind, brief instruction was given and Van sent him to his seat to study out the problem, or question.

During the last two years of his life he was unable to do any teaching; his bodily powers failed him but his mind remained very active though somewhat eccentric. He made a will in regard to his voluminous papers; outlined the funeral service; and wrote the epitaph he wished placed on the stone that should mark his grave. The funeral service must be held in the "Union Meeting-House" at South Lee, "in the neighborhood of Mr. Cartland's residence." He gave minute directions regarding the arrangements and wrote a funeral sermon, which Rev. A. G. Cummings, minister of the church at Lee Hill, read, as requested in the will.

The place of burial is in Epping near where he commenced work farming, fifty years before. It is in the beautiful cemetery of the Dow family; his grave is near that of Ensign John Dow, his patron father, under whom he served his apprenticeship. The inscription on the grave-stone is as Van prepared it:—

"In memory of B. Van Dame.—His

birth was in Holland, Europe, June 21, 1807; died in Nottingham, April 3, 1872, aged 64 years. Beneath this turf reposes one who was a stranger in a strange land, but who was surrounded by friends, cherished in his affection as with a deathless remembrance.

"My life has been toilsome,  
My warfare is o'er,  
My pilgrimage ended  
On this mortal shore.

"This world I leave without debt behind.

At peace with God, I trust with all mankind."

## The Colloquy

(Time: Eighteenth Century)

By FANNY H. RUNNELS POOLE

O the lady Irmengard,  
Dreamed of painter and sung of bard,  
Guarded by some sweet elf,  
Partly dryad and partly naiad,  
But more than all—herself!

Witchery of gowns expressed  
My lady's leaning. For the rest,  
Songbirds her feet would stay;  
Her eyes would lift at a palfrey swift,  
Or knight in full array.

Sunlight bestirs the tiring-room,  
Subtle presences leap to bloom.  
Sport-Gown's voice near the stair:  
"Hunt's up, away is the song of today,  
My scarlet takes the air!"

From the Robe-de-Nuit a start!—  
"Mine was the lace to fold her heart  
Whose eyes the morn outshine!  
As a quince tree knows May-scented snows  
She doth my touch divine".

Then the Party Frock regales  
With a most rapturous of tales:  
"How can such joyance pass!  
But yester-eve Love caressed my sleeve  
And pressed this pearled cuirass".

Waited—the soft Velours of gray—  
Marveled... What could she know or say  
Of a fate so august?—  
Hers to enfold, ere the year were old,  
The part of Beauty but dust.

Port Chester, N. Y.

# Some Letters of Historical Interest

BY PARMELIA BRACKETT

Rochester, New Hampshire.

Dear Noeline:—

You know how I wanted to go West this summer. I wanted to see our National Parks and all the interesting things that we have read about at school. Dad said that he could not do it this year but that he would take us on a short trip which would prove just as exciting. This didn't seem possible to me because you know how I love to see things of a historical nature. I am used to Revolutionary

We started out from the hotel this morning and Dad took an old residence along to show us the sights. Rochester is only a small city and so we were not long in leaving the houses behind us and getting out into a real country road. About a mile out we left the car and followed our guide down into the loveliest little valley. The people near there call it "Happy Valley." I am certain is that now but the name doesn't fit with the story I heard from our guide. It was so peaceful



Grave of Mrs. Hodgdon, Scalped by Indians, May 1, 1748

tales but you can imagine my surprise when we landed here in Rochester, New Hampshire, and Dad said, "We will start from here and I will show you some places of interest." Well, the first days trip is over and I still feel all creepy just as I used to when we played Indian with the boys. Do you remember how jumpy we would get when they would come out from ambush with their dreadful yells? That is just the way I feel now.

that I didn't want to make the slightest sound. Cows were grazing nearby and a family of bees were busy in a tree which stood on the bank of a beautiful little river, called the Cocheco. I was soon brought out of my day dreaming, however, by the guide's next remark. "Yes, these are the graves". I looked and saw only a few tall, thin stones sticking up in the ground close to the river bank.

"These are some of the graves of our earliest settlers. Over here is



the grave of a Mrs. Hodgdon. She had gone out one Sunday morning to milk some cows when a band of Indians ran out from the bushes and captured her. She screamed and her husband got there just as the Indians were scalping her. He ran to the garrison which stood over yonder and they fired off the old cannon. It was heard in Portsmouth and soon groups of men from the surrounding country came to help them, but they could not find the Indians. I'll take you down now and show you where the old Squamanagonic garrison stood".

By this time you can bet I was all ears and listened to every word. I could almost see the Red Skins and hear their awful whoops. We then went to the tiny village of Gonic. As we drove along, Mr. Tucker (our guide) told us how the village was named.

The tribes of Indians around this section of the country were from the Pawtucketts. Probably the tribe nearest this place was the Newichwannoc, which inhabited the part of the country now known as South Berwick, Maine. These Indians named this little town Squamanagonic. The name means, Squam (water), an (a hill) a (probably for pronunciation), gon (clay), ic (place). I was very glad of this information for the town is built on a lot of large mounds, or small hills, and the soil is almost entirely of clay. Now there are five large brick yards almost in the town itself. We stopped almost in the town's square, in front of a long tenement block. I couldn't see anything unusual about such a place but I looked at it from a different angle when Mr. Tucker told us that we were looking at the old garrison house, which had housed and protected many peo-

ple of the community from the savage Indians. It was built in 1744 but of course, has been changed over. When a garrison, the cellar was divided by walls into apartments in order to house different families and the whole building was surrounded by a rampart.

Doesn't rampart make you think of medieval history and can you imagine that such exciting tales happened up here? I am sending you a picture of Mrs. Hodgdon's grave.

Tomorrow Dad says he will take us on another Indian hunt which will be all the more exciting. I'll write you all about it.

Your chum,  
Parmelia.

---

Rochester, New Hampshire.

Dear Noeline:—

Oh, we have had such an interesting visit here in this city! Yesterday Dad and Mr. Tucker, our guide, took us over "The Old Road" to Gonic and then down to "The Neck." We had to leave the car and walk down "The Old Road" because it is so grown up with bushes in some places. We walked along until we reached the top of the hill and we were following an old stone wall, from which we could see a beautiful farm scene below us, and mountains at a distance, when Mr. Tucker said: "Do you see that stone wall there? Well, in June 1746 some men were working in that field on the other side of the wall and one of the men had placed his young son on that wall to keep a watch out for Indians. Soon Indians did appear, and although the men escaped, the little boy, Jonathan Dore, was captured and taken to Canada. Many years afterwards at the taking of Fort William Henry this boy was

seen taking part in the massacre. He was dressed like an Indian but one of the white men recognized him. Jonathan had also remembered the white man and this meeting brought back sweet memories of his boyhood home with the white settlers. He was then married to an Indian girl and had a large family of children. This tied him to the Indians. A few years after the capture of Fort William Henry, his home and entire family perished with the destruction of the village of St. Francis, under the revengeful hand of Major Rogers. This broke his bonds with his adopt-

1677, an Indian Scout named "Blind Will" was engaged by Major Waldron to go with seven other Indians and spy on the enemy. The seven Indians were captured and slain by a band of Mohawks. Blind Will himself was wounded and dragged into the woods at this place and left to perish. This gave the name of "Blind Will's Neck" to this part of the country, but it has since been shortened to "The Neck".

I'm going to hunt for arrow heads while I'm up this way. I went into a dentist's office the other day and you can imagine my surprise when I saw



Old Road Where Jonathan Dore was Captured by Indians in 1746

ed people and he then returned to Rochester. He bought a farm at Lebanon, Maine. There he lived many years with his adopted son, Jonathan Rankin. The same farm is still owned by the Rankin family.

While he told us this tale we were looking down over a large field on to the little settlement of Gonic. We later met the car there and motored down to "The Neck." This is a piece of land between the Cocheco and the Isinglass rivers. It was originally called "Blind Will's Neck". Here was another bloody tale and this is the way Mr. Tucker told it. "In April

a very large collection of Indian weapons in the room. Many of them were found near here. How I would love to start a collection!

I am sending you a picture of the place where the boy, Jonathan Dore was captured.

Dad says we will soon start for the Wolfeboro region and more Indian tales. Wolfeboro is on the upper shore of Lake Winnepiseogee and in the early historical days many tribes of Indians lived around the lake. It ought to be rich in Indian stories.

More after we move on,

Parmelia.

# New Hampshire's Autumnal Evening Skies

BY CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

---

Dog-days have departed, the anniversary of the time when the Star Spangled Banner was written (September 13th, 1814) has passed, and, once more, the suns and constellations of Earth's bespangled firmament are sparkling over New Hampshire's mountains, lakes and vales. Here and there, amid the darkened dome, we behold placid, shining planets, mirrors of our own Sun, representing him at night. However, the multitudes of glorious suns chiefly attract our attention. Just above the horizon and overhead, these suns glitter and glow like celestial diamonds or fiery beacons.

Let us survey the horizon. Low, yet noticeable, in the north we see the Great Dipper, so familiar to most of us, which is situated in the constellation Ursa Major. Its pointers, Merak and Dubhe, direct our eyes to the second-magnitude sun Polaris, better known as the North-star. North-westward from Ursa Major, we behold the top of the constellation Bootes, whose great and golden sun, Arcturus, is now hidden from sight. Then, looking in succession, westward, south and eastward, we see, close to the horizon, the constellations of Corona, Serpens, Ophiuchus, Sagittarius, Grus, Cetus, Taurus and Auriga. At the top of Taurus, there glitters the small group of the famous Pleiades, and at the top of Auriga, bright, beautiful Capella. Bright, beautiful Capella will become the starry queen of winter's glorious galaxy.

The most brilliant sun of night,

around the hour of nine, is Vega of the constellation Lyra. It is now amid the west, a sparkling blue star diamond. Just eastward from blue and beautiful Vega, westward of the zenith, we find the large and symmetrical Northern Cross. This Northern Cross glitters against the dim and distant background of the well-known Milky Way, amidst the constellation Cygnus, also called the Swan. Westward from Vega, there glimmers the constellation of Hercules, and northward, the constellation of Draco, whose "jaws" are indicated by a triangular group of three stars. And southward of Vega, we see the constellation Aquila, or the Eagle. This constellation is distinguished by bright Altair, sparkling between two less noticeable suns Tarased and Alshain.

In the eastern part of New Hampshire's autumnal evening skies, we behold the well-known starry outlines of "Cassiopeia's Chair". This Chair shines northeastward from the zenith, against the Milky Way. Westwardly from it, there is Cepheus; easterly Perseus. Surrounding Perseus, firmamentally, we see Auriga (north), Triangula and Andromeda (south), and Taurus (east). Southward from Triangula and Andromeda, there are the constellations Cetus, Pisces and Pegasus. And southward of Pegasus, its great Square, there sparkle and glitter the constellations of Aquarius, Capricornus and Pisces Australis, in which the brilliant star-jewel, Fomalhaut, scintillates all alone.



How glorious is the bespangled firmament—the suns and constellations of autumn! How beautiful is Vega! How wonderful the Northern Cross! When the foliage is changing from green to gold over the mountains and vales which surround Lake Sunapee. Above this changing foliage, above Newport, Claremont, Cornish, Croydon, Springfield, New London, Newbury and Goshen, above Sullivan County and the other counties of the Old Granite State, from Monadnock to Mount Pisgah, there sparkle and glitter the autumnal suns and constellations. Trillions and trillions of miles distant from us

are these starry gems and starry outlines. Centuries have passed since the Indians inhabited alone the wilds and woodlands of New Hampshire. Many and marvellous changes have taken place. The wigwam has disappeared; bow and arrow are gone; even the Concord Coach is seldom seen. Nevertheless, the same suns and constellations which sparkled above the ancient red men still glitter unchanged above the white men of tonight. Races, customs and conditions have changed in the Granite State; but there has been no change at all in New Hampshire's autumnal evening skies.

---

## New Hampshire Necrology

---

### GEN. WINFIELD S. EDGERLY

Brig. Gen. Winfield S. Edgerly, born in Farmington, May 28, 1846; died there September 10, 1927.

He was the son of Josiah B. and Cordelia (Waldron) Edgerly, was educated in the public schools and Phillips Exeter Academy, and the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, from which he graduated in 1870, when he was commissioned as Lieutenant in the 7th Cavalry, rising rapidly in the service.

He was serving with the seventh cavalry at the time of General Custer's death at the battle of the Little Big Horn and it was Captain Edgerly's immediate command that made up the rescue party for the Custer forces. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he was attached to the New Hampshire National Guard, as an inspecting officer and following the war he was sent to the Philippines for a three years tour of duty. On his return to the United States he was assigned to the department of Dakota at St. Paul, and later he

attended the German army maneuvers as the guest of Emperor William.

Gen. Edgerly married, in 1873, Miss Grace Blum of St. Paul, while stationed at Fort Riley, by whom he is survived, with one sister, Mrs. Cordelia A. Cook, of Los Angeles, Calif.

Burial was in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va.

### PROF. THOMAS W. D. WORTHEN

Born in Thetford, Vt., October 1, 1845; died at Middleton Springs, Vt., September 21, 1927.

Prof. Worthen was the son of Joseph H., and Elizabeth (Chase) Worthen, and was educated at Thetford Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1872. He was principal of the Woodstock, Vt., high school from 1872 to 1874, when he became tutor in mathematics at Dartmouth, and also served as tutor in Greek from 1876 to 1878. He was instructor in Mathematics from 1879 to 1883, and a

sistant professor from 1883 to 1893. In the latter year he was made a full Professor, holding this position till 1911, when he was appointed a member of the N. H. Public Service Commission, serving two full terms, till 1923.

While at Dartmouth Prof. Worthen also served as instructor in gymnastics, clerk of the Faculty, inspector of buildings and director of the summer school.

In religion he was a Congregationalist, and was for many years a deacon of the College church. After his removal to Concord he was active in the affairs of the South Congregational Church, and Superintendent of its Sunday School.

In politics he was a staunch Democrat, and represented Hanover in the Legislature of 1904. He was for 14 years justice of the Hanover police court, and held various other local offices. Some 20 years ago he was president of the Democratic State Convention, and was at one time considered as a candidate for Governor, but although an earnest Democrat, he had no ambition in that direction.

He was a trustee of the Mary Hitchcock Hospital at Hanover, of the Howe Library and of Thetford Academy; a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and Kappa Kappa Societies, of the Dartmouth Scientific Association, the American Mathematical Society and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Prof. Worthen married, 1st Louisa M. Wilcox, who died in 1872, leaving one daughter, Louisa W. 2nd Elizabeth A., daughter of Gov. Peter Washburn of Vermont, who also survives, with three children, Thatcher W., a physician; Joseph W., lawyer; and Mary (Mrs. Gray Knapp Smith).

#### JOHN L. CAIN, M. D.

Dr. John Leavitt Cain, born in Goshen, September 26, 1856; died in Newport, September 22, 1927.

He was the son of Dr. George W. and Cynthia J. (Leavitt) Cain, and was reared in Croydon, where his parents removed in his early child-

hood; and was educated in the public schools, at Kimball Union Academy, Dartmouth College and Dartmouth Medical School, graduating from the latter in 1884. He pursued a post-graduate course in the Bellevue Medical College of New York.

Commencing practice in Grantham, he continued there four years, when he removed to Newport, continuing here through life, and gaining an extended practice, which took him throughout the county and beyond its borders. He was a Liberal in his religious views and a Democrat in politics. He had served over twenty years upon the Newport Board of Health; was a member of the Sullivan County, New Hampshire and American Medical Societies, an Odd Fellow and a Knight Templar Mason and Shriner.

He married, December 19, 1900, Lilian G. Mathews of Sunapee, who died some time since. Three children, William Leavitt, John Haeckel and Cynthia Jane survive.

#### HENRY E. CHARRON

Born in Vercheres, Quebec, in 1861; died at Claremont, N. H., September 12, 1927.

Mr. Charron removed, with his parents to Claremont, in early childhood, where he attended the public schools, and later, for many years served as a clerk in different establishments; but in 1909, entered in partnership with Frank Haubrich in the clothing business, and upon the death of the latter, in 1913, became sole proprietor of the establishment doing an extensive business.

He was a Democrat in politics and took an active interest in party affairs. He was long chairman of the town committee of his party, and served in the Legislature of 1913 as a Representative from Claremont.

His wife who was Miss Almaid Geoffrion and to whom he was married in 1885, died in 1896. He is survived by a son, Victor F. and three daughters, Mrs. Emera Raymond and Miss Aloysia Charron of Claremont and Mrs. Teresa St. Jean of Manchester.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

NOVEMBER 1927

NO. 11.

## A Plea for a Woman's College

BY HENRY H. METCALF

---

That the State of New Hampshire has made larger contribution to the educational life and progress of the nation than any other state in the Union is a fact which cannot be contradicted. The roll of membership of college and university faculties throughout the country, from early years to the present day affords ample demonstration of this fact. The first teacher training school in the United States, was established by a New Hampshire native, Samuel R. Hall, born in the town of Croydon, at Concord, Vt., more than a hundred years ago. The first State Superintendent of Public Instruction in the country, John D. Pierce, Superintendent for the State of Michigan, who was also practically the founder of the University of that State, the first and most famous of all state Universities, was born in Chesterfield, N. H. The first State Superintendent of Schools in California, who laid the foundation for the splendid educational system of that great state, John Swett, was born in Pittsfield, N. H. The first U. S. Commissioner of Education, appointed by President when that office was established, was Gen. John Eaton, native of the town of Sutton.

The first president of the first dis-

tinctive Woman's College in the country, Western College at Oxford, Ohio, was Helen Peabody, native of the town of Newport, educated at Mary Lyon's school at Holyoke, Mass., which subsequently also became a college, and of which Julia Ward, native of Plymouth, succeeded Miss Lyon as principal. This Helen Peabody, who was for 40 years at the head of Western College, was offered the presidency of Wellesley, the first woman's college established in New England, whose founder, Henry Durant, was a New Hampshire man, born in the town of Lebanon, when that institution was opened, but felt obliged to decline the offer. She recommended for the position Ada C. Howard, native of Temple, N. H., another graduate of Miss Lyon's school, who was given the same, and held it with honor and success for many years.

Perhaps the most important contribution of New Hampshire to the nation's educational progress was the great work of Lydia Fowler Wadleigh, native of the town of Sutton, who devoted her life to the cause of female education in the city of New York, with splendid effect, her service having been recognized by the naming of one of its great schools



the Wadleigh School, in her honor. It was mainly through her untiring efforts that the New York Normal College for Girls was established, which institution has finally developed, in a new location and under a new name, into the largest and most extensively attended teacher's college in the country.

While, as has been heretofore noted, the first State Superintendent of Schools in the United States was a New Hampshire native, so the first city Superintendent of Schools in the country was a New Hampshire born woman, in the person of Luella M. Wilson (born Little) native of the town of Lyman, and for some time a teacher in the public schools of Littleton, who went west and became Superintendent of Schools in Des Moines, the capital city of Iowa, where she served efficiently for several years, later conducting a private school in Chicago.

But while natives of New Hampshire, and especially New Hampshire women, have contributed so largely to the cause of education in the country at large, there is today a lamentable lack of opportunity in the state for the proper education of its young women. It should be borne in mind that now that the women of the country have the same political rights, duties and obligations as men, they are justly entitled to the same opportunity to prepare themselves for the proper enjoyment of those rights, and the discharge of those duties and obligations; which means that they are entitled to equal educational advantages. These they have of course, so far as the public school system is concerned, but how about the private and endowed educational

institutions, and the opportunity for college education now as essential for women as for men? While there are at the present time several academic or secondary schools open to boys and girls alike, like Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, Pinkerton Academy at Derry, Sanborn Seminary at Kingston and Coe's Academy at Northwood, there are several institutions of the kind in the State open to boys alone, including the great St. Paul's School in Concord and Phillips Academy at Exeter, as well as the Holderness School; while the Tilton School and the New Hampton Institution, both formerly open to both sexes, have recently locked the doors to girls, who have only one institution of the kind in the State operated exclusively for their benefit, Robinson Seminary at Exeter, though Colby Academy at New London, as has recently been announced is to be exclusively a girls' school after next year.

Dartmouth College, now ranking as one of the best colleges in the country, and attracting young men from all parts of the country and even beyond its limits, has always excluded female students and always will. The University of New Hampshire, the only other collegiate institution in the State, while admitting young women to some extent has not facilities for their accommodation in large number, and its courses of study are not fully adapted to the needs of women. As it is and must be in the future unless provision is made for them at home, the great majority of the young women of the State securing the advantage of higher education have to go abroad for the same; and we may find New Hampshire girls, today,

colleges in other states, all the way from Maine to Nebraska.

The State of Maine, it is true, has no distinctive woman's college, but three of the four colleges of the State are open to women as well as men, and not a few New Hampshire girls are graduates of Bates. Vermont's two colleges, Middlebury and the University at Burlington, are both open to women, and the former, at least, has been the alma mater of numerous girls from the Granite State; while plans are being developed for the establishment of a college for women at Bennington, which will largely increase the opportunity for female education in the Green Mountain State.

In Massachusetts we find no less than seven distinctive women's colleges—Wellesley, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliffe, Jackson, Simmons and Wheaton, in all of which New Hampshire girls are found today; while the great Boston University, with a larger enrollment than any other New England institution, admits young women on the same terms as men, as does Brown University, the only Rhode Island College. In Connecticut, where girls have recently been excluded from Wesleyan, a fine college for women is in flourishing operation at New London. In the country at large, outside of New England, women's colleges are about as numerous as men's, while in all the great State Universities the women have equal opportunity with their brother men.

While the need of higher education for women has not been realized until recent years, or since their enfranchisement, and consequent endowment with the rights and obligations of full citizenship, and the public

mind had not been turned in that direction, so that the attention of wealthy and public spirited men, having the welfare of the nation at heart has been turned toward the aid and endowment of men's colleges most of which are now liberally endowed, although still appealing for more and more as the years go by, it is now time to move for a "turn in the tide" and awaken a public sentiment in favor of the establishment, endowment and popular support of colleges for women.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to refer to the fact that the presidents of seven leading colleges for women, now existing in the country—Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley, have recently united in an appeal for fair play for the women's colleges, which have not as yet received the support due them in the way of financial aid and endowment, if the right of women to the same quality of educational opportunity as men is to be recognized. These presidents are entirely right in their protest and appeal, for which they have ample ground; and yet it is by no means strange that such is the case. The recognized need of higher education for women is comparatively modern, and women's colleges have existed anywhere but for a comparatively short period; while the men's colleges have been in existence and appealing for support for a century or more and some for more than two.

Munificent gifts to Dartmouth College, in the shape of important additions to the plant itself, or in cash donations to its treasury for general or specific use, have been and constantly are being made, by its

wealthy alumni, or public-spirited and broad-minded men of means outside, and all should rejoice that such is the case, as Dartmouth College is an institution in which every New Hampshire man, and woman also, should take pride, in view of its great contribution to the intellectual development of the nation at large. Had we an established woman's college in the state, also appealing for such substantial aid and support, it is not to be doubted that such appeal would be heeded. We have no such college at present, and therefore the appeal in behalf of woman's opportunity in the state becomes all the more important and pressing.

We may spend millions on our state highways, and hundreds of thousands for the preservation of our mountain forests, that summer tourists from abroad may readily enjoy our magnificent scenery and make a recreational playground of the State, all very well; but what of the minds of our young women, who are to be the mothers of our future citizens, and to share with the men the duty and responsibility of maintaining New Hampshire's traditional reputation for high character and ideal citizenship? The greatest need of New Hampshire today, a need transcending all others, is that of a college wherein our young women can lay the substantial foundation for an education which fits them for the proper discharge of the higher duties of citizenship. This is a truth which no man can gainsay; and how this need shall be met is the vital question of the hour.

It is unnecessary to say that there is no room for hope that this great need can be met by public appropriation at this time, if in future years

it may possibly command contribution from such source. The State staggering already under the burden of taxation which, to some classes of the people at least, is absolutely oppressive, and added burdens are of the question, however pressing the emergency. From private sources alone can there be any hope of securing the means for the establishment and maintenance of a woman's college in New Hampshire; and there can be no hope in this direction until the public at large has been awakened to the importance of this need, that popular sentiment stimulates individual action in that direction, just as it has impelled broad-minded men of means in the past, in the present day, to contribute generously in aid of existing colleges for men.

How then, can the public mind be awakened so that this vital need shall be generally realized? Naturally we must first look to the women of the State themselves. They, of all people, should be alive to their own interests in this regard and make their wishes well. Fortunately there is one agency at their command, or in their control, which, if utilized to the limit, can exercise a tremendous influence toward the desired end, and that is the State Federation of Women's Clubs, representing a combined membership of some fifteen thousand of the able and most intelligent women in the State. This organization, if turning its active attention in this direction and bringing its full influence to bear, can do more than any other agency to impress upon the public mind the paramount importance of the object sought. The mind of man is more susceptible to the influence of intelligent womanhood than



any other power under heaven, and the generous impulses of liberal minded men of means can be most effectively stirred thereby. There are many men in New Hampshire, and not a few native sons of the State abroad, who are possessed of ample means, and who if properly approached and made to realize the importance and necessity of such movement, might readily be induced to contribute generously for the establishment and support of a New Hampshire woman's college. The women themselves should see to it that the necessary work is done in this direction.

Not only the State Federation of Woman's Clubs, but various other woman's organizations in the State can and should interest themselves in the furtherance of this great object, notably the recently organized New Hampshire branch of the National Association of University Women, of which Mrs. Harry O. Barnes of Concord is president, made up of women who have themselves received the benefit of college training, and realize its importance for the full equipment of woman for the most important duties of citizenship as well as the social and educational responsibilities which she has to meet.

There is another organization in the State, not exclusively woman's, but in which women are equally interested and have an equal influence with men, which can and should do much to promote the object in question. We refer to the State Grange. The Grange is a fraternal organization, one of whose basic principles is the equality of women with men, and in which women members have precisely the same rights and duties as men, and all of whose offices are open

to women. There are nearly 30,000 members of the order in New Hampshire, the majority of whom are women. While this organization is primarily devoted to promoting the prosperity of agriculture, and the welfare of those engaged in that calling, its interest extends to the public at large and the well-being of all classes and conditions. Especially has it been interested in the cause of education, and it was mainly through its interest and efforts that legislation was enacted which insures equal public school advantages to the children in the rural towns, with those in the cities and larger towns of the State. Believing in equal rights and opportunities for women with men, this organization, with its large and intelligent membership, can wield a potent influence in the creation of a public sentiment which shall demand for woman, in New Hampshire, the same opportunity for higher education that is open to man.

There is wealth enough in New Hampshire, when once its possessors became interested in the cause, to provide the means for the proper education of the young women of the State who aspire to the broader fields of effort. Two men died in this state within the past year, with no bequests for public, charitable or benevolent purposes, leaving estates so large that either might have given a million dollars, toward the establishment and maintenance of a woman's college, and still have provided abundantly for their families. And there are plenty of other men living in New Hampshire, able to contribute largely for such cause, who only need to have their interest awakened to insure their action in that direction.

How best to make a beginning of

the work necessary to the full accomplishment of the desired object, after public sentiment has been fully aroused to its importance, is a question whose discussion is not now essential, but to which reference may properly be made. It is unfortunate that the trustees of the Tilton School, when they concluded to make a change of plan, had not decided to establish a college for girls, instead of throwing the girls out entirely and transforming the institution into a boys' school exclusively. They had a plant sufficient for a beginning, or would have had with the addition they have since made, and the location is central for the state and ideal for the purpose. But, as such arrangement is now out of the question, some other location must be selected when a beginning is made, either for the establishment of an entirely new and independent plant, or the extension and development of one now in existence.

A location at Pembroke Street, ideal for beauty, and also for convenience in that it is midway between the cities of Manchester and Concord, on the trolley line between the two cities, has been suggested, as one that would be nearly central for the State at large, and which would also attract and convenience scores of girls in those cities, who could board at home, while attending college, and who otherwise could not en-

joy the advantages of such education.

Another plan, suggested by a prominent member of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, is a beginning at Colby Academy in New London, which is to be a girls' school exclusively hereafter, by so extending the courses there as to provide for a junior college, or two years college course, such as is being arranged for at the old Bradford Academy in Massachusetts, with the view of ultimate extension to a full four year course. Colby Academy when reached, is beautifully and healthfully located, and the history and tradition of the institution are such as would give prestige to a college, if one could be ultimately developed on such foundation.

But the questions of location and the means of beginning, are not now of prime consideration. What is essential at present is persistent and systematic effort, on the part of all organizations and individuals interested, to so create and develop popular sentiment in favor of this great measure of justice and fair-dealing that ultimate success may be assured. It may require years of patient labor, but triumph will eventually come. Through long struggle the political enfranchisement of women was secured. In due time she will be given proper educational opportunity, even in the State of New Hampshire.



# That Old New Hampshire Barn

BY CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

When at last old age is nearer  
And our childhood far away,  
When we linger by our hearthstone  
In the gloaming of the day,  
Then fond memories remind us  
Of the times long, long gone by,  
When our hearts were full of laughter  
And we knew no care or sigh.

And amid youth's happy visions,  
Visions which delight and thrill,  
Of a cottage and a schoolhouse,  
And the church upon the hill,  
We behold another vision  
From those times long, long gone by,  
Of the barn upon our homestead  
Where the swift-winged swallows fly.

And again we drive the cows home  
Through that barn's wide-open door,  
And we see the cattle standing  
In their old-time stalls once more;  
And again we hear the milking,  
Just like music, in the pail,  
Or the sharp and sudden swishing  
Of some cow's vexatious tail.

How we romped upon the hay-mow,  
How we wondered high and low  
From the shadows at its summit  
To the sunlit floor below;  
O that delicate aroma,  
There is none so fragrant now,  
All the essence of a meadow  
Garnered in a single mow!

Unpretentious and unpainted,  
By the meadow long it stood  
Where the butterflies flew gaily,  
Near a dark and lonesome wood;  
And it still stands by that meadow  
Where it stood in years of yore,  
But it stands as though forsaken  
And it seems the same no more.



# Light at Eventide

BY ALDINE F. MASON

“At eventide it shall be light,” she said,  
 Dear white-haired lady, many years ago;  
 With faith unfaltering she met each day,  
 Her cheery smile aglow.  
 Rejoicing at the simple visit of a friend,  
 Grateful and happy for each kindness shown,  
 Her outside world encompassed by her window-pane,  
 Her rocking-chair a throne.  
 Loved by her village neighbors, known by all,  
 Beloved by her household fond and true,  
 Each evening by her window-side she sat  
 And watched the sunset’s ever-changing hue.  
 “So shall it be when the last call is heard,  
 No fear or panic from the Presence bright;  
 I see them waiting, Father—Mother—all!  
 At eventide,—the light!”

“This is the evening-time of my life, and it is all light!”

D. P. S.

1 Washington Court  
 Concord, N. H.

# Ghosts

BY EMMA L. SPICER

Ghosts! They permeate my soul  
 With a feeling grave, yet gay.  
 Must I laugh, then pay the toll  
 'Cause you're ghosts of yesterday?

Like a flash blithe joy goes by  
 Slipping thru these eager hands.  
 Ever fleet, heeds not the cry,  
 Nor entreaties, nor commands.

Bliss, hilarity, they go;  
 Leave but memories in their wake.  
 Ghosts of smiles, of joy, the throe  
 Tells me that I must partake

But of unrealities:  
 Ghosts and memories, only these.

244 E. 15th St.,  
 New York City

# Toleration of the Early Settlers of New Hampshire

BY JAMES A. BRODERICK

---

The history of New Hampshire, from the coming of David Thompson to Odiorne's Point in 1623 to the death of Capt. John Mason in 1635, is shrouded in obscurity, while the history of the settlement at Plymouth, Massachusetts, for the same time and of Massachusetts Bay from 1628, is written circumstantially and with a wealth of detail. And yet, viewed as the men of those times in New England and in Old England knew of those adventures, they would be most likely to preserve the record of New Hampshire. It had a definite standing while the settlement at Plymouth had none and for the first six years of the period Massachusetts Bay was not settled. There were grants to Mason in March 1621 and to Mason and Georges in August 1622, but until Governor Bradford procured a patent from the Council of Plymouth in 1629, the Pilgrims were virtually squatters.

We are told that David Thompson and the Hilton brothers settled at Odiorne's Point and at Hilton's Point in 1623, scarce more than two years after the Mayflower, trying to reach Virginia, landed at Plymouth Rock. But with scarcely more than the mere names of five or six men we know nothing about the settlement of New Hampshire for those twelve years. We know that the settlers on the Piscataqua in 1628 contributed the same sum as those at Plymouth to defray the expense of deporting to England one Morton

who had become obnoxious, and that in 1629 Mason procured still another grant in which the province is called New Hampshire, but as to any other incident of those years the narrative is silent. We may reasonably deduce from the Morton contribution that the settlers on the Piscataqua were as numerous as those at Plymouth. If, as is most probable, the rate was decided by population. Why then, do we know all about the settlers at Plymouth and at Salem and Boston who they were and how they lived and died, while as to the men and women who came to New Hampshire at the same time the record is dark about them and if they lived or thrived?

As one delves into the record of our state for this period he gets more and more an impression of mystery almost amounting to secretiveness, which is much accentuated when he learns that when the Puritan faction in New Hampshire finally prevailed and a union with Massachusetts was accomplished the records of the largest town, Strawberry Bank, were destroyed, except for such parts as the Massachusetts authorities decided to preserve. There is nought but conjecture to account for this now, but when one reflects that the all pervading, paramount and wholly controlling impulses of the Massachusetts authorities were religious, the suspicion cannot be avoided that something pertaining to religion prompted the act. Something in

those records gave affront to the Massachusetts Bay authorities and the matter most likely to have been offensive would be something pertaining to religion.

We know that the first New Hampshire settlers were Episcopalians and have conclusive evidence that they were a tolerant people, because in 1638 they permitted the Rev. John Wheelwright, a brother-in-law of Anne Hutchinson, who had been driven out of Massachusetts Bay because he would not or did not conform to the doctrinal or disciplinary requirements of their church, to establish himself and an Antinomian Church at Exeter. And we likewise know that the sentiments of the "Simple Cobbler of Aggowam," "He that willingly assents to toleration is either an atheist, or an hypocrit" prevailed in Massachusetts Bay.

It is not altogether rash, therefore, to surmise that the virtue or vice of toleration, as it was variously viewed in those days, was in some way the reason for the destruction of the Strawberry Bank records; as toleration undoubtedly was the cause of the discord which prevailed between the first settlers of New Hampshire and the first settlers of Massachusetts Bay. There is scarce any doubt that the settlers of New Hampshire would much sooner have availed themselves of the better government of Massachusetts Bay and the protection it would give against the claims of the Mason heirs, were it not for the dislike and fear the New Hampshire Episcopalians had for the Puritans.

Toleration was heretical to the Massachusetts Oligarchy and incurred the penalty of exile, but it was not a capital offense. Catholicism

was. Was the toleration of the settlers of New Hampshire extended to Catholics? From any available record it cannot be definitely said that it was, and yet there are some facts which make it possible, if not plausible, that it was intended that should be.

To get a proper perspective of the conditions under which New Hampshire and Massachusetts were settled it is necessary to recall conditions in England. It was a period of intense religious turmoil of which the reign of James I marks the apex. Men were living whose fathers had been active when Henry VIII first discovered his scruples about being married to his brother's widow, and when he had cast off his allegiance to Rome because the Pope refused to recognize her divorce. Many of these same men had been young men during the five years of Mary's reign and had been in the prime of life during the reign of Elizabeth. During those lives Catholicism had been proscribed under Henry; re-established under Mary and proscribed again under Elizabeth. But England had not yet been converted. The old church and faith had been abolished by statute but the transition of the people from the old faith to the new was neither universal nor simultaneous. Nor was there in the beginning, nor for many years afterwards, any appreciable change in ceremonial or ritual. The Sovereign and people at first called themselves Catholic and observed the tenets and liturgy of the old church. And notwithstanding the rigor and severity with which the penalties for recusancy were enforced, literally thousands of Englishmen of fortune and prominence boldly and voluntarily incurred the



penalties and suffered ruin and many of them even torture and death rather than submit to the requirements of the law. These were men who made no effort to conceal their fidelity to the old church or who were detected as recusants. It does not disclose the many more thousands who, while giving an outward submission to the new rule, secretly assisted at Mass.

During those years of Henry and Elizabeth England was Catholic either in form or substance. None of the other new religious experiments, until late in Elizabeth's reign, had attracted any appreciable following. Calvin had a few adherents but as yet they were neither numerous or important. And Luther had none. During the most of those years Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot, were still a generation in the future and James II, who did so much finally and definitely to alienate the English people from his faith, was not yet born. The Pope was often called "The Beast" and the old church "The Scarlet Woman," but these epithets reflected rather the wanton vaporings of irresponsible zealots than the reasoned conviction of sensible men. Many families and many neighbors were divided and many friendships were disrupted but the average Englishman still had a warm place in his heart for the old faith and sympathised with those neighbors and friends whose fortitude incurred the penalties of recusancy, even if they themselves found it possible in conscience, or expedient, to submit to the new.

Before James the First had succeeded to Elizabeth, in 1603, the Puritans had begun to be active and when the charter to the Council of

Plymouth was granted in 1620 they had grown into an important faction of the English Church, but as yet they were submerged. The activity of the Puritans at this period in no way affected the status of the Catholics. Like the Catholics they too were proscribed by law, but because there was no affinity between them and the Catholics they did not influence each other or change the attitude of the dominant church towards either. The government was officially and violently opposed to Catholicism, but the people, while acquiescing in the governmental policy, were not wholly or even generally antipathetic to their Catholic neighbors and friends.

It was the growth and development of these conditions which made it possible for Lord Baltimore, in 1632 to procure from King Charles a grant of the territory of Maryland, with the enormous concession that Catholics in that colony would not be proscribed.

That was the English situation when in November 1620, James the First granted a charter to forty noblemen, knights and gentlemen styled "The Council Established at Plymouth in the County of Devon for the Planting, Ruling, Ordering and Governing of New England in America." It is noteworthy, as having a bearing upon the reason and purpose of the creation of the Council of Plymouth, that the first act of the incorporators, done scarcely two months later, on March ninth 1621 was to give to John Mason, Gent, a patent of the territory lying between the Naumkeag and the Merrimack. This territory is not within the limits of New Hampshire, but it was given to John Mason, the founder of New

Hampshire and Ambrose Gibbons, who except for Thompson and the Hiltons is the first New Hampshire man we know was the agent chosen to deliver seizen of the new territory to John Mason.

The power granted to the Council of Plymouth by the King gives no hint or suggestion that the purpose of the grant had any reference to any religion. It describes the territory as from the "40 to the 49" degrees of north latitude (from Philadelphia to the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence) and goes on to grant the usual privileges of a trading corporation, with powers of government. But with the addition that "all persons who may go to inhabit said colony, and their children, shall have all liberties of free denizens and natural subjects, as if born and residing in England; none to go to New England but such as have taken the oath of supremacy."

There was nothing then, in the limitations of the Charter Powers of the Council of Plymouth to deter them from granting the rights of "free denizens and natural subjects" to colonists who might be Catholic, unless it is to be found in the stipulation concerning the Oath of Supremacy. That is important because a polemic controversy had raged about the Oath of Supremacy from the first year of the reign of Elizabeth, within and without the Catholic Church and within the church it was at its height at this time. Those who adhered to the old church were divided as to the possibility of a Catholic taking the oath as a matter of conscience, and it is significant that eleven years later Lord Baltimore, under similar conditions, ordered his adventurers to the Maryland Colony

to take the oath. A scrutiny of the grant to Mason & Georges of August 19, 1622 of the Province of Maine and of the grant to Mason of the Province of New Hampshire of Nov. 7, 1623 finds the only limitation on the grants concerning the government of the colony is that the laws of the colony should "be agreeable, as near as maybe to the laws and customs of the realm of England." This would forbid the establishment of the Catholic Religion as the religion of the colony, but would not forbid tolerance to Catholic settlers who had taken the Oath of Supremacy.

So while the charter of the Council of Plymouth does not give them specifically, the power to tolerate Catholics among the settlers of the colony, the powers the grant did give to the members of the Council were of such great latitude and discretion that a project to establish a refuge for Catholics might well have been one of the incidents of the adventure.

The personnel of the Council of Plymouth, then becomes of interest and particularly of the noblemen. Those were, Lodowich, Duke of Lennox; George, Marquis of Buckingham; William, Earl of Pembroke; Thomas, Earl of Arundel; William, Earl of Bath; William, Earl of Salisbury; and Robert, Earl of Warwick. These were all men of the exalted nobility and most of them of great power in England at that time.

The most powerful of them and in fact the greatest force in the kingdom at that time was the Duke of Buckingham. One can find authoritative opinion that he was even more powerful than the king himself. His mother was an avowed Catholic; his wife was Katherine Manners, daughter of the Roman Catholic Earl of

Rutland and he himself, at the height of his career was with difficulty persuaded by Archbishop Laud, not to announce himself a Catholic.

His is the second name on the list of incorporators. The first is Lodowick Stuart, Duke of Lennox. He died three years after the charter was granted and was succeeded by his brother, Esme, whose son, Charles Stuart, was Canon of Notre Dame. This nephew of the member of the Council of Plymouth died in England while a cardinal's hat was on the way to him from Rome.

The next name signed to the Plymouth Charter is James, Marquis Hamilton. His uncle was John Hamilton, a prominent member of the Catholic League in Scotland and a writer of Anti-Protestant articles. The king, (as James VI of Scotland) issued a proclamation against John Hamilton in 1600, but he continued to say Mass in different parts of Scotland and succeeded in evading capture with the aid of his nephew who was then the head of the judiciary in Scotland. And at a Kirk Conference Andrew Melville took occasion to denounce the Marquis with "having favored trafficking priests and screened his uncle from punishment."

The next name is that of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Earl of Surrey and Norfolk. Though he joined the established church in 1615 he was of that Howard family whose Catholicism has always been traditional in England and of which the Right Honorable Sir Esme Howard, the present Ambassador from England to the United States is a worthy and consistent scion. He was a Catholic until 1615 and his father and mother lived and died Catholics.

His father, Philip Howard, died in the Tower, Oct. 5, 1595, then under sentence of death for his constancy to the old church. His conviction carried with it an attainder which deprived his son, the Plymouth Council member, of the dignities and fortunes of the family. When he submitted to the established church in 1611 they were restored to him.

Mary, daughter of the Earl of Southampton, the next signer, was the wife of Thomas Arundel, an avowed Catholic and the man who financed and promoted the voyage to Weymouth, which, as a voyage, was the precursor of the settlement of New Hampshire. The same year in which David Thompson came to New Hampshire this Thomas Arundel whose wife was the daughter of the Earl of Southampton, had been charged with recusancy and arrested and in 1606 he had been suspected of participating in the Gunpowder Plot.

Another of the noble signers was the Earl of Pembroke whose wife's sister was, Althea, wife of the Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel already mentioned. Except for this connection there is no reason for suspecting him of having any Catholic sympathies.

The Earl of Warwick was an ardent Puritan, afterwards closely connected with the Province of Massachusetts Bay, the charter for which he was instrumental in procuring in 1628. But when, in 1643 he was appointed the head of a commission for the government of the colonies, which the next year incorporated the Providence Plantations, he exerted himself to secure religious liberty.

Of William, Earl of Bath and William, Earl of Salisbury the biographical



ies to which we have had access are silent.

These were the leaders and in all probability the dominant figures in the Council of Plymouth. In the grants to Mason and Georges, Lennox, Buckingham, Hamilton and Arundel, are the only names given with "divers others" as the grantors of the charters by the Council of Plymouth. So, at least, it may be plausibly reasoned that, though not avowed Catholics themselves, close family connections with Catholics made an inducement for them to be sympathetic with Catholics in their efforts to procure relief from the heavy burden of the laws under which they lived.

The relationship of the members of the Council of Plymouth with Catholics would not alone justify a belief that there was a Catholic phase to the settlement though it may be argued that it does lay a foundation. But there is more than that. There is for instance the well authenticated evidence of a definite plan to make the territory of which New Hampshire is now a part a Catholic refuge.

J. P. Baxter, in his "Sir Ferdinand Georges and his Province of Maine says, (Vol. I P. 65)

"The Roman Catholics meeting with persecution in England had for a long time considered the project of fleeing to the new world for refuge. A prominent Catholic gentleman, Sir George Peckham, had been active in procuring the patent in 1578 to Sir Humphrey Gilbert; and although from motives of policy he was not named in the patent, after its issuance to Gilbert, he and another prominent Catholic, Sir Thomas Gerard, became proprietors for the purpose of preparing the way for Roman Catholics to emmigrate, and before

Sir Humphrey's voyage to Norumbega began with a colony of two hundred and fifty colonists, they had secured for Romanists (sic) the privilege, not before granted of becoming colonists.

The voyage was disastrous and Sir Humphrey lost his life in it; but the matter was not allowed to rest and the voyage of Weymouth was set afoot by Arundel, who was a Catholic, for the purpose, we have reason to believe, of finding a suitable place on the coast of Maine for a colony, in which Romanists (sic) could find shelter from prosecution."

It was on this voyage of Weymouth, in 1606, sponsored by the Catholic Arundel, that the three Indians were taken back to England, with whom Georges and Mason became intimate and from whom they received the knowledge of the country which induced them to take the Patent from the Council of Plymouth so soon after the Plymouth Council was organized.

So that though there is a lapse of about forty years from the grant to Sir Humphrey Gilbert for the benefit of Sir George Peckham and Sir Thomas Gerard, to the settlement of New Hampshire by Mason and Georges in 1623, there is a definite connection between both events which does give some encouragement to the belief that New Hampshire was intended to be an asylum for English Catholics.

The career of the Catholic Queen Mary should likewise be recalled in considering the conditions under which New Hampshire was settled. There is probably no English sovereign, excepting, possibly, her father, Henry VIII, about whom there has been more violent controversy. As a result of it all she is best known by the epithet, "Bloody Mary" and

yet, though the pages of the record of her father, Henry, and her sister, Elizabeth, are like hers, smeared with blood, the same popular historians who have fixed Bloody Mary on her, give to them the pet-names of "Bluff King Hal" and "Good Queen Bess."

Mary has been bedeviled by those who revile her and sanctified by her adherents. Probably she deserved neither. She appears to have been a gentle, good and virtuous woman who led a forlorn and despondent life, very largely caused by the tragedy of her mother's misfortunes, and to have been much less fitted for the dignity and office of Queen of England than her sister.

But whatever may be thought of her and her reign it cannot be doubted that she was loved by Catholics and hated by anti-Catholics. So, when the Catholic Lord Baltimore, founded a Catholic colony in the new world under a grant from Charles the First, in 1632, he gave it the name of Maryland in honor of Mary Tudor.

But eleven years before that time the Council of Plymouth granted the charter to John Mason of the territory between the Merrimack and Naumkeag Rivers and the name assigned to that territory was Mariana.

The name of Maryland was given to the Baltimore colony in honor of Queen Mary and probably Mariana was given to the Mason grant for the same reason. But to Catholics then and now, in England and the world over, the name Mariana would give honor not only to Mary, Queen of England but to Mary, Queen of Heaven and to her mother, Saint Anne, to whom Catholics have always had a most tender devotion. It would be hard to conceive a name more dis-

tinguished and emphatically Catholic than Mariana.

And again: David Thompson came to Rye in 1623 and built a house there. What else he did we are not told. But we are told that he came on the "Jonathan in the spring" of 1623 with a handful of colonists, none of whom is named. And then we read that "Capt. Christopher Leavitt, His Majesties Woodward for Somersetshire, came in the spring of 1624 to found a city along the coast to be named "York" after the Metropolitan City of England and to be founded there in all pomp and circumstance, a full prelatical establishment over all New England." We are also told that this same Capt. Christopher Leavitt visited David Thompson in the autumn of 1623, stayed with him a month and there met the son of Sir Ferdinand Georges. The popular biographies do not give any account of His Majesties Woodward. It would be interesting to learn more about him. "A full prelatical establishment in all pomp and circumstance" might then, or now, mean something other than the Roman Catholic church but if such were intended it would require some explanation of the distinction. It is surely true that the abolition of tithes in Mass; the destruction of pricele paintings and statuary used in the old church as incentives to devotion; the adoption of the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer were all accomplished on the theory that it was necessary to get away from pomp and circumstance in matters of devotion in the Established Church, while no one would suspect the Puritans of a leaning to pomp and circumstance in their devotions.

And then there was Darby Field. Darby was an Irishman, who discovered the White Mountains in 1632 or 1642—the date is in dispute. He lived on Oyster River and signed the Exeter Combination in 1638. We know nothing definite about Field's religion but by the rule of percentages the chances are overwhelming that he was Catholic. The hyphenated phrase, "Scotch-Irish," as an alibi for the disgrace of having Irish ancestors had not yet been invented for one good reason that the Plantation of Ulster from Scotland was yet incomplete. So the chances were that Darby Field was a Catholic for the very sufficient reason that there were then no Irish who were non-Catholic. At any rate he was among friends.

We read more or less of him between 1632 (when we begin to read of anything about New Hampshire except grants and patents and spurious deeds) and 1642. He was a brave man, was Darby. His journey to the Crystal Hills proves that. But in 1642 the Puritans began their temporary rule in New Hampshire and we hear no more of Darby in what may be called the official chronicle of New Hampshire. He probably was discreet as well as brave.

It is Governor Winthrop who says he was Irish. The biographer of the Field Family says he was not. But

then he goes on to relate a traditional anecdote, that once upon a time,

"A famous Puritan Divine from Massachusetts was addressing people of Dover and reproving them for departing from the good habits of the Puritans, when Field arose and corrected him, saying 'we are of a different race from them. Instead of coming here for religious purposes the object of our ancestors was lumber, fish and trade and instead of departing from their good example we have improved on them'."

From the which we suggest that the Field biographer's statement that Darby was not Irish would have more force with that anecdote omitted.

With these facts before us we submit, there is a record which gives some encouragement that the Episcopalian Settlers of New Hampshire gave a haven to their persecuted Catholic countrymen in their new settlement in the new world, which, we hope, some investigator with more resources will find it possible to amplify. New Hampshire hides her light under a bushel in many things and among them may be the fact that on the banks of the Piscataqua in the State of New Hampshire, and before either Calvert in Maryland or Penn in Pennsylvania, men were given the chance to live and follow the dictates of their conscience.

---

## Friend in Need

BY MAUD F. JACKSON

There is a house of life that ever seemed  
To me than all the rest by far more fair.  
Before my heart of want and sorrow dreamed,  
Full many a happy day I lingered there.



Thither I brought my flowers and my song,  
 And welcome never failed me at the door;  
 No lack I noticed all the summer long;  
 Right merry was the feast...I asked no more.

But winter came and I, in direst need,  
 Sought shelter there. The rooms, once gay, were chill  
 And empty. Then did God in mercy lead  
 Me to your dwelling, friend through good and ill.  
 Unlike that other, all your heart's pure rooms  
 Were light with welcome and the hearth was warm.  
 I found that here sweet summer ever blooms,  
 Love feeds the hungry, shelters from the storm.

Laurel Springs, N. J.

---

## The Indian Head

BY BEN L. PEARSON

Just a freak of nature, the wordlings say,  
 A tricky turn of the elements' play;  
 Interesting, odd and well worthwhile,  
 But forgotten at the end of a dusty mile.

Maybe they're right, yet romance I will,  
 And build my dreams 'round this lofty hill.  
 Who placed so surely that great, calm face  
 In the midst of hills that mothered his race?

The Indian read in each wonder of the earth  
 Proof of God's pleasure or wrath bestirred.  
 And though the white man's wisdom carries him high,  
 Life's beauties too often are hid from his eye.

Perhaps the Great Spirit, sensing the day  
 When brave and squaw would pass away,  
 Carved deep in the granite of the towering crest,  
 The strong, calm face of a warrior at rest.

So that fir and oak and bear and deer,  
 Soft spring winds and blasts that sear,  
 Should comfort find in the familiar face  
 When their last red friend joined his vanished race.

104 High St.,  
 Somersworth, N. H.

# On Visiting the Studios of Augustus St. Gaudens

BY HOWARD P. KELSEY

## I

### The Sculptor

Here, once, the great St. Gaudens plied his tools,  
And living dreams in lifeless clay confined;  
No more Ascutney's lengthening shadow cools  
His brow—his task is done; no more his mind  
Conceives the work that 'neath his fingers grew,  
Immortal faces famed through all the earth;  
Motionless figures, silent-lipped and true,  
Await in vain the hands that brought them birth.  
But pilgrims ride in motor-driven fleets  
To seek, among the leafy, Cornish hills,  
A shrine in which the pulse of beauty beats,  
Far from the noisy malls and ranting mills.  
Count him a god, for in Olympian way  
He fashioned men and angels out of clay.

## II

### The Statue of Lincoln

Uncover as you enter! Ther ehe stands,  
A weary figure, patient, sorrow-lined,  
Fitter to comfort than to give commands;  
The sculptor did his best—and Heaven was kind.  
Lincoln, thy land has need of thee today!  
Strange prophets and strange prophesies abound.  
Surely, thy genius might seek out a way  
To pass beyond the shadows that surround  
Into a brighter, purer atmosphere,  
Closer to Nature and to Nature's God,  
Where paths of duty stretch so straight and clear  
Those feet might run that now may barely plod.  
Alas, the gathering mists obscure the light,  
And only plaster Lincolns mock our sight.

82½ Silver Street,  
Waterville, Maine.



# Through the Eye of Ascutney \*

BY BESSIE ANTHOINE TUDBURY

Sarah Henderson put away the last of the breakfast dishes, and turned towards the wood-shed with the damp dish-towels. Before she could open the door, the wizened form of the paralytic in the armchair by the fire stirred slightly.

"You ain't goin' out, be you, Sarah?"

"Only to the clothes-reel, Uncle Dan. I'll be back soon."

Sarah wondered how it would seem to be able to make so minor an excursion, unchallenged. In six months the feeble query had become as intimate an accompaniment to her movements as the squeak of the screen-door and the creaking of the stairs.

"Don't be long. I'll want some milk." The thin voice quavered plaintively.

Traversing the length of the woodshed, Sarah opened a door at the farther end and stepped out upon a raised platform bearing a clothes-reel. She hastily pinned the towels in place, then turned about and faced a scene of surprising beauty. As if in compensation for the otherwise dreary New England landscape, a single mountain peak was nosing

through the morning mists six miles away. Glistening patches of late snow on its sides and summit were alternately revealed and obliterated as the cloud wraiths coiled about it. The contest was a brief one. Whipped by the brisk May wind, the last of the feathery vapors was soon routed; and in solitary magnificence, the Lord of the Connecticut valley towered above the countryside.

With a fascination which the familiarity of years had not dimmed, the woman followed the rapid panorama

To the marital happiness and contentment of Sarah Henderson, Ascutney Mountain had contributed much. Once, in the early months of their married life, she and John had found time to climb the mountain and eat their lunch on the summit. With the sudden broadening of her physical vision had come a spiritual illumination that had enabled her ever afterward to view life from a higher altitude. From that calm height, how futile seemed man's brief fever of existence, how petty his achievements! Why, she had been unable to find their own barn, the largest in the county, until John had helped her, by drawing through it an im-

\*Ascutney Mountain, though located on the other side of the Connecticut, in Vermont, is the most noticeable object in the western landscape, for a large section of New Hampshire bordering on that river, and, indeed, for some distance into the interior. It is an isolated peak, entirely distant from the Green Mountain range, towering more than 3000 feet above the sea level. It was recently described by Hon. George B. Upham of Boston in a talk before the Claremont Woman's Club, as "an intrusive mountain, not of volcanic origin, but slowly forced up from a great depth, through a weak spot in the earth's surface." He said its history goes back millions of years before the white man; but that it is millions of years younger than the surrounding mountains. He also describes it as "a classic among mountains, entirely different in its composition from any other mountain in America." However this may be this grand mountain has been an object of wonder and admiration to thousands of New Hampshire eyes, for generations past, and will be for ages to come.



aginary line to the river. Truly, in the eye of that huge, granite monitor, only the big things mattered. In the busy, bustling days that followed, while the children were growing up, she had upon countless occasions turned upon her own annoyances and perplexities the long-distance view of the mountain. Never had it failed to clarify her vision, dissipating the fog of trivialities and bringing into bold relief the real issues.

Sarah had often wondered to what extent the drab existences of the

managed without the view, and how reckoned they'd have to. One did not argue with John, and Sarah did not attempt it; but a little later she had no difficulty in persuading him to replace the dilapidated and entirely inadequate clothes-reel with a new one installed on a platform of its own projecting from the wood-shed directly towards the mountain. By this simple ruse she captured and domesticated a scene of ever-changing beauty to which she might repair



ASCUTNEY MOUNTAIN FROM CORNISH HILL

Henderson women-folk who had preceded her in the old farmhouse might have been relieved had Grandfather Henderson so placed his homestead that the mountain could be seen from the house, instead of rising majestically before the long line of tiny apertures behind which the castle ruminated in the barn. After that trip to the mountain she had realized more keenly than before the tragic misplacement of house and barn, and had counselled moving the barn back a few feet. But John was adamant. Two generations of Hendersons had

whenever she felt her sense of value becoming numb.

It was there, in the course of her early adjustments to life with a Henderson, that the vexation of her husband's stolid conservatism and lack of imagination was lost in the conviction of his deep-seated love; it was there that the shelling of a pan of peas, or the mending of prosaic socks, became a balm for jangled nerves; and it was there, six months before, that she had been able to rise to the level of John's sense of justice

in welcoming Uncle Dan to their fireside.

Daniel McIntire, better known as Uncle Dan, was an eccentric of a class common enough in rural New England. Bound by no human ties, he had passed a parasitic existence that provided nothing for his last years. As helper-at-large to the countryside, it had been his custom to appear unheralded at a farm, take up his abode there for an indefinite period during which he assumed a generous share of the farm work, then disappear as suddenly as he had arrived. When, in the course of such a sojourn at the Henderson farm, he had been stricken with paralysis, it was generally assumed that he would be added to the little collection of human derelicts on the poor-farm. Calculating minds were already predicting a rise in the town's tax-rate when it became known that John and Sarah Henderson had declared their intention to keep Uncle Dan. Such an act was entirely in keeping with Henderson hospitality, so ran the verdict of the neighbors, but it was hard on Sarah. And at first, Sarah herself was of the same opinion.

"I've never turned a dumb creature out to die," John had declared, "and I can't turn out old Dan. They've all had a humane end, and so shall he. Hire in all the help you need, Sarah, and I'll do what I can; but Dan must stay."

Sarah was sixty-five. She had successfully piloted her four children up through measles to matrimony, and seen them well settled in their own homes. Since the departure of her youngest child, three aged relatives had ended their days by her fireside in close succession. Surely she had earned the freedom and rest

to which her years entitled her. But John had pronounced his ultimatum and one didn't argue with John. A few days the last traces of her rebellion had died away, and the brave heart, well trained in mothering, had gathered to itself the broken mind and body of Daniel McIntire.

On this particular May morning as Sarah stood wrapt in contemplation of the mountain, there came the sudden sound of a prodigious quacking punctuated with staccato whoops of ecstasy. The next instant, from behind the barn, straight towards the clothes-reel, waddled a file of ducks in great perturbation. In the lead an angry old drake vociferously protested against the undignified haste in the rear, a freckled, red-headed youngster of ten brandished a willow branch. At sight of the motionless figure on the platform, the pursuit came to a sudden end, and the quarrel trailed off to recover at leisure its ruffled composure. In self-acclaimed guilt, the lad stood with hanging head, screwing into the earth an alternating heel and toe.

"Well, William Wallace Whitcomb, what have you to say for yourself?"

Some subtle intonation in Sarah's voice encouraged the culprit to raise his eyes in time to intercept a kindly twinkle in the gray ones leveled upon him.

"I only wanted to hear 'em squall like Mis' Henderson. I'll never do again, honest Injun, I won't."

"Better not. There may be other squalling heard in these parts if you do. Now what does your mother need this time, saleratus or washing soda? Be quick with your errand, boy, or you'll be late for school."

"It ain't Ma, it's Mister Henderson."

"John? Why he's ploughing in the south meadow—"

"Yep. He says for you to come down there, guess he wants to tell you something."

"Probably wants my advice about alfalfa," concluded Sarah. "If there's anything that Sarah Henderson is supposed to know about farming, it's where to plant the alfalfa crop. Come into the kitchen, William, and I'll give you a cookie for recess. But mind you don't nibble it in school."

As the pair entered the kitchen, the invalid turned upon them a gaze of unutterable relief.

"You've been a powerful long time hanging out them towels, Sarah."

Sarah, stricken with remorse as she saw his impotent fingers struggling with the folds of a rug which was slipping from his knees, bent over him tenderly.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Dan. I didn't mean to be so long. This rapscaillon is partly to blame, arn't you, William? Here," she said to the lad, "take these cookies and be off."

William Wallace Whitcomb, secretly exulting over this happy outcome of an embarrassing situation, pocketed his cookies and made a hasty exit.

"Now, Uncle Dan," continued Sarah, cheerily, "I'm going to give you a glass of milk and shake up your pillows. Then I have to go to the meadow to talk with John a bit. Don't cry; I'll hurry back."

But already the thin lips were quivering pathetically, and into the rheumy eyes had come the tortured look of a child afraid in the dark.

"Don't leave me again, Sarah," he pleaded.

For a minute Sarah stood irresolute. Then, stepping to the door, she shaded her eyes with her hand and

scanned the road in the direction of the schoolhouse.

"William, William, come back," she called.

With manifest reluctance, William Wallace Whitcomb once more entered the kitchen.

"I want you to stay with Uncle Dan while I go to the meadow. Then I'll send a line to Miss Haines, explaining why you're late."

John Henderson was resting his team at the nearer end of the furrow when Sarah reached the meadow.

"Sorry to call you away from your work, Sarah, but I reckon a breath of air won't hurt you. It ain't good for you to be shut up so close with a invalid."

Sarah hardly heard him. It was her first visit to the meadow since the opening of spring. The fragrance of the newly ploughed land was in her nostrils, and to her ears came the distant call of an early robin.

"I'm going to help Irving tomorrow," continued John. "The lower half of this meadow is still too wet. His land is sandy, you know. I want you to go along and spend the day with Mary."

John slowly stroked the flank of the nearer horse as if awaiting the effect of his words.

Sarah reluctantly withdrew her gaze from the silvery gleam of a swallow's wing, and fixed it upon her husband.

"Going to take Uncle Dan along too?" she asked dryly.

"Nora Barnes will care for Dan tomorrow. Jim is coming over early with a low cart. Then we'll put old Dan aboard, chair and all. Jim and I settled that about an hour ago."

It was characteristic of John to



have all arrangements made before broaching his plan.

"That's real kind of you, John."

The very idea of a day off was intoxicating; but Sarah did not feel the need of a visit with her daughter just then. Only the week before, Mary had spent a day at the farm; and together they had successfully transferred Irving, Junior, from long to short dresses. Mary did not need her. A day spent with her would mean only a change of scene and activity; it would contribute nothing towards satisfying her hunger for a bit of freedom in the open. But how was she to make John understand that?

"I thought you'd need to know right away, as we'll have to start early. Better not let Dan suspect anything, or he'll develop some new ailment to keep you at home. That's the way with paralytics. What's the matter, Sarah? Don't you want to go?"

"Yes, John, indeed I do. It has seemed sometimes as if I'd have to run away somewhere from that pleading voice and those eyes. I was just wondering if you'd mind if I went only part way."

"Part way?" echoed John, in surprise. "There's no one else on that road you'd care to visit. There's the Wilsons, and the Townes, and—"

"And the mountain, John. I'd like to go as far as Ascutney, spend a few hours on the mountains, and meet you at the road when you come back."

There was genuine alarm in the glance John Henderson turned upon his wife as she voiced this desire. Had her mind broken under the prolonged confinement and care?

"You can't be serious, Sarah. No body would go mountain-climbing in May. Why, there's plenty of snow and ice up there still."

"I wouldn't expect to climb fast. But there's nothing I'd like so well as without the help of your arm, John, to be able to wander over the south slope, and breathe the spring air from a little higher level. You've no idea how stifling the kitchen has been all winter with never a window open so much as a crack. Uncle Dan feels the least whiff of air so."

"Well, I reckon he'll feel some to-morrow, then. I can't see Nora Barnes punishing herself to gratify his whims. You're spoiling him, Sarah."

"You think she'll be kind to him, don't you?" Sarah's tone betrayed a sudden hint of anxiety.

"Kind? Yes; Nora's a little rough in her ways, but her heart's in the right place. Now about this mountain business. If you're set on going on that mountain in May, I suppose you are old enough to take care of yourself. I wouldn't advise sitting under the trees nor lying on the moss, but—"

"Never fear, John. I'll keep moving and growing younger all the time. You'll see," laughed Sarah. "And now I must get back to Uncle Dan. He'll think I've been away a long time."

Sarah walked towards the house in a day-dream of anticipation. Straight before her rose Ascutney, more alluring than ever in the light of the promised holiday. Already she seemed to be riding beside John in the lumbering farm-wagon through the fragrance of the early morning. She seemed to see the slender curls of smoke, from breakfast fires, still lying

gering about the chimneys of the neighbors they passed. From the wide-open barn-doors issued men bearing pails of steaming milk, or leading forth a team, with trailing harness, to the day's ploughing. On all sides the routine of country life would be going on as usual, unbroken save by John and herself. They alone would enjoy the unwonted sense of being absent from their accustomed places.

William Wallace Whitcomb met her at the door.

"Gee, he's a cross one! Wouldn't let me do a thing for him. Just hollered for you all the time." Plainly school, at its worst, was in the estimation of William, preferable to nursing.

"Now, Uncle Dan," began Sarah, in the tone one would use to a petulant child, "you've been bad again. Here are your blankets on the floor, and you're all chilled through." With the patience of a nurse-maid, restoring a repeatedly ejected teddy-bear to the autocrat of a perambulator, Sarah gathered up the fallen articles and once more tucked them about the invalid. Then she chafed the icy hands. With the return of mental and physical comfort, came drowsiness; and five minutes later, Uncle Dan slept.

"He's just like a fretty baby," Sarah explained to William, when, armed with the propitiatory missive, he once more prepared to depart.

"He's worse than any of ours," insisted William from the doorstep.

Uncle Dan's frequent naps constituted a series of recesses, during which Sarah discharged her household duties under mercifully relieved tension. While her hands mechanically performed their allotted tasks,

she sought to re-enter the holiday mood which John's plan had conjured; but the thread of her imagination had been rudely broken. How would Nora Barnes treat Uncle Dan, she wondered, if he deliberately threw off his covers tomorrow? Sarah shuddered at the possibility of harshness exercised upon the homeless waif dependent upon her. "A little rough in her ways," John had said of Nora Barnes; and the words rankled.

It was the sight of a little japanned box high on a pantry shelf that dissipated her forebodings and reinstated her in the plans for the morrow. It was that little old box that had held their lunch thirty years before when she and John had climbed the mountain together. She would fill it again for tomorrow, and they would lunch as they rumbled home in the twilight behind the tired horses. And when they had finished, maybe John's rough hand would close over hers, as it had on the mountain, in the eloquent pressure of their courtship days.

Sarah was once more under the spell of glad excitement; roaming a will over the mountain side, thrilling to the notes of early birds, and losing her weariness in the recuperative sweep of landscape.

John came in at noon, and carried Uncle Dan to his bed for an hour's rest. During the afternoon, as was his wont, the invalid alternately dozed and gazed at Sarah. Frequently she stopped her work to minister to his comfort, or to speak a cheering word.

Late in the afternoon, on emerging from the pantry where she had stealthily packed the japanned box, Sarah detected in the eyes of the in-

valid the troubled look which she had learned to associate with physical discomfort.

"What is it, Uncle Dan?" she asked. "Are your feet cold again? I'll get the hot-water bottle."

But Uncle Dan made a gesture of dissent, and tried to speak. Obviously the right words eluded him. For several minutes Sarah waited, chafing his hands and encouraging him.

"There, there, Uncle Dan, never mind. You'll think of it soon. It wasn't a drink of water, was it? No?"

"Sarah." The word came with startling distinctness through a rift in the mental cloud. "Sarah, you won't leave me again?"

"Certainly not tonight, Uncle Dan. I'll be right here, and it's almost time for John to come in, too."

With this assurance, the old man's fears departed; and in a few minutes he slept again.

But Sarah remained motionless in the chair she had drawn to his side.

She was thinking of the countless times when she had sat in the same way, at the close of day, watching the peaceful sleep of the babe she had just quieted. To her, Uncle Dan was just another child, claiming from her his belated share of tenderness. In that moment of retrospection she knew she could no more leave him to the doubtful care of Nora Barne than she could have so left one of her own. She had enjoyed her dream of release, but for her there could have been no pleasure in its realization. In compensation for a loveless life Uncle Dan's time was all too short; she would not deprive him of one day's peace.

Hanging out the tea-towels an hour later, Sarah allowed her eyes to rest a moment on the mountain.

"From that height," she mused, "I reckon the comfort of Daniel McIntire looms a heap bigger than picnic."

227 Alfred St.  
Biddeford, Me.

---

## Clouds

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

The gods hide in daytime,  
Light is their shade,  
But oftentimes at sunset  
You will see them betrayed.

106 E, 52, N. Y.





## Soul-Seeds

BY ALICE M. SHEPARD

When Adam found the seeds all spread around,  
And gathered in the hollows of the ground,  
Nor knew which came from tree, or grain, or bloom,  
Nor what would need small space, nor what wide room,  
He needs must sort and plant, and sort in vain,  
And delve, and sweat, and sort, and delve again.

Could he suppose a slender winged key  
Contained the germ of elm or maple tree?  
Or that a tiny paint-brush when it grew  
Would mix on Nature's palette corn-flower blue?  
Or that brown powder as its end and aim  
Would burst with sunshine into poppy-flame?

Could he believe the tulip bulbs would grow  
Like rank on rank of soldiers in a row,  
With tossing helmets yellow, red and white,  
His lady's colors for each gallant knight?  
Or that these thickened clusters, shrunk, dry,  
Would send rosettes of dahlias to the sky?

Are we soul-seeds of varied shape and hue,  
Unlike and puzzling to our angels' view,  
Who tend us with a zeal affectionate,  
And ask each other, anxious as they wait,  
"Think you, will mould or dry-root spoil their roots?"  
Or "Will the gardener find them bearing fruit?"

Franklin, N. H.

# How Has New Hampshire Voted for President?

BY CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

---

The Granite State, which entered the Union in 1788, is not politically influential respecting the number of its electoral votes. Compared with the Empire State's forty-five votes, the Granite State's electoral votes, which have varied from 5 to 8, are certainly very few. In 1924, New Hampshire cast only 4 such votes. Nevertheless, whatever the Granite State lacks in electoral votes, is compensated by the sincerity and intensity of its political campaigns.

In 1789, New Hampshire gave its 5 electoral votes for George Washington and, in 1792, its 6 votes for our first President. In 1796, it helped to elect John Adams and, in 1800, it still voted for Adams, when Thomas Jefferson defeated him. In 1804, New Hampshire decided to support Jefferson; but, in 1808 and 1812, it decided to support, respectively, Pinckney and Clinton, against Madison. However, it voted for another Virginian, Monroe, during 1816 and 1820.

It has been said that the Granite State once had great fondness for Andrew Jackson, living or dead. However that may have been, it did not indicate this fondness during either the campaign of 1824 or that of 1828, when it voted for John Quincy Adams, against Jackson. Andrew Jackson defeated Adams in 1828, and New Hampshire gave its 7 votes for Jackson in 1832. It followed the Jacksonian succession in 1836, helping to elect Van Buren.

Uninfluenced by "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," it gave its electoral vote for Van Buren during the log-cabin campaign of 1840.

In 1844, James Knox Polk received the larger number of its ballots and in 1848, Lewis Cass. Polk was elected, Cass defeated. Naturally, it voted for "Frank" Pierce in 1852 but it left the Democratic party in 1856 and tried to elect the first Republican candidate for President John C. Fremont. New Hampshire followed Lincoln in 1860 and 1864 and Grant in 1868 and 1872. In the very exciting campaign of 1876, it voted for Hayes. During 1880, it helped elect Garfield and tried to help Blaine in 1884. It chose Benjamin Harrison in 1888 and the Nation also chose him. And it decided upon Harrison in 1892, although our Country decided upon Cleveland.

When the political campaign had ended during 1896, and again during 1900, the Granite State was for McKinley, as it was for Roosevelt in 1904 and for Taft in 1908. Wilson carried the State in 1912 and 1916 although narrowly winning the election in 1916. New Hampshire became Republican, again, during 1920, when it voted for Harding. In 1924, it helped to elect Calvin Coolidge.

Accordingly, New Hampshire has voted successfully for Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt

Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge. It has voted unsuccessfully for Adams (1800), Pinckney (1808), Clinton (1812), John Quincy Adams (1828), Van Buren (1840), Cass (1848), Fremont (1856), Blaine (1884), Harrison (1892). It has helped to elect every presidential candidate since 1896, when McKin-

ley was chosen. New Hampshire has taken part in 35 campaigns for Presidents, being successful 26 times and unsuccessful 9 times. In the campaign of 1924, the Granite State cast 98,575 ballots for Coolidge, 57,200 ballots for Davis and 8,993 votes for LaFollette.  
18 Pearl St., Reading, Mass.

---

## Faith's Victory

BY CYRUS A. STONE

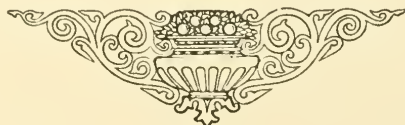
Though dark and black the coming night  
Undaunted still my way I take,  
And forward bear to hail the light  
When the unclouded morn shall break.

If shadows fall on every hand,  
I need not falter nor despond,  
All will be well in that fair land  
The cold unlighted hills beyond.

No reckless haste, no long delay,  
Serene in life, secure in death;  
So up the heaven appointed way  
I bear the trophies of my faith.

A faith that penetrates the gloom,  
And bids the tyrant fear be gone,  
And gilds the darkest night of doom  
With promise of a fadeless dawn.

Concord, N. H.





# Incidents in the Early History of Nottingham

BY ELIZABETH C. FERNALD

---

When we look back to the days of the first inhabitants of Nottingham we think of the Indians as such. Perhaps the Norsemen were the very first, but why should they interest us? We did not, or rather our ancestors did not, come into contact with them, as they did with the Indians. So our minds seem to turn to the Indians as the first settlers. No doubt we think of them also for the numerous struggles which took place between our ancestors and them. Nottingham was not out of that struggle. She was right in it, and as much so as any other town. Scattered about the town were several blockhouses, one of which was situated on the Square, between the Cilley and Butler homesteads. Most of the inhabitants of Nottingham took refuge in these blockhouses because of the numerous Indians prowling about. One day Betsy Simpson, who lived about a quarter of a mile from the Square, on Fish Street, thus named because the early settlers went on it to the Merrimack to obtain salmon and shad, was going home from the blockhouse to bake and churn, intending to return before nightfall. At her home two Indians fell upon her and scalped her, as was their custom. The same day they killed Robert Beard and John Folsom. It is believed that these Indians were Sabatis and Plausaure, as, later, during that day, two Indians of that name went to Boscawen, where they boasted of killing three persons. Later they were killed, for their murderous deeds.

Among the first settlers to come to Nottingham were Captain Joseph and Else (Rawlins) Cilley, for whom the Else Cilley Chapter, D. A. R. is named. They had one horse, on which Else rode, carrying her baby in her arms, and on which were their few possessions. Her husband walked and led the horse from Newbury. Finally, after a long tedious journey, they stopped at the foot of Rattlesnake Hill where they decided to remain. A monument erected by the Else Cilley Chapter, D. A. R., marks the site. After living in their log cabin for about thirteen years, they built a better and larger house below, on the Harvey place.

When Else was ninety-seven years old, she rode on horseback to Pawtuckaway Mountains, to a quilting party at her granddaughter's, to draw a floral pattern. She died at the age of one hundred.

Nottingham was originally composed of what is now Nottingham Northwood and Deerfield; but the early settlers wished to have the Square more as a center, and in order to do that, it was necessary to take land off on the north and northwest ends, which later formed Northwood and Deerfield.

In the early times the Square was thriving, in that it had a church, the steeple of which served as a landmark to sailors out at sea, two stores, and three taverns—Butler's, Bartlett's, and Dearborn's. Nottingham was on the direct stage route between Concord and Portland.

mouth, so the numerous taverns flourished.

A favorite watering place for the drivers of the stage coaches was at Tavern's Spring. Beside the spring was a huge tree into which the drivers used to pound coppers to pay for their water. Many years later, as the story goes, this tree was cut down and a rather large sum of money found.

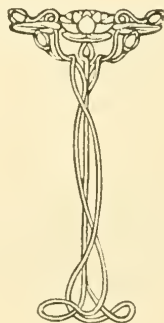
Slaves were held here in Colonial days, as may be proved by Captain Joseph Cilley's will, in which he willed his slave, Lettice, to remain with his wife, and Zeni was to stay with his son, Joseph. In this will his son, Cutting, was to give to his mother each year two barrels of cider and ten bushels of Indian corn.

The year 1774 must have been a lively time for all inhabitants. Tea seemed to be the great "bone of contention." It is said that Else, who was rather determined in her ways, absolutely refused to pay the tax on tea, stating when the tax collector came around that she wasn't going to the East Indies for any part of her breakfast! Abigail, her daughter, who married Zephaniah Butler, and kept a tavern on what is now called the Boody place, was somewhat like her mother. A Tory came

to spend the night at the tavern, and after his supper was strutting around, talking about the tax on tea. He expanded his chest and remarked that no tax could keep him from drinking all the tea he wanted to. He said, "Why, I have some tea right here in my coat-tail pocket!" At that moment Abigail appeared at the doorway with a tray piled up with food. When she heard this last remark, she dropped tray, food and all directly on the floor, seized a knife and in one jiffy the coat-tail was hurled into the huge fireplace while she replied, "No Tory shall drink tea in my house!"

During the Revolution no town of its size rendered more efficient service than Nottingham, in sending four generals — Henry Dearborn, Thomas Bartlett, Henry Butler, and Joseph Cilley, son of Else, into the service. The monument in the center of the Square commemorates them. It is also stated on a little monument below, that Captain Dearborn marched with sixty men from Nottingham Square to Bunker Hill on April 20, 1775, between sunrise and sunset.

Thus a few of the heroics deeds of our ancestors have been pointed out. Will we do as well, and so be recorded in history?



# New Hampshire Necrology

## REV. HENRY I. CUSHMAN, S. T. D.

Rev. Henry I. Cushman, born in Orford, N. H., July 28, 1844; died in Providence, R. I., September 15, 1927.

He was a direct descendant of Robert Cushman, of Mayflower fame, and his boyhood home is said to have been "a survival of all that was best in the Puritan tradition." He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1865, and having determined to enter the Universalist ministry, commenced the study of theology under the tutelage of Dr. Charles H. Leonard, later Dean of the Tufts Divinity School. His first pastorate was at East Cambridge, in 1867 and 8, after which he became the Assistant of Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., in the pastorate of the Second Universalist Church of Boston, which position he held for seven years, till called to the pastorate of the First Universalist Church of Providence, R. I., which he filled with marked ability and eminent success for 35 years till 1910, when he resigned. Subsequently he served for a time as lecturer on Homiletics and Pastoral Care on the faculty of Tufts Divinity School, and also assumed the pastorate of the East Providence parish, where he carried on successful work for sixteen years.

Dr. Cushman was twice married. His first wife was Miss Emily Gilman of Chicago. She bore six children, three of whom are living—Robert Cushman of Boston, Albert Henry Cushman of New York, and Ruth, the wife of William G. Anthony of Providence. The mother of those children died in 1895. In 1904 Dr. Cushman married Miss Lucy D. Carpenter of Providence, who survives him.

## COL. JOHN PENDER

John Pender, born in Southbridge, Mass., June 9, 1843; died in Portsmouth, N. H., October 5, 1927.

Col. Pender removed with his par-

ents in early life to Portsmouth, and was variously engaged for several years, but in 1855 engaged in the insurance business, in which he continued until his retirement about a year ago. He was an earnest Republican and was best known in political life as a leader of his party in that section of the state. His record as an office holder has been surpassed by few if any men in the state. He had served in the Portsmouth City Council, Board of Aldermen; for 22 years on the school board, and as Mayor of the city in 1902. He was five times elected to the State House of Representatives, first in 1871 and last in 1926—fifty-six years later. He served two terms in the State Senate, and two terms as Sheriff of Rockingham Co., and gained his title of Colonel as a member of the Staff of Gov. Samuel W. Hale in 1883-4. He was also a member of the State Commission having charge of building the first piece of state highway, the ocean boulevard from Seabrook to Rye. In his earlier years, before engaging in insurance, he had been for a time an Inspector in the Customs Service. He was treasurer of the Portsmouth Building and Loan Association from its organization until his resignation early this year. He was conspicuous in Masonry and also in Odd Fellowship, and was founder and past president of the Warwick Club of Portsmouth.

He married Miss Ellen S. Ryan of Newton, Mass., who died in 1917. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Helen I. Boynton of Portsmouth; three sons, Dr. George E. Pender of Portsmouth, John L. Pender of the Boston Globe staff, and Horace G. Pender of New York, and nine grandchildren.

## MAUDE GORDON ROBY

Maude Gordon Roby, born in Bristol, N. H., January 22, 1868; died in Malden, Mass., September 22, 1927.

Mrs. Roby was the daughter of Frank A. and Ellen M. (Simonds) Gordon. She was educated in the



schools of Franklin and Bristol, and studied music in the New England Conservatory, at Boston, of which she was a graduate. In her youth she was for some time librarian of the Bristol public library, and at one time she taught a private school in Bristol.

On July 28, 1888, she was united in marriage with Austin H. Roby of Bristol, and three years later they removed to Malden, Mass., where her husband became a prominent business man and was at one time a member of the city board of Aldermen. She became widely known as a musical entertainer, speaker and writer, and held membership in various organizations, including the Old and New Club, New England Press Club, Professional Woman's Club, D. A. R., W. C. T. U., and the Irish Folk Song Club of London. She was also a member of the Trinitarian Congregational Church of Malden. Years ago she was a valued contributor to the Granite Monthly, and in the early part of the present year renewed her interest in the publication. For many years past her home had been at 105 Washington St., Malden.

Mrs. Roby is survived by her husband, and one son, Donald G. Roby, who was residing on the Pacific Coast at the time of her decease.

#### FRED C. BALDWIN

Fred C. Baldwin, born in Nashua, May 11, 1857, died in South Dennis, Mass., October 18, 1927.

The deceased graduated from Dartmouth College in 1881, and taught school for a time thereafter at South Dennis and Warwick, Mass., going, later, to Manchester, N. H., where he served ten years as principal of the Franklin and Ash Street schools, and then removed to Somerville, Mass., where he was for nineteen years supervising principal of the schools in the Winter Hill district, when he was compelled to retire on account of failing health.

He was deeply interested in Masonry, having served as Master of the Washington Lodge, Manchester, K. T. Commandery of Manchester,

N. H., and district deputy grand lecturer. He also was a member of the Odd Fellows, Royal Arcanum and American Order of United Workmen.

He is survived by a widow, two sons, Fred H. Baldwin, superintendent of schools of Westport, and James Baldwin, physical director of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, and one daughter, Miss L. Marguerite Baldwin, of the staff of the Leland-Powers school of Boston.

#### EDWARD K. WEBSTER

Edward K. Webster, born in Boscawen, August 5, 1848; died in Pittsfield, October 4, 1927.

He was the son of Dr. Eliphalet I. and Emily Webster, three of his grandparents being of the Webster blood and name, and his maternal grandmother being a sister of Daniel Webster. He was educated at the Boscawen and Pembroke Academies, and at the Putnam school in Newburyport, Mass. He began life as a druggist in Pittsfield in January, 1872, and continued till 1904, when he was chosen Grand Keeper of Records and Seal for the Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias of New Hampshire, and removed to Concord, where he continued for many years, retiring to Pittsfield at the conclusion of his service. He had long been active and prominent in the K. of P. organization, having been a charter member of Norris Lodge of Pittsfield, and the organizer of the E. K. Webster Co., No. 16, Uniform Rank K. P., of which he was the first captain. He had passed all the chairs in the Grand Lodge, and was Supreme Representative in 1888. He also served as Assistant Commissary General on the staff of Gen. Chauncy I. Hoyt of Portsmouth.

In politics Col. Webster was a staunch Democrat and had served as a delegate in Constitutional Convention, and for several years as a member of the State Committee. He also served for eight years as a Deputy Sheriff for Merrimack County. He was never married and his only surviving near relative is a niece, Miss Edith Livingston.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. 59.

DECEMBER 1927

NO. 12

## ANNOUNCEMENT

---

This issue completes Volume fifty-nine of the Granite Monthly, founded fifty-years ago last April, by the subscriber, at Dover, the greater number of volumes than years being accounted for by the fact that for a few years at one period of its history, two volumes per year were issued.

Established as a magazine primarily devoted to New Hampshire History and Biography it has continued mainly along that line, and its bound volumes, now found in various public and private libraries, from Maine to California, contain more valuable matter of New Hampshire interest than has ever been presented in any other publication. It is, moreover, the oldest and probably the only state magazine in the country that has been continuously published from the start; yet there are those still living who have been subscribers from the start half a century ago, and who look forward with pleasurable anticipation to its regular monthly appearance.

While it has been at times under different ownership and editorial control, it has been edited by me for not less than twenty years of its existence, and I have followed its career with deep interest at all times, I am happy to be able to announce that it has now passed into hands that guarantee permanent and successful continuance. From this time forward the Granite Monthly is the property of Mr. Edward T. McShane of the Granite State Press at Manchester, who has had a wide experience as printer, editor and publisher.

While continuing its main features Mr. McShane will enlarge the magazine to 48 pages and make many improvements. It will be issued from the Granite State Press, which is one of the largest and best equipped printing establishments in the State, and in which Mr. J. Arthur Williams, one of the most experienced printers in the country is associated with Mr. McShane. Since its establishment, less than five years ago, the growth of the business of this concern has been phenomenal. It is patronized not only by business men and firms throughout the State, but from various parts of New England. It may be noted that the journals for the last session of the New Hampshire Legislature were printed by this firm, which is

prepared to compete with any in or out of the state in the promptness and excellence of its work.

We bespeak for the Magazine, under its new and promising management, the continued interest of those who have given it loyal support in the past, and the added patronage of every other son and daughter of the old Granite State, who takes pride in its history, and the contribution it has made to the progress of the nation at large.

HENRY H. METCALF

Newport, N. H., December 15, 1927.

---

## Today

BY SUMNER CLAFLIN

Each day of the past year filled  
With a man or a woman's work or play;  
In this coming year let us build  
A man or a woman's work each day.

Each morn let us rise to some big job  
Fit for a King or a Queen to do;  
Each evening, tired, let's thank God  
For the strength that carries thru.

Winter, Springtime, Summer and Fall,  
To old, to young, to women, to men;  
In their seasons, come with a gift to all  
Once, but they never come back again.

So hear you, and heed you, Child of Time,  
Once in your own hand each day  
You may use wisely—it is thine  
To use or to throw away.

The biggest job in the world I know  
Is to look in the face of Time and say  
Just what in the world I'm going to do  
With this thing we call Today!





# The Birthplace of Gen. John Sullivan

BY JOHN SCALES

Several years ago there was a sharp discussion regarding the birthplace of Major General John Sullivan; one party claimed it is in Maine; the other that it is in Somersworth, N. H. Before giving the proof that the latter is the place I will explain how it was that General Sullivan's parents lived in that part of old Dover, called the parish of Somersworth, in which locality their children were born. Their names were John Sullivan and Margery Brown. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1691; he died in Berwick, Me., just across the Salmon Falls river from Somersworth, in 1796, aged 105 years. Margery was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1714, and died in Berwick, in 1801, aged 87 years. She was a descendant of an English family that had emigrated from England a generation or two, before her birth; nothing is known of them. It happened that both came over in the same ship. It was the intention of the captain to land at Newburyport, but on account of distress of weather he landed at York, Me.

In brief the life story of John Sullivan, father of General John, is as follows. His parents were of the wealthiest and most aristocratic Irish families of Limerick. Among his ancestors of preceding centuries he had four countesses, whose husbands, of course, were of like rank. In 1690 occurred the battle of the Boyne, in which King William of England, with an army of 24,000 men captured the city of Limerick. Later,

when the French fleet arrived in the river Shannon, to assist the Irish army, it was too late to render aid. So instead of fighting King William the fleet took back to France several thousand Catholic soldiers, and their families, the soldiers being given the choice of joining the English army or of going into exile in France. John Sullivan's parents joined the exile party, and were taken to France where he spent his early manhood and was given a good education in the academies of France, and it is said, became able to converse and write in seven languages—Irish, English, French, Latin, Greek, German and Spanish.

When he was twenty, or thereabouts, he returned to Limerick where his father had regained his possessions and resumed business among the leading citizens. His son John, as described by those who knew him in Somersworth, and passed down the tradition, was a tall, well proportioned, fine looking man of polished manners. One result was the Irish girls of marriageable age all fell in love with him, and he selected for marriage, one of much lower social rank; having consulted his mother she refused to give her consent to such a marriage. She not only refused to consent, but forbade his marrying the low down girl on penalty of disinheritance, and gave him two weeks in which to break off the engagement; if he did not comply with her order in that time she would disinherit him, then

and there. His reply was he would give her two weeks to agree to the marriage; if she then refused consent he would emigrate to America, and never return. She kept her word and he kept his. Soon after that he took passage on an emigrant ship, and came to New England. That was about 1724.

As his mother kept her word he was short of sufficient money to pay for his passage across the Atlantic so he bargained to pay the captain the balance in work when he got ashore. The ship landed at York Harbor, Me., and the captain hunted up a man who would employ John Sullivan and advance the balance due for his passage. This bargain was made with Rev. Dr. Moody, pastor of the church in Scotland parish. So John went to work farming for Dr. Moody. He was unaccustomed to manual labor of any kind and soon grew weary of farm labor, and wrote a letter to Dr. Moody, in each of the seven languages he had learned, as previously mentioned. The substance of his letters was that he wanted Dr. Moody to get him a chance to teach school, instead of doing manual labor. From his salary as teacher he would pay the passage debt he owed. From the letter Dr. Moody became convinced John Sullivan was a good scholar, and competent to teach boys for college, or any other work. So the request was granted. Dr. Moody at once consulted with Rev. Jonathan Cushing, Minister of the First Parish Church in Dover, in regard to starting a school in Dover. Somersworth was then a parish in Dover; the people there had organized a church, and they wanted a school. All such questions then had to be decided in town meeting, in the meeting-house

on Pine Hill. By skillful management Parson Cushing secured a vote in town meeting to establish a school in the parish of Somersworth, and was voted to hire John Sullivan to be master of it. Dr. Moody had informed Parson Cushing that he knew, for sure, John Sullivan was a fine scholar, and a gentleman. The village of Somersworth was then a part of what is now Rollinsford Junction. There was the meeting-house; there was a school-house close by it, was the school house. There was his home until 1754 or 1755, when he bought a farm in Berwick, a short distance above the Great Falls of the Salmon Falls river. At the beginning he was not only school-master, but also janitor of the church for several years, till he got married about 1734, and commenced housekeeping and raising children, one of the most remarkable families born in New Hampshire. He had five sons and one daughter; one son, John, was Governor of New Hampshire; the third son, James, Governor of Massachusetts; and Governor Wells of Maine was his great grandson. He was the village school-master and fitted boys for Harvard college; he was a general scrivener for drawing up wills and documents for the people of the parish needed. The period of Indian wars had passed but the province of New Hampshire had regular militia organizations and on the record of one, which is yet extant, John Sullivan's name is inscribed as of Somersworth. He did not send his boys to Harvard college, but gave each as good an education as they could have had at Cambridge. He educated his only daughter as carefully as he did his sons. She became a school teacher in Durham, after her brother John, became

a lawyer there, a very remarkable woman.

Margery Brown was born in Cork, Ireland in 1714. The first we know of her is that she was on the same ship with Master Sullivan, and a large number of passengers. There is no record of how she came to be on the ship. She was only nine years old; whether her parents started with her and died on the way over, or whether she ran away and hid on the ship, until it got well at sea, no one knows. On the voyage someone asked her what she was going to do when she got over here; she promptly replied "become the mother of governors." She had no money to pay her passage, and there was no one to pay for her, so the captain attempted to "auction off" her services at York; there were no bidders for so small a girl. At last Master Sullivan offered to guarantee the money if the captain would give him time after having paid the balance due for his own passage. Some good family in York took her, as a servant and brought her up. It is said, as an authentic tradition, that Sullivan paid the captain with clapboards he cut, in his spare time as school-master. Anyway he paid the debt.

It is said that John Sullivan was so deeply in love with the girl he had left in Limerick that it was several years before the thought of a new love entered his mind. Then he thought of the little Margery he had befriended, and commenced hunting her up.

She had been well brought up in matters of housework and religious instruction, but her education, otherwise was simply to read and write, in a small degree. There is no record of the courtship, when it began, or

how long it continued to complete the bargain for marriage, but Rev. Dr. Moody united them in marriage about 1734. She was then 19 and he was 33 years old. She was small of stature, plump and handsome in appearance, witty and sparkling in conversation. She was so comely, graceful and winsome that Master Sullivan must have proposed marriage on short acquaintance.

They commenced housekeeping in the village of the new parish of Somersworth, which the town of Dover had established in response to the petition of the dwellers there. There was then no settlement at what is now the city of Somersworth, and Berwick, just across the river there had but few settlers. The original Berwick was what is now known as South Berwick. In 1849 the town of Somersworth was divided; the north section retained the old name; the south part was named Rollinsford. Previous to that all history of Somersworth refers to the Rollinsford section; what is now Somersworth was called "Great Falls."

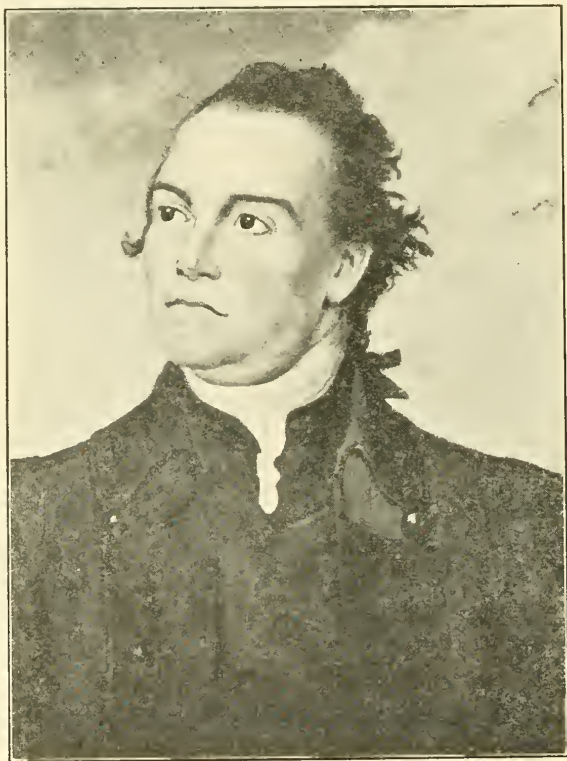
We know that Master Sullivan lived in Somersworth because he is mentioned in the old records as serving in the militia and other ways up to 1755. Ancient Berwick was divided into three townships; they received the names—Berwick, North Berwick and South Berwick, the last name being used in place of the first settlement's name; and "Berwick" was given to the new town, at the Great Falls, up river. The settlement there had become sufficient to organize a separate township government. In 1754 Master Sullivan bought a farm there and soon removed his family to that place. His children had all been born in Somers-



worth; they received their bringing-up and education in the Berwick home. He continued his work as school-master, in which career he became famous. His wife managed the farm, as well as the household. The story of their lives is mighty interesting.

Governor Samuel Wells of Maine put on record the following descrip-

as a woman of considerable native strength of mind, yet entirely uncultivated, having the strong passions common to her country women of which some are good and some bad, wholly unsubdued by habit. These marked traits of character show a wider contrast between her two sons, (John and James), than between them and their father and



GEN. JOHN SULLIVAN

tion of his grandmother, Margery Sullivan, as he had it direct from a person who knew her and Master Sullivan in Berwick:

"Master Sullivan's wife was as well known as he was, and when reference was made to them she was more frequently alluded to in anecdotes of what she said and did. She had been uniformly represented

as furnish a theme for remark, with anecdotes not a few brought up whenever allusion was made to the family. That she was a masculine, energetic woman, with the resolution of a man, there is no doubt. That she performed outdoor labor in the field suitable only for men in order that her husband might not be diverted from his occupation of teaching, was recently

told me as coming from herself in the presence of my informant, one of the few who now survive her (Margery)." That statement was made in 1855.

Hon. John Sullivan of Exeter, who died in that town in 1862, having held the office of Attorney General many years, in a letter to a friend gave the following description of his great grandfather, Master Sullivan, as it had come down through his ancestors:

"I have been told he was a tall, spare man, very mild and gentle, thoughtful and studious, an excellent scholar, but averse to bodily exercise. He was exclusively a school teacher. He had a large head and fine features. He continued active in teaching until near the century mark of life."

John Sullivan of Exeter was son of George Sullivan of Exeter, who was son of General John Sullivan; these three men held the office of Attorney General of New Hampshire, their combined terms being about fifty years.

About the middle of the 19th century Gov. Wells of Maine, had the graves of his great grand parents enclosed with a creditable fence, and placed a headstone to mark the spot. That burial ground is on the land that was Master Sullivan's farm. A bronze marker is in the wall, on the east side of the street, which shows where his house stood. The inscription on that marker is incorrect; it says his children were born there; it ought to say they were educated and brought up there. They were born in Somersworth, now Rollinsford.

The birthplace of General Sullivan, in particular, is fixed beyond ques-

tion by an advertisement that was published in the Boston Evening Post, July 22, 1743. The signature at the end of the article reads: "Margery Sullivan, Somersworth, N. H. July 11, 1743." General Sullivan was born Feb. 17, 1740, and was a few months over three years of age. The signature to the advertisement shows the family residence was Somersworth. That settles the birthplace. The substance of the advertisement is that her husband had deserted her; she urged him to return home.

A copy of the Boston Evening Post is on file in the Boston Public Library; several years ago I visited the library and was permitted to read the advertisement and have a correct copy of it, so I know whereof I write. The way of it was Master Sullivan and Margery had a family quarrel; she was a very high tempered woman, and scolded him terribly when her temper was up. To end the quarrel he quietly left Somersworth; she suspected he had gone to Boston. She got someone to write the adv. for her, according to her own dictation, and had it published as above stated. Master Sullivan appears to have read the advertisement and returned home. There is no record of any further quarrels, but lots of anecdotes of the two were current down to the middle of the 19th century.

Margery Sullivan appears to have been one of the best of women in every way, but her unruly temper which, at times, overmastered her kindness of heart. She was the mother of a very remarkable family of five sons and one daughter, Mary, who was the grandmother of Governor Wells of Maine.

# The Story of White Pine

BY JAMES W. TUCKER

---

"This is the forest primeval,  
The murmuring pines——"

That "Brotherhood of venerable trees" which Wadsworth mentions has nearly ceased to exist. The primeval forests of murmuring pines which inspired the quoted lines in Longfellow's beautiful story of Evangeline have nearly vanished. They have been cut off with the slow westward march of civilization, leaving behind an occasional sentinel or sometimes a group of sentinels—mighty monarchs of the forest who tower even a hundred feet over their less majestic brothers of the second growths. One such venerable tree, a white pine, stands in the first growth forest of New Hampshire University at Durham. It is over one hundred and twenty-five feet tall, has a breast high diameter of four feet, probably contains three thousand board feet of merchantable lumber, and may be two hundred years old—

"Think you, 'tis wrong to fell such majesty?

Then is it wrong to dig the coal of earth?

If reverently done for weal of man,  
The death of trees becomes another birth;  
A birth of use, of service—with a beauty  
Distinct in kind, yet of a broader worth."

White pine is one of the most valuable of all commercial timbers. The cut probably has exceeded that of any other species. While it may be that one or two other kinds of pine yield more lumber yearly, it is equally true that white pine was a leader in the markets for the first two hundred and fifty years of our country's his-

tory. Today New Hampshire, despite its small area, ranks third among all the states of the Union in total production of white pine and in all its history the Granite State has probably never held a lower comparative standing than this. There was a time, two centuries and a half ago, when it ranked first.

## WHERE WHITE PINE IS FOUND

In general white pine grows from Newfoundland to southeastern Manitoba, then southeastward through Minnesota and central Wisconsin and then eastward through southern Michigan and along the northern shore of Lake Erie to New York. White Pine is also found in the northeastern corner of Ohio and throughout the Appalachian Mountains as far south as Alabama and Georgia. It is found, however, in its greatest development throughout New England, New York, and Pennsylvania and southward along the Atlantic coast as far as New Jersey. Detached groves of white pine are found in central and eastern Iowa, southern Wisconsin, and northern Illinois. A moist, cool climate is required for proper propagation of white pine, and it is undoubtedly the climatic conditions that determine the geographical range of this episode of pine.

## EARLY HISTORY

When the earliest settlers landed on our New England shores they found that the coast was densely wooded and the valleys filled with beautiful primeval forests of white



pine. Our forefathers built their homes of white pine and the cutting of the virgin forests for commercial purposes began almost at once. Within fifteen years after the settlement of Plymouth a cargo of masts was shipped to England. The trees were ideal for masts and records show that many of them reached a height of two hundred and forty feet. It is claimed that one giant pine, standing on the site of Dartmouth College, was two hundred and seventy feet in height.

Within thirty years after the first settlement the people of New England were exchanging timber with Madagascar and Guinea for slaves, with the Canary Islands for wine and with Cuba and Haiti for sugar. The slaves purchased with white pine were used in the Virginia and West Indies trade.

New Hampshire was then the center of the lumber industry in this country. In 1671 the exports of white pine from New Hampshire totaled 200,000 tons of planks and pipe staves. It was only a few years after this that the white pine lumbermen of New Hampshire and the other colonies had a serious controversy with England over the immense amount of lumber which was being shipped directly to Portugal from this country, instead of through the mercantile agencies of the mother country.

About 1700, when there were seventy saw mills on the Piscataqua River, the New Hampshire lumbermen were meeting an ordinary demand for white pine planks twenty-five feet long and fifteen or eighteen inches wide and filling orders for planks thirty-six feet long and three feet wide to be used in ship decks.

While in England, sawing lumber by hand was the only method in use it is probable that very little hand sawing was done in the commercial lumbering operators of Colonial times, although it is true that the earliest settlers used the hand saw and the adz in fashioning the beams, rafters and boards of white pine which were used in the construction of their homes, it is probable that this method was not long in vogue.

These seventy saw mills, that were in full operation on our Piscataqua River about 1706, were operated altogether by water power and were of the crude sash-saw type. The capacity of each was from one to three thousand feet, and all seventy of them, from Portsmouth to Great Bay, could not cut as much in one day as a large modern mill could in the same length of time.

The actual cut of these crude saw mills was small compared with the enormous waste. Only the best parts of the best trees were taken. Slabs and much good lumber were thrown into the river in such quantities that in one instance, at Bangor, Maine, the river channel was so thoroughly blocked to shipping that it cost thousands of dollars to clear a passageway for vessels.

## WHITE PINE LUMBERING

The progress of the white pine lumbering industry has been westward even as the advance of civilization in this country has been in like direction. As the virgin white pine forests were gradually cut down the eastern boundary of these forests, which originally occupied the Atlantic seaboard of New Hampshire and Maine, moved slowly westward. For two and a half centuries

the white pine lumbermen followed closely after the retreating frontier of magnificent forest and their varied experiences as they encountered differing conditions constitute one of the most interesting romances of America's industrial history. Today the primeval forests of white pine have practically disappeared from the far west where the last cutting operations took place some years ago.

But the story of the fortitude and courage of the different generations of pioneer lumbermen, as they met and conquered the varying difficult conditions which were encountered on the westward trek, contains so much of unique and interesting drama that it will last forever.

The original white pine lumbermen of the early Colonial times had no precedent to guide them. They came from England, a country which possessed no forest lore and has been described as "a land without a saw mill." They began their operations with a hand saw and adz, but with the cleverness and ingenuity which has always characterized the New England Yankee, they soon substituted machinery for hand work and learned to take advantage of the forces of nature in their forest enterprises. The oxen that had been used to draw logs to the coast were dispensed with and the large, but light logs were floated to the sea on all of New England's rivers. There were no large camps for operators in those early days, but a multitude of small, individual enterprises.

When the operators reached New York and northern Pennsylvania, it was necessary to carry on their work in a different way, and the water courses were taken advantage of more and more. Long drives be-

came more common, and either loose or made into great rafts, the timber was floated, in some instances hundreds of miles, to the cutting mills. The operators learned to bunch their logs with long cables and warp them along the lakes by means of windlasses erected on the shores of these still bodies of water.

Pennsylvania's three great rivers that flow south, the Delaware, the Allegheny and the Susquehanna were the scenes of greater log drives and more rafting than ever took place in New York state. Here new conditions were also encountered. Many head streams were too rough and too small for rafting and the logs were driven out on the crests of natural floods or floods created by the use of so-called splash dams. These dams were built to impound water which was released when it became necessary to drive out logs.

The virgin forests of white pine in Pennsylvania and New York ended at Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, but beyond the Great Lakes primeval tracts existed in Canada, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Here were the last stands. Here the golden epoch of white pine lumbering came to a glorious end. The lumbermen of the lake states had the advantage of experimentation that had been carried on for two hundred years in the pineries of New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Everything was on a larger scale. All work was done with improved tools and machinery. The steam log loader replaced the cant-hook and steam log roads built from forest to mill made it unnecessary to longer depend altogether upon the rivers. Logging operations were continuous the year around and scientific methods and

means enabled the operators to cut off in a comparatively short space of time all of the remaining tracts of virgin white pine.

### WHITE PINE IS "COMING BACK"

Before enumerating the various commercial uses, it may be well to

of the University of New Hampshire are doing everything within their power to provide for the proper handling of the areas of second growth white pine within the borders of the Granite State. That, in short, means careful weeding, thinning and pruning.



WHITE PINES AT INTERVALE, N. H.

point out that New Hampshire's white pine is "coming back" much more quickly than the same species in other parts of the country. Fortunately every effort is being made to direct this "come back" along proper lines. The State Forestry Department and the extension foresters

Then again the State Forestry Department has a splendid plan for the reforestation, under proper management, of the hundreds of thousands of acres of waste land and land containing inferior growth. The department presents interesting, constructive and conclusive figures con



cerning the value to the state and the individual owners of such a scheme of reforestation.

Of special interest in this connection is the recent gift by Charles Lathrop Pack of Lakewood, New Jersey, of a large tract of second growth white pine located near Keene, New Hampshire to Yale University. The gift tract is adjacent to the forest land already owned by Yale where experiments and research by the Forestry School of that University in the growth and production of white pine has been under way for a number of years. The purpose of Mr. Pack's splendid gift is to provide a demonstration forest for public education in forestry.

### FROM SEED TO SAPLING

The extension of white pine on old fields and pastures throughout New England has been vigorous. That can be proven by the numerous merchantable stands of second growth pine found throughout southern New Hampshire and the other New England states. One of the best ways of assuring the natural replacement of white pine on lots which are being cut over is to leave the seed trees standing.

Seed is produced when a tree has stored up food in excess of what it needs for growth. A tree's food is prepared on the leaves, under the action of sunlight, and is stored away in twigs, branches and trunk where it is available for growth. Conditions favorable to the production of food in white pine, or any other tree are plenty of sunlight and fresh, fertile soil. Therefore the quality and quantity of seed, produced in any tree depends upon the location, form and age of the tree.

The cone is the seed bearer of white pine. This cone is made up of a series of scales overlapping each other and arranged spirally around a central stem. On the upper face of each fertile scale two seeds develop, each being provided with a papery wing about four times as long as the seed itself. These wings act as sails to aid in widely scattering the seeds as soon as the cone dries and opens. Two years are required for a white pine tree to develop its seeds, and the age at which a tree of this species begins to bear seed in large quantities is about thirty-five years.

White pine produces some seed each year; it is nevertheless a fact that the seasons when large crops of cones occur are usually from five to seven years apart. These years are generally called "seed years." This regular period of seed production does not occur at the same time over a large territory. Seed years occur more or less locally, sometimes in a valley, sometimes a county, and less often over our entire state.

It is during the last week in August that the mature or two year old cone begins to turn brown and the scales commence to open. The seeds are usually released and take wing in September. They are sometimes carried half a mile by the wind, but usually they fall to the ground within a few hundred feet of the tree that bore them.

Probably not more than eighty per cent of the white pine seeds ever germinate. Much depends, of course, on the place where the first seed lodges when it strikes the ground after the flight from the cone. Seeds which lodge in wet places will decay, while those that find a resting place in very dry places will lose their vi-

tality before they have a chance to germinate. Animals destroy seeds and squirrels use them for food. Forest fires are another enemy of the seed of white pine.

When the baby seed finds itself surrounded in the spring of the year by proper conditions of light, moisture and temperature germination begins at once and soon the seed becomes a seedling. By that is generally understood a tree grown from seed which has not reached a height of three feet. For the first two years our seedling is a simple straight stem bearing at the end a little tuft of needles. These needles grow in bunches of five, each bunch surrounded at the base by a little sheath. The seedling sometimes begins to develop branches at the beginning of the third year, but this does not usually occur before the fourth year of the tree's life. It usually requires ten years of growth before a young white pine attains the height of five feet.

After the seedlings stage a pine is known as a "young sapling" until it gets to be ten feet tall. A tree over ten feet tall and less than four inches in diameter is usually known as a "sapling" and larger trees are known as "small poles" and "poles" until they are mature or full grown. After the seedling stage is passed second growth white pine grows rapidly for fifty or sixty years, the maximum rate of height growth occurring when the tree is from thirty to forty years of age.

## THE BLISTER RUST SCOURGE

During the life of a second growth white pine stand, more or less damage is done by fire, snow, ice, severe

windstorms, insects and parasites. But of all the dangers to the life of this valuable tree none can compare in point of deadliness to the white pine blister rust. This is a parasitic fungus which lives in the bark of white pine trees and in the leaves of currant and gooseberry bushes. It is apparently of Asiatic origin and was first discovered in this country in 1906. Today in New England and New York state one tenth of the white pine over large areas are diseased and in many small areas from one half to all of the pines are dead or dying from this dread forest scourge.

This deadly fungus enters the pine through the needles and gradually works downward through the bark to the twigs and branches, killing them as it goes. It finally reaches the trunk and kills the tree by girdling. It has been practically definitely proven that currant and gooseberry bushes are the only means by which this forest disease is carried and the spread of the disease is being gradually checked in New Hampshire and elsewhere by the destruction of all currant and gooseberry bushes. The work has been energetically carried on in New Hampshire by the State Forestry Department, operating financially with towns and cities and individuals. In 1915 blister rust was known to exist in but one town of the state but now white pine infested with blister rust have been observed in 214 of New Hampshire's 232 towns and cities. It is significant that, as far as it is possible to carry on accurate observations no new infections develop in any blister rust area after the currant and gooseberry bushes have been entirely removed.

Since 1917 over twenty millions of these disease carrying bushes have been destroyed in the fight against blister rust in New Hampshire. They were scattered over a million and a half acres of land. This is a tremendously important work which must be carried on indefinitely if the white pine is to be saved for the Granite state and the other states in which it has great commercial worth.

### VALUE OF WHITE PINE

The value of white pine is obvious. Fifty-six per cent of the lumber cut annually in the Granite State is white pine. From it nearly one-half of all our wood products are made. Almost ten thousand persons gain their living in New Hampshire from industries, utilizing white pine. Through the medium of this timber, mortgages have been paid off, families educated and prosperity achieved. Much of the white pine timberland is held by farmers and small owners. It is used by them for fuel and sold for commercial purposes.

In 1900 white pine on the stump was worth only about four dollars per thousand board feet. Today an owner receives as high as twelve dollars per thousand and upon consideration of the supply and the demand it is indicated that the price will continue to advance rather than to grow less.

### USES OF WHITE PINE

White pine has a great variety of uses. It always has been and still is of great value for making parts of boat and ship construction besides masts, yards and bowsprits. Before the advent of structural steel, white pine was used extensively in many parts of bridge construction where

great strength was not a chief requisite. It is said of some of the old white pine bridges in the interior of Pennsylvania and in West Virginia that no man had lived long enough to witness their building and their failure through decay. These old bridges were roofed, usually with pine shingles, were weather-boarded with white pine and although painted but once or twice in a generation they stood almost immune from decay.

In earlier times practically all of the building was done with white pine. It was employed in the finest residences and the humblest cottages alike in every form from thin shingles to the heaviest beams. The character of its service is proven by the old New England houses still standing that were built of white pine before the shots were fired at Lexington and Concord that were heard around the world. The belfry of the Old South Church in Boston, where hung the lights that signaled Paul Revere to start on his ride to arouse the Minute Men, was made of clear, straight soft and rich colored white pine, which a century and a half had not changed or decayed when the belfry was demolished. Of course the use of white pine for building has been diminished, to less than half of what was used formerly, partly because its increased cost has caused builders to seek a cheaper wood as a substitute.

Billions upon billions of shingles have been fashioned from white pine since early Colonial days. While articles of furniture made wholly from white pine are now uncommon this lumber nevertheless enters into the construction of many furniture parts such as the shelving in book



cases and cabinets and the tops of kitchen tables.

White pine enters into all sorts of farm uses. Vast quantities of it were built into fences. It is used in parts of farm and dairy machinery. Bee men prefer it for hives and frames and poultry men consider that it is the best wood for brooders, incubators, egg carriers and other poultry yard appliances.

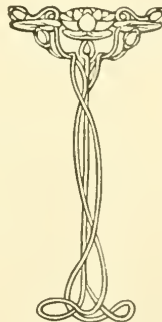
White pine was formerly made into pipes and mains for municipal water works, and a limited use of it for that purpose still continues. It is also used for picture frames, wagon bodies, scales and appliances for weighing cattle and other live stock, vats of various kinds, sash and finish for hot houses, ice boxes, trunks, spools, drawing boards, cutting boards, pen holders, snow shovels, shoe racks and trees, tobacco boxes and for hundreds of other minor purposes.

### BOXES AND COOPERAGE

White pine still continues to hold a place as material for the construction of boxes and large amounts of it are employed in cooperage, chiefly in what is known as straight-stave ware. That includes fish and lard buckets, washtubs, water pails, syrup buckets, ice cream freezers and a

large class of domestic wares which are intended to contain foods. The pine is also manufactured into cooperage for silos and tanks, while it is also well adapted for barrel and keg heads.

The story of white pine is an interesting one. A generation ago it was so plentiful that no one even dreamed the species would become nearly exhausted through use and waste, with no thought of providing for a second growth. But with the approach to depletion came the increase of price which a diminishing supply always brings. A constant increasing population with ever growing needs brought new uses and new demands for white pine and the importance of natural second growths and reforestation became more and more evident. The golden epoch of the primeval white pine forests now belongs to history but another golden epoch is dawning—the epoch of the second growth, the period which is connected with scientific management, the elimination of all wastes and the utilization of all by-products. It may not be comparable with the history-making first epoch, but perhaps from the standpoint of simple profit it will far surpass the more wasteful early days in the history of white pine.



# Pure Bluff

BY ELSIE W. HUBACHEK

---

There was something fascinating about the Westcott's tiny home in spite of the fact that it represented the family attics, innumerable bargain sales and not a little of Sally Westcott's ingenuity. Sally always excused the bare spaces and the mixed periods enthusiastically: "It's such fun to furnish a house by degrees," she reasoned, "We'd be settled old fogies if we had everything we wanted."

She said that so often and so emphatically that George believed it, and she almost believed it herself until the day the Brills wrote they would stop at Hinsdale on their way South. Then suddenly she realized that she had never quite forgotten that her gay chintz covers hid a multitude of upholstery sins; that her cherry, rose-toned hangings were home-dyed and cheap; and that the pleated linen lamp shade, that looked just like one she had seen on Fifth Avenue, was nothing more than a piece of George's discarded lilac shirt!

It was horrible, so disheartening, so, so disillusioning. For a time she could not light the lamp and the house was not nearly as gay. Even the open fire that sent a glorious glint of light into her precious copper bowl near the grate, was far from compensation for the things the living room lacked.

At first it did not seem possible that the Brills were coming. Hinsdale was such a safe distance from home. They chafed at the distance, and then again when they thought of

the visitors they missed it was Hinsdale's greatest charm. Not that they were unsociable, quite the contrary. But, Sally never really put the thought in words, it costs so much to live now-a-days and small salaries can't be stretched to meet all ends, and things wear out, and houses will grow shabby and some people, who did not know George well, might misunderstand the situation. George was going to be a tremendous success some day. There really was no doubt about it.

But the Brills were coming. Sally waxed the rough, worn floors until her back ached. She oiled the scarred, oak woodwork although her muscles grew stiff from the strain. She re-dyed the hangings and washed the ruffled curtains. The rooms smelled clean and looked scoured, but she wasn't satisfied. Every spot and tear and crack in the wall paper seemed to shriek at her derisively. There was nothing she could do about it but hopefully she rehung the pictures and moved every piece of furniture in the place. While George mildly complained that he couldn't find his clothes, nor his tools nor his matches. Sometimes he stumbled over unexpected chairs or hit his shins against tables that seemed to have walked in their sleep.

For a week there were hurried meals and unsettled evenings. Sally always found a lock to fix, a temperamental shade to put up, a broken glass to replace or a swollen door to plane down. The innumerable tinkering jobs that had accumulated in

a year had to be done at once. Sally was persistent. It was a hectic time, but at last the great day arrived.

By noon, the last half hour before the train was due, Sally was setting the table, calling directions into the kitchen over the din of George's radio, and rehearsing every detail of the dinner while she wished fervently that it was all over. "If Mrs. Brill sits here she'll see how faded the portieres are. If she faces the window old man Moore'll be on his porch in his shirt sleeves and, well, she'll have to face the mantel," she decided as she looked the room over from that angle with a critical eye. A sudden inspiration made her climb on a chair and reach for the picture over the mantel-piece. "George," she called, "Geor...age."

"In a minute. If I could finish this radio..."

"George! It's getting late and I've a million things to do and I can't get this picture down..."

"What in the dickens do you want with that picture? Here, give me that thing." He hurried into the room and caught it just in time.

"Oh, I never knew it was so heavy. Suppose I'd dropped it."

"Ummm....Anything you haven't moved lately?"

"Your radio."

"If anybody ever touched that," he threatened.

She made a grimace at him and laughed. "I wouldn't touch the old thing. Put this picture behind the door and give me the one that's hanging there....please, dear."

"What, that hideous fruit affair?" he was surprised. "You're not hanging that over the mantel."

"The Brills gave it to us.

"It's a riot. Some people—"

"Do hurry, George. It's time to go...there." She hung the picture and came down from her perch. Together they looked at the atrocious masterpiece and laughed.

"Fakir," he said teasingly, "You'll tell them you like it."

"And you'll say it's a beauty."

"Not on your life!"

"Oh, George, there's no harm in it. Be decent to them. I want them to like you and our house and the town because when they get back she'll tell everybody everything.

"Mis' Westcott," a voice from the kitchen interrupted, "Want me to put the potatoes on now?"

"Say, you haven't Angelina in there cooking the dinner?"

"Ssssshhh," she cautioned and turned to the kitchen, "Yes, Angie."

"Why in the world you had to get that useless thing to help..."

"Well," she explained hurriedly "If Mrs. Brill thought we didn't keep a maid, why... why she might think you weren't making good and..."

"You haven't written that I'm General Manager or any little thing like that, have you?"

"No, but...well, George I know. I know you're going to be manager some day and I...I don't want them to misunderstand...and the folks at home don't know you as I do, so want them to feel you're really prosperous.

"If I could fathom what you mean by that," he looked down at her, evidently puzzled. Her eyes were wide and startled. She looked absurdly small and slim and young. "Only last week you told me that hard sledding was fun, more fun than getting everything you want. And when I said this town looked



cheap and the house looked shabby, you said you didn't want to live anywhere else, that this was the nicest bungalow you ever saw and I...I thought you..."

"Of course, I meant it," she said, "All the house needs is paint."

"Well," he was suddenly crestfallen, "making a fortune is slow work but if I could sell some radios we'd doll this house up a bit."

"In the mean time, who cares," she shrugged her shoulders and laughed, "As long as nobody knows we can't afford everything we want why it's nobody's business." Just then the clock struck twelve. It startled them both. "Hurry, George, hurry," she urged, "You mustn't miss that train and if the old car should get stuck on the way..." He got his hat.

"George," she called as he ran to the door. "Bring them up the side street, it's so much nicer than the other way. And when you pass the Wilson's show them the new sun porch, then they won't notice that awful barn on the other side."

"All right," he shouted back, "but if the Prince of Wales calls don't let him know the roof leaks."

She slammed the door after him. "The tease," she thought, as she hurried into her room to powder her nose and brush back her hair in a last minute preparation. Her blue eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed with excitement as she straightened her white dress, new and crepey, into place. Then she gave the mirror a hurried rub, smoothed the blue bedspread ever so carefully, straightened the lamp shade, the candles, the rug. Everything was ready but she could hardly believe it. She went through the rooms pulling the shades

more exactly even, fluffed up the gay pillows on the living room couch, rearranged the magazines and books on the table, balanced a picture, and pulled the biggest chair further over a worn place in the rug. It was like the moment before the curtain rises a tense, anxious but delicious moment.

Angelina was rattling dishes in the kitchen...a gratifying sound. It made her feel prosperous. "Help in the kitchen". Almost like home where her mother just ordered things done and there was no clearing up afterwards. It was blissful to know Angelina would do everything today. The Brills would go at four and she had persuaded Angie to stay until five...she stood still, impressed with a sudden idea that flashed into her mind. She could hear the familiar chug, chug, chugging as the car struggled up the hill. They were coming...were almost there but she rushed to the end bedroom, the empty, unused catch-all spare room. She locked the door and hid the key. She felt triumphant.

Tremulously happy she got to the porch in time to help Mrs. Brill faten prosperous Mrs. Brill up the last steps.

"My dear," Mrs. Brill cooed as she kissed Sally raptuously.

"I'm so glad you came."

"But we thought we'd never get here. Why, its miles...miles from the city and..."

"Isn't it terrible? And the Sunday trains are horribly slow. If it weren't so convenient for George we wouldn't stay, but business—She was hurrying her in doors before the neighbors could appear, but at the threshold she almost stopped. George was coming up the steps with bags!

And Mr. Brill had a bag! Heavens, she hardly breathed for a moment.. were they staying? And Angie left at five...

"Well, well, well, Sally!" Mr. Brill was pumping her arm almost painfully. "You're looking great. Rosy cheeks. Prettier than ever, eh, George?"

If she could only see George alone, find out about the bags, whether they were staying...

"George," she whispered cautiously while the Brills were busy with their coats.

But Mrs. Brill's heavy voice interrupted. "We're not going home from here," she said, "Henry has some friends, no one I care about, just business friends in Paterson and we can make connections..."

"With that four o'clock train."

"Yes, the four o'clock. That's the only one so don't let us miss it."

Sally felt suddenly gay, carefree, glad they had come. She hugged Mrs. Brill all over again in an exuberance of happiness. It was a tremendous occasion. She began to show them everything in the tiny house with a thrilling sense of pride that was contagious.

"I never thought there could be so much room in a bungalow," Mrs. Brill was quite impressed, "Think of it Henry they have six rooms. She sailed through the house after Sally like a freighter after a tug, "And this is the spare room...my dear, I suppose you painted this furniture.. clever girl...gray is adorable."

"If we'd known you had this," added Mr. Brill possessed to be amiable, "We'd have stayed a week."

"If you only could," Sally's voice was very solemn, "If we'd known

you weren't going directly home why..."

"What do you think of this little contrivance?" George was showing off the dressing table, "Nothing but a shelf with a ruffled silk skirt. Sally's the cleverest thing that way why our..."

"If I'd known you had time I'd have insisted that you stay." She talked louder than George and deliberately led them down the hall. She hoped they'd hear Angie's heavy steps.

"We'll just peek into the kitchen," she said, "Isn't it roomy and light?" But she hardly heard Mrs. Brill's comments she was coming to the climax of her plan. It was a dramatic climax for her. "I can't show you the end bedroom," she whispered, as calmly as she could, "It's the maid's room." George let the kitchen door slam but she did not notice him, "I don't like to open her door even to show you..."

"You're perfectly right, my dear," Mrs. Brill agreed as they tramped back to the living room. Sally was triumphant. She wouldn't look at George although she knew he was trying to frown his warning...

Sally couldn't speak of Angelina again until after dinner, after the home town gossip had been retailed and reminiscences were over.

"She hurried terribly with the serving, did you notice?" she whispered as Mrs. Brill settled in the big chair near the fire and the men were busy at the radio. "She's not always so bad but this is her day off and you know how it is." She saw George look around at her meaningly, "Some times," she went on undismayed, "I wish I could do my own work."

"My dear, your time is more valuable."

"But they're all so careless with silver and china. Why, the things Angelina has chipped and broken!"

"I know just how you feel," Mrs. Brill sighed in sympathy, "When we moved into the big house..."

Sally didn't hear the story. She couldn't listen because George was talking radio and Mr. Brill looked so impressed that she began to wish, to hope, even to plan big things.

"If you like this one, Mr. Brill," George was saying, "I want you to see the one I'm building. A wopper for distance. Say, if you're a DX hound..."

Mrs. Brill's voice hummed on complacently. Sally nodded and smiled, but watched George bring out the set.

"A portable, four tube, one dial set. No outside aerial. Why, man, it would make a super hexterrodyne look cheap." They laughed but looked at the set with deep concentration. Sally wanted to listen further but..

"Of course you're lucky Sally that you can have help," Mrs. Brill was saying in conclusion, "Some young people find it hard to pay just ordinary bills."

Sally smiled. "George is really very successful," she confided and then sat suddenly erect.

"If you can finish that set," she heard Mr. Brill say, "so I can take it away with me tonight why, Boy, I'd pay you more than your price. It's better than old man Marks' and he's raved about his 'till I'm sick of it." Sally could hardly believe her ears. George's radio. Why if he sold that it might mean orders...it was wonderful.

"George, can't, can't you do it?"

George was figuring the time "I'd want to be sure. Test ever part...see that it's perfect. Couldn't I send it?"

"No, I've got to take it back with me. Pop it on Mark the minute I'm home."

"That's Henry," whispered Mrs. Brill, "when he wants a thing he's got to have it right away or he forgets all about it."

"George, if you hurried."

"Or if we took a later train Henry I don't care about those Paterson people anyway," she confided as Sally leaned forward all interest.

"There's not another train that way 'till morning."

"Then stay over night. Phone your friends and..." "George felt inspired. It was such an easy solution."

"That's it." Mr. Brill agreed. "Sally's little spare room appeals to me. Let's stay."

In a daze Sally heard the decision. She was frightened. Her well laid plans, her triumphs were over. But a hundred dollars...orders—If she could only get George alone. He was busy, happy, jubilant, he didn't realize. It was horrible. She didn't see how she could stay here listening to the talk, trying to join in, seeming to smile.

George was looking in back of the radio for his tools. "I put them away," she said, they were in the locked end room. "I'll show you where they are." With relief she followed him out of the room, almost pushing him along out of ear shot.

"George," she said in a panic of fear, "We can't let them stay, we can't. Everybody at home would hear about Angie and..."

"Damn it why did you tell that stuff anyway?"



"I wanted them to think we had money. You'll have money someday so why..."

"Listen Sally, you've got to forget it all. Get out of it some way. Tell more fibs. We've got to have that hundred dollars...and this may mean orders..."

"George, you don't realize, George"

"What do we care what people think about our finances!" He went ahead smiling happily while she followed meekly enough.

All the time they were working Mrs. Brill talked but Sally hardly listened. Above everything she could hear the clock ticking fatefully. It was almost five. Any minute Angie would go. Desperately she began to talk. "We must get our own supper," she said, "It's Angie's day off. I'd ask her to stay but she's getting away late as it is. She likes her evenings free."

"Does she come in at a respectable hour?"

"Yes...oh yes."

"My dear, make it a rule...eleven o'clock."

"But we never hear her."

"You don't? Then I'll listen to-night and tell you just what hour it was."

"Oh, but," Sally felt herself growing red, "sometimes she stays all night."

"Sally Westcott! That's scandalous. How can you tell where she's been?"

Sally was squirming in her chair, "She has a sister," she said, "I think she gets breakfast for her..."

"And the kids," added George suddenly,

"Well!" the smack of Mrs. Brill's lips spoke volumes. "I'll give you a little advice..."

The clock struck five. It was coming. Sally sat rigid. If only that hundred dollars weren't so

There was a crash, a terrible crash in the kitchen. She screamed, her tense nerves shaken, her face white

"Why, Sally," George looked surprised at her outburst.

"It's my best platter...I just know it's my best platter!" George studied her a moment and then the wonder in his eyes changed to a dawning realization. He pushed her aside and slammed down his hammer.

"The way that woman gets on Sally's nerves," he stormed, "is more than I can stand. I won't stand it. I've had enough of this! If she broke that platter she's going... she's going this minute."

"George, George."

"You stay right here. Don't come a step nearer the kitchen. This is my job. I'll settle this". He stamped out of the room and slammed the door shut. Sally sank into a chair.

"Who'd ever think George had such a temper? Still, I wish my husband would settle things for me..."

"Oh, go on, servants never bother you."

"Yes, they do. I can see Sally's all upset just the way I am when I've stood enough."

There were confused sounds in the kitchen. George was hurrying back and forth from the hall bedroom. Then the back door slammed and he stalked into the room enjoying his triumph.

"She's gone...bag and baggage. Coming for the rest tomorrow. Sorry to make this disturbance, Mrs. Brill, but we stood just all we could. I know when Sally's had enough. I've been wanting to do this for days,

but she wouldn't let me. Now I can fix the radio with a free mind."

"And we'll go in the kitchen," said Mrs. Brill suddenly all enthusiasm, "We'll see what she broke. I've been dying to putter around in a kitchen ever since I left home. You know,

Sally, you'll enjoy doing your own work for a little while...being your own boss so to speak..."

Sally laughed heartily. "It will be a relief," she said and smiled gratefully at George.

Box 351, Hillsdale, N. J.

## Opening of the Airport at Claremont, N. H.

BY HELEN RHODES BOARDWAY

The flying men! The flying men!  
 Circling high in air,  
 How wonderful for you and me  
 To see them flying there!  
 Now they swoop and slide and glide,  
 Soaring round and round,  
 Disdaining ordinary folk  
 Who walk upon the ground.

The flying men! The flying men!  
 Circling in the blue;  
 How our great grand-sires would gasp  
 If they caught the view  
 Of those beautiful great wings  
 Flashing in the sun!  
 Would they not almost believe  
 The Judgment Day had come?

The flying men! The flying men!  
 Brave and fearless, they;  
 They cross the continent's broad reach,  
 They span the ocean's way.  
 We honor them and wish them well,  
 For in their courage lies  
 The conquest of the air by men:  
 The pioneers of the skies!

229 Pleasant St.,  
 Claremont, N. H.

# Passaconaway

THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY JASON ALMUS RUSSELL

About four hundred years ago, and nearly a century before the first settlers cleared the pine forests from the rocky hillsides of the Granite State, there was born in the valley of the Merrimack a man who was to become the first New Hampshire politician and her first ruler known to recorded history. His name was Passaconaway; the reader sufficiently conversant with the Indian tongue will have no difficulty in dividing the word into Papoeis — a child — and Kunnaway—a bear; or, in other words, the Son of the Bear, the first Teddy Bear known to the New World. The first thing recorded about him is that he was present at Plymouth at the Landing of the Pilgrims in 1620, spending two days and nights in a dark Cape Cod swamp practicing incantations and calling upon the Great Spirit to bring destruction upon the White man. When he found that this was in vain he told his people that the Manitto had whispered to him:

“Peace, peace with the whites. You and your people are powerless against them.”

Passaconaway was the Houdini of his day and early in life realized the effect of his magical powers on his subjects. Once the Sagamore or Bashaba swam across the Merrimack under water at a place where it was too wide for a man to cross in one breath. The English witnesses explain that after he entered the water on the farther side a mist was cast

before the spectators' eyes and he was not seen again until he reached the on-lookers. Again, he placed a bowl of water before him and performed his usual rites: a black cloud hovered over the company, a sharp clap of thunder rent the air, and a piece of ice was seen to float in the vessel. These feats are reported from so many authentic sources that there is little doubt that they took place. William Wood wrote in “New England's Prospect,” published after 1633:

“The Indians report of one Passaconawaw, that hee can make water burne, the rocks move, the trees dance, metamorphise himself into a flaming man. Hee will do more; for in winter, when there are no green leaves to be got, hee will burne an oak one to ashes and, putting these into water, produce a new green leaf which you shall not only see but substantially handle and carry away.”

Under the guidance of this physical and intellectual giant, whose fortress was on Sugar Ball Hill in Pennacook—now Concord, New Hampshire—his tribe secured by marriage, diplomacy, but seldom by war, an alliance over a dozen tribes in Northern New England, including the Wachusetts, the Nashuas, and the Winnepisaukees. This federation brought about largely through peaceful means, with the exception of the League of the Iroquois, was the most powerful Indian coalition in the East.

Let us glance at the domestic life of the first governor's subjects: the



316 THE SHANTIE MONTHLY

Bashaba encouraged the agricultural arts and his people raised good crops in the fertile meadow lands of Pennacook—maize, watermelons, gourds, squashes, pumpkins, and beans. The Extension Service of the Indian Farmer issued the following bulletin to the first white settlers:

“Begin to plant when the oak leaf becomes as large as a mouse’s ear.”

They regarded the crow as being almost as sacred as the sun itself; and one of their legends tells how the Great Spirit sent a raven from the Kantantowit’s field in the Great Southwest with the first bean and the first kernel of corn which he deposited in New England.

Until the advent of the White man the occupations of the Pennacooks were first and foremost, farming; second, hunting and fishing; third and last the making of tools to carry on these occupations. He did not come into existence as a warrior until the European stole his lands away from him.

Once a year the members of the tribe congregated at fishing places on the Merrimack, the favorite of which was Amoskeag Falls, and here observed a series of holidays where lovers’ vows were plighted, marriages performed, and speeches made. At the official council the affairs of the “state” were discussed in true town meeting style, as in the primitive witenagemot of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Here the Son of the Bear proved to all, through his feats of magic, his intimacy with the Great Spirit; and here came the Apostle Eliot to convert him to Christianity.

The Bashaba—Emperor—pitched his royal—shall we say gubernatorial?—residence on what is now call-

ed Sewall’s Island; but in the summer his squaws moved it frequently to avoid the fleas, called poppek on account of the celerity of their movements. The Emperor had a second summer home on an island about a mile north of the junction of the Souhegan and the Merrimack. Over this the breezes swept night and day carrying away the little “no-see-ums



PASSACONAWAY

or midges which made rural life miserable, for even royalty had its troubles.

Passaconaway was a staunch advocate of peace. But for him the New England Indians would have swept the Puritans into the sea; a word from him, or from his son Wonalancet, (the pleasant breathing), would have brought on massacres rivalling those of Schenec-

tady or Old Deerfield, and the Indian might have remained in full possession of his birthright. Daniel Gookin, Superintendent of the Indians, and the Apostle Eliot last saw the aged "governor" at his tiny grant of land in Litchfield in "the white winter of his hundred and twentieth year," after the English had deprived him of his great possessions.

Two legends have come down to us concerning the Bashaba: the first, that he was made a saint in his latter life—Saint Aspenquid—and that the greatest funeral service ever held by the Indians was celebrated in his honor at Mount Agementicus, near Portsmouth. Six thousand seven hundred and eleven animals were collected for the feast, among which such delicacies as woodchucks, rattlesnakes, porcupines, moose, and wildcats were eaten. The body of the sagamore was carried to the summit of the mountain and placed in a rocky cave, on the door of which was carved:

"Present useful; absent wanted;  
Lived desired; died lamented."

But the writer is most partial to the second tradition: a Council of the Gods was to be held in Heaven and it was Passaconaway's wish that he might be admitted to the Divine

Council Fire. He informed the Great Spirit of his desire. A stout sled was constructed, and out of a flaming cloud twenty-four wolves of mammoth size appeared which were made fast to the vehicle. Wrapping himself in his bearskin robe the chief said good-bye to his subjects, mounted the sled, and, screaming in ecstatic joy, he lashed the wolves to their utmost speed. Down hills, through valleys, and over mountains they flew until, enveloped in a cloud of fire like a modern Elijah, the sagamore was seen speeding over the rocky shoulders of Mount Washington. Gaining the summit with unslack speed he rode into the clouds and was forever lost to the view of his people.

An unknown writer thus expressed the event in "The Winter Evening:"

"A wondrous wight! For o'er 'Siogee's  
ice,  
With brindled wolves, all harnessed three  
and three,  
High seated on a sledge, made in a trice,  
On Mount Agioecochook, of hickory,  
He lashed and reeled, and sung right jollily;  
And once upon a car of flaming fire,  
The dreadful Indian shook with fear, to  
see  
The King of Pennacook, his chief, his sire,  
Ride flaming up towards Heaven, than any  
mountain higher."

## The Story Uncle Amos Told

BY GERTRUDE WEEKS MARSHALL

Said uncle Amos: "These here animul stories in the magazines now-a-days,

Remind me uv old man Hilyard's tame wolves." "Tame wolves?" "yes I sez,

Tame wolves; many uv our wild animuls c'n be tamed, if they air caught When young, afore havin'a taste uv their nat'ral life, an'c'n be taught Tricks ez easy ez the circus ones, though I don't see purtic'lar need, Or hold tew takin' chances with varmints, sech ez catymounts, indeed,

There air the beaver, raccoon, deer an' others, that we dew not fear,  
An' should be tamed an' purtected. I never cal'lated tew kill more deer,  
Even when there wuz no law on 'em, than wuz nec'sary fur food 'an hides.  
Did ye ever see one, when skeered, bound up the mounting's steep sides?  
My they air harnsom' then an' free! The sight allus made my heart thrill,  
Like when America is sung, an' jest tew recollect 'em does so still;  
But now in the new-fangled buzz-wagons, sech a mob uv sportsmen come  
Right tew their ha'nts in the woods, an' try tew shoot every one.  
An' the forests air bein' cut tew, we talk uv campin' an' woodcraft craze,  
While the trees air disappearin' like snow, beneath the Spring sun's rays.  
I think the person, who diskivers somethin' tew take the place uv wood  
In makin' paper an' sech truck, will be dewin' the Country a heap uv good:  
But I wuz goin' tew tell ye about Hilyard's wolves, I once saw 'em in the  
yard

Among the turkeys, geese, sheep an' youngsters, like watch-dogs on guard.  
They came ferociously growlin', snarlin,' an' snappin' strangers tew greet,  
But at a word from their master, slunk reluctantly back tew his feet.  
I went there that day tew help carry some buckets uv maple sugar, that  
father

Wuz swappin' with the old man fur seed wheat. I wuz only a little shaver,  
But remember the trip wal', fur that sugar hung on a sap-yoke wuz a load.  
Ye see in those days, the goin' wuz purty rough, an' we didn't have a road  
Through tew market, an' settlers had tew raise grain fur flour, an' stuff  
Fur clothin', an' swap an' lend tew neighbors, who didn't have enough,  
Wool wuz made intew hum-spun cloth, an' mitts, an' socks, an' flax wuz  
grown.

An' prepared, then woven intew table an' other linens, fur cotton wuz un-  
known;

But uv game an' fuel there wuz a-plenty, an' in spite uv work an' hard-  
ships,

I guess folks wuz ez happy ez tew-day, with the movies, radios an' airships.  
But I have furgotten ag'in about those wolves, it appears one hot day,  
Jest afore hayin', Hilyard went tew the choppin' consider'ble distance  
away,

Tew try an' get a deer. Wuz ye ever in a clearin' in the summer time?  
Wal' I'll tell ye that day, the heat wuz turrible, like in a torrid clime,  
Only the woods wuz deep an' cool; the clearin' wuz alive with birds a-  
flutter,

An' all through the place c'd be heard their glad songs, and soft twitter;  
The clear: "Whu-hu-whu-hu-hu-u-u, "of the thrush, an' the jay's harsh  
call;

There wuz brush heaps ready tew be burned, an' aroun' gr'ew berry bushes  
tall,

Jest loaded with big, red, ripe ros'berries; an' there wuz bees a-hummin';  
An there wuz the sweet smell uv pines, an' uv gay colored posies a-bloom-  
in';



An' there wuz great piles uv huge logs, ready, when sleddin' came, tew draw

Home tew burn in the fireplaces; but tew tell the story, soon he saw Some queer, little, gray animuls, friskin' an' playin', on the further side Uv the clearin', an' he went across purty quick an' still, an' saw 'em hide In a big holler log; in he went after 'em, not a bit scairt an' brought out, One by one, nine tiny wolves, scratchin', clawin' an' bitin' all about."

"Where wuz the mother wolf? strange the whelps there alone were found!" "Wal' he allowed, she had been killed, anyhow she wuz nowhere aroun' Seven uv 'em he disposed uv, right then an' there, but the last tew, Looked so kind uv cunnin', that he lugged 'em home, an' there they grew Tame an' devoted tew their master, an' follered him like dogs, right pert, An' purtected their folks, an' the farm critters, an' nary one hurt. They seemed tew sense the difference between their master's stock, An' that uv others; by an' by among neighbors sheep, varmints made havoc,

Sech ez mangled ones in the pastures, nobody suspected the tame wolves at fust;

All thought the mischief wuz done by bears, or catymounts at the wust. Then somebody put out a sheep's torn carkiss, with p'ison on it, an' they found

One uv the tame wolves dead beside it, an' Hilyard shot the other, I'll be bound,

That he hated tew dew it though; now I guess that is all there is tew tell, But it is a cur'us story an' true, an' we old folks know it wal'."

Note: Mention is made in Ferguson's Coos County, N. H. History of Hilliard's tame wolves.

---

## The Granite State

By EDNA FOSS PAGE

The Granite State! You are indeed well named  
 Your bit of coast, your mountains and your farms  
 Are subjects fit for poems or for psalms;  
 For strong souled men and women you are famed,  
 Your children are distinctively your own,  
 Your traits are theirs, the granite of your hills  
 Has acted as a leaven to their wills;  
 Fearless they walk in crowds or all alone.  
 The great stone face is typical of you,  
 Stern, stoic-like he gazes into space  
 As though he knew a land both fair and new.  
 'Tis thus your sons and daughters see the world  
 Unprejudiced, clear-eyed, with love of truth  
 They hold the colors till the flag is furled.

156 Main St. Keene, N. H.

# A Woman of Note

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR

---

The recent organization of a New Hampshire branch of the American Association of University Women, and her election as President of the same, have brought into state wide prominence a woman, who, although a permanent resident of Concord for a comparatively brief period, was already well known in social and educational circles in the Capital City.

Mrs. Harry O. Barnes (Katherine M. Tower) was born in Boston, Mass., August 20, 1880, the daughter of George B. N., and Mary E. (Berry) Tower. She came of notable Colonial ancestry, on both paternal and maternal lines, and claims kinship with the Bateses, Towers and Halls of Cohasset and Boston, Mass., and the Drakes and Berrys of New Hampshire.

Her grandfather, David Bates Tower, was one of the early educators of Boston, and had a school in the old Park Street Church building, known as the Park Street Latin school. He was interested in developing English and was instrumental in promoting the use of diacritical marks on the vowels. He was a friend and associate of Bronson Alcott, of the famous Concord, Mass., group of scholars and philosophers. A great uncle, Joshua Bates, was the first President of Middlebury College, of which her grandfather, David Bates Tower, was a graduate. Among others of her ancestral kindred were Gen. Zealous Bates Tower, of Cohasset and Gen. Joshua Bates of Cincinnati.

Her maternal grandmother, Martha Sperry Berry, was a writer of Sunday School books and a contributor to the "Student" and "Schoolmate, of Boston;" a keen observer of political affairs, interested in various progressive movements, and was associated with Elizabeth Grannis of New York in her work.

Her father, George B. N. Tower, was educated to the engineering profession at the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University, and entered the service of the U. S. Navy, rising to be Chief Engineer. He resigned at the close of the Civil War for the private pursuit of his profession. While teaching at Dartmouth College, he married Mary E. Berry, whose home was then in Cambridge Mass., her family having removed from Concord.

Accepting an important engagement as consulting engineer in New York City, he removed to Brooklyn where was the childhood home of Katharine M. Later the family removed to Detroit, Mich., where she spent her youth and obtained her early education, graduating from the Detroit Central High School, in 1899 from which she went to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, graduating A. B. from the latter in 1903. On January 20, 1904, she was united in marriage at Detroit with Harry O. Barnes, D. D. S., U. of M. 1900. Their home was in Ann Arbor for several years, where their daughter, Mary Tower, was born, October 31, 1914. Later they removed to Toledo, O., where they were when the World

War broke out. During this trying period Mrs. Barnes entered heartily into the country's service, and was actively engaged as a member of the Defense Committee, furthering its work by voice and example, while her husband, Dr. Barnes, served overseas as Associate Director of the Red Cross Bureau of Personnel.

Mrs. Barnes has spent most of her summers since birth at the old Berry homestead on Dimond Hill in Concord; and there has been her permanent home for the last five years, though the winter months are spent in the city proper, where at 115 Center St., the family is now located. Since coming to Concord as a permanent resident she has become identified with the Concord Woman's Club, and with the College Women's Club, of which latter she is now serving her second year as President. She is also a member and has been President of the Concord League of Women Voters, in whose work she takes an active interest.

At Ann Arbor she became a member of the Pi Beta Phi fraternity, founded by Carrie Chapman Catt and others, at Monmouth College in 1867, and here it may be stated that she was also identified with the Equal Suffrage cause and was acting President of the League in Toledo, in 1918-19. It was at the instigation of Mrs. Barnes that the movement was organized in the Pi Beta Phi fraternity for the presentation of the portrait of Mrs. President Coolidge to the White House, to be hung with the portraits of other President's wives, which movement was effectually carried out in April 1923, when 1300 members of the Fraternity, including Mrs. Catt and Mrs. Barnes assembled at the White House, and the presen-

tation was made with due ceremony and a most delightful occasion enjoyed. Mrs. Barnes is also identified with the Association of Collegiate Women of the University of Michigan, with the Consumer's League and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

At a luncheon in Peterboro, given last June by Mrs. Mary L. C. Scho-



MRS. HARRY O. BARNES

field to a group of women, a nucleus was formed for a New Hampshire branch of the American Association of University Women, and at a subsequent gathering at Laconia, on October 9, a definite organization was effected, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Harry O. Barnes of Concord; vice-president, Miss Ruth Higgins of Manchester;



secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Loren Richards of Dublin; directors, these officers and Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkins of Warner and Mrs. Beals of Rye.

While the plans of this new organization are not yet fully developed, it is reasonable to suppose that its

interest and activities will be mainly directed along educational lines; and we trust it is not too much to hope that the promotion of opportunities for the higher education of women in the State of New Hampshire will not be among the least of its objects.

---

## New Hampshire Necrology

---

### HENRY W. SAVAGE

Henry W. Savage, born in New Durham, N. H., March 21, 1859, died in Boston, Mass., November 27, 1927.

Mr. Savage graduated from Harvard in 1880, and immediately engaged in the real estate business in Boston, in which he made a great success. Among other building enterprises which he carried out was the erection of the old Castle Square Theatre, the operation of which finally came into his hands, after which he relinquished his real estate business, and devoted himself to the theatrical field. Ultimately he organized the English Grand Opera Company, which was followed by the organization of a similar company in New York. Altogether he is said to have produced over 50 stage successes.

He had relinquished his real estate activities 10 years ago, and for the last two years had been inactive in the theatrical field. He spent much of his time in later years at his estate, "Two Rivers," in Jensen, Fla.

He is survived by his widow, who was Alice Louise Batchelder of Douglas; a son, John B. Savage, of Middleboro; and a daughter, Mrs. Bettina T. Brown of Cambridge.

### EDGAR C. HOAGUE

Edgar C. Hoague, born in Deerfield, January 25, 1854; died in Concord November 7, 1927.

He was a son of Joseph and Sarah (Batchelder) Hoague, and was educated in the public schools, Deerfield

Academy and Concord High School. At the age of seventeen he entered the employ of the old hardware firm of Warde, Humphrey & Dodge, with which he continued eighteen years, when he entered a partnership with Willis D. Thompson, which firm succeeded the former, and has since continued the business.

A Republican in politics, Mr. Hoague never sought public office but was for some time treasurer of the Concord Street Railway and also a director of the N. E. Hardware Dealers Association. In religion he was a Baptist and was for some time a member of the board of trustees of the First Baptist Church of Concord. He was also a member of the Womans' Club.

On October 20, 1881, he married Miss Mary Tucker of Brooklyn, N. Y. who died in 1917, leaving no children.

### CHARLES S. MELLEN

Charles Sanger Mellen, born in Lowell, Mass., August 16 1851; died in Concord, N. H., November 17, 1927.

Mr. Mellen was the son of George K. and Hannah M. (Sanger) Mellen and removed with his parents, in early childhood, to Concord, N. H. where he was educated in the public schools, and at the age of 18 years chose a clerkship in the office of the Northern Railroad in preference to a college course. In 1872-3 he was clerk to the Chief Engineer of the Vermont Central R. R. Subsequently he became chief clerk and assist

ant treasurer of the Northern. In 1880-1 he was assistant manager of the Boston & Lowell R. R., was subsequently made auditor of the same, and from 1884 to 1888 was General Superintendent of the Boston & Lowell and Concord Railroads. In 1888 he went to the Union Pacific, where he served four years as assistant general manager and general traffic manager, and then came to Boston to assume the position of General Manager of the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the New England Railways. From 1892 to 1896 he was 2d Vice-president of the N. Y. N. H. and H., going thence to be President of the Northern Pacific, which position he held till 1903, when he returned east and at the instance of J. Pierpont Morgan, assumed the presidency of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, to which, in 1910 was added that of the Boston & Maine, and holding both until 1913, when his retirement was brought about through the failure of the gigantic operations entered upon in the interest of the former corporation, the record of which furnishes one of the most exciting chapters in the railroad history of New England, and the responsibility for which has always been matter of dispute, as between Morgan and Mellen.

Since his retirement Mr. Mellen had his home at 14 Merrimack Street, Concord, with a summer residence at Stockbridge, Mass. He had been in poor health for some years, but death resulted from cerebral hemorrhages.

Mr. Mellen was twice married, first to Marion Beardsley Foster of St. Albans, Vt., in 1875. His second wife was Katherine Lloyd Livingston of Brooklyn, N. Y., whom he married in 1893, and from he obtained a separation in 1918.

He is survived by four daughters. Marion Foster Mellen of New Haven, Conn.; Katherine L. Candis, and Priscilla Mellen, of Concord; three sons, Graham K. of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Armory of Tampa, Fla., and Raymond

of Utica, N. Y., and a sister, Mrs. Abbott of Concord.

### HON. ALVIN BURLEIGH

Alvin Burleigh, born in Plymouth, N. H., December 19, 1842; died in Rutherford, N. J., November 14, 1927.

He was the son of Samuel C. and Sally H. (Whipple) Burleigh. At the age of twenty he enlisted in the Fifteenth Regiment, N. H. Vols. for service in the Union Army in the Civil War. After his discharge in 1863, he set about obtaining an education; studied at Kimball Union Academy and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1871. He studied law in the office of Henry W. Blair, was admitted to the bar in 1873, and entered into partnership with Mr. Blair in the practice of his profession, subsequently for many years also being the partner of the late George H. Adams, and continuing in practice in Plymouth until his retirement some three years since.

He was a Republican in politics, and was elected to the House of Representatives for 1887-8, by which body he was chosen Speaker. The legislative session for 1887, was distinguished by the protracted railroad contest, which resulted in the passage of the notorious "Hozen bill," subsequently vetoed by Gov. Sawyer. He served many years on the Plymouth Board of Education and was a member of the first board of Trustees of the State Normal School, serving eleven years in all. He also served as a trustee of the Plymouth library and of the Plymouth Guaranty Saving Bank. He was for a time president of the Plymouth and Campton Telephone and Telegraph Co., was one of the incorporators of the Plymouth Electric Light Co., and a trustee of the Tilton Seminary. He was also for some years President of the Emily Balch Hospital Association, and a trustee of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Plymouth.

He married, January 6, 1873, Elvira Page of Haverhill, who died some years since. He is survived by

a son, Paul Burleigh of New York City and a daughter, Mrs. Ralph Morton of Plymouth, with whom he had gone to New Jersey to pass the winter.

### RICHARD PATTEE

Richard Pattee, born in Alexandria, N. H., April 27, 1872; died at Laconia, November 6, 1927.

Mr. Pattee was educated in the public schools, and at New Hampton Institution, and later took special courses in the University of Minnesota. He was engaged in newspaper work for a time in the West but returned to New Hampshire in 1898, and soon after joined the Grange, in which he took an active interest. He was elected State Lecturer in December, 1903, and later served two terms as Master. His connection with the Grange brought him into relation with the milk dealers, and about 12 years ago he became Secretary of the New England Milk Producers Association of which he later became president, as well as vice-president of the National Association.

He is survived by a wife, who was Miss Esther Ellis, a son, Samuel, a

student at Middlebury College and daughter, Mary Pattee.

### MISS ABBIE L. CHELLIS

Abbie L. Chellis, born at Meriden (Plainfield), July 4, 1861; died there October 30, 1927.

She was the daughter of Andrew and Electra (Watkins) Chellis and graduated from Kimball Union Academy in the class of 1879, after which she taught three years in Michigan. She then decided to study drawing and painting, for which she had natural gift, and pursued her studies in that line at the Cooper Institute in New York, and later in Italy. Returning home she was a teacher of art at Whitworth College, Mississippi, in Winchester, Mass., and Keene, N. H. and finally at Kimball Union Academy, continuing till 1924, when failing health compelled her retirement.

She was a member of the Congregational Church. She leaves a brother, Harold W. Chellis, with whom she passed her last years, and a sister, Mrs. Belle Doremus of Nebraska.

---

## The Weaver's Shuttle

BY ANNA NELSON REED

Age held him, nearly helpless, in its grip,  
Lifting dim eyes to watch the children play;  
Adown his wrinkled cheek the locks of gray  
Strayed carelessly, the while his trembling lip  
Struggled to smile, then faltered into grief.  
"I am so old," he cried, "And yet it seems  
But yesterday . . . my boyhood, with its dreams!  
Age stole upon me like a silent thief,  
And, suddenly, I found myself bereft  
Of all the keen delights that once were mine,  
Sight, hearing, joy in life, must all decline;  
Swift works the Weaver of this earthly web,  
But Oh, I thank Him for this saving grace,—  
However sad my days, they fly apace!"

839 Shepard Ave.,  
Milwaukee, Wis.













12

